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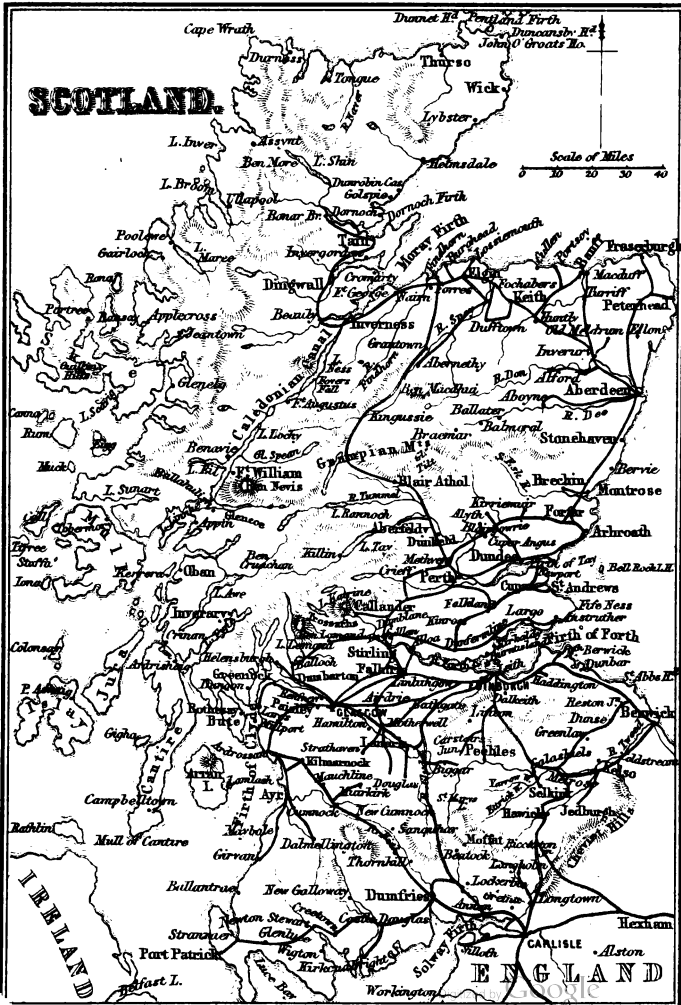
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 At page 22, near foot, for 'houses' at Weem, read 'HOUSE'—HOTEL; a large and a good one.

MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK

FOR

SCOTLAND.

ABBOTSFORD, 'a romance in stone and lime,' the cherished home of the Great Novelist of Scotland, stands on the southern bank of the Tweed, a short way beyond the junction of the Gala water; and so many pilgrims find their way there, that Abbotsford Ferry is given as a station on the short railway leading from Galashiels to Selkirk, the distance being $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the former town. Before the gifted writer made the place what it now is, it had but the Tweed before, the river bank beyond, and 'green Ettrick' in the distance to recommend it; now all is changed for the picturesque, as might have been looked for. The 'creator,' as he might almost be called, of this locality, records 'that I walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted;' and elsewhere, 'I promise you my oaks will remain when my laurels are faded.' The house is built in an amphitheatre of wood; ravines, cascades, bowers, lakes, the Tweed,—all add to the beauties of 'The Poet's Home.' As for the mansion, it is enriched with historic stones and antiquarian treasures from every part of the land. The hall is adorned with a row of shields, emblazoned, and with armour rich and rare, the tale of which few could better tell. In one of the minor halls every weapon there has its story

appended, and these relics of the 'romance of Scottish story' are arranged with exquisite taste. Of the pictures, that of the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, painted the day after her execution, may be the most valuable. The drawing-room is superb; and the library, the largest apartment in the mansion, has the roof richly carved, like the sculptures of Roslin or Melrose; and the books, nearly 20,000 in number, are many of them very rare—as Sir Walter Scott would be a 'judicious collector.' In the study is a small writing-table, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather, and a single chair besides; and in a small closet adjoining, under a glass case, are the body clothes worn by Sir Walter Scott—'the broad-skirted coat, with large buttons, the plaid trousers, the heavy shoes, the broad-rimmed hat and stout walking-stick; the dress in which he rambled about in the morning, and laid off when he took to his bed in his last illness.' Abbotsford is about 6 miles from Melrose.

ABERDEEN, City of, lies on the S. E. extremity of Aberdeenshire, on the Aber, a place near where the rivers Dee and Don flow into the German ocean. In all Scottish story it has been of importance; ranks after Glasgow and Edinburgh and before Dundee, being the seat of a university, although, as a seaport, in manufactures, and in population, the burgh on the Tay has shot ahead of the ancient city on the Dee. By railway, Aberdeen is connected with the south, from Edinburgh by Dundee or Perth; with the north, from Inverness; the north-east, from Fraserburgh and Peterhead; and with the west, from Ballater, *via* Deeside. By sea, steamers of a superior description ply regularly to and from the Thames, the Humber, and the Tyne; and those steamers which run from the Forth to Caithness, the Orkneys, and Shetland, call regularly at Aberdeen for cargo and passengers. The

Girdleness Lighthouse rises from the rocks above the estuary of the Dee; and the harbour—an exposed one—is good when within the breakwater, and abreast of the town has been improved at vast cost, the tidal docks being formed of granite, for which the district is so famous. The city of Aberdeen lies chiefly in what was of old the parish of St. Nicholas, and was named New Aberdeen, to distinguish it from Old Aberdeen, in the adjoining parish of St. Machar, and on the banks of the river Don, the bridge by which travellers went northward by ‘the Brig o’ Balgownie,’ where, by an arch 67 feet in span and 35 feet above, was crossed what Byron terms ‘the deep salmon pool.’ The ‘brig’ was built by Robert the Bruce, and there was a superstitious legend connected therewith, the value of which the noble poet dared to test—‘as a wife’s ae son,’ &c. A short way down the stream there is a new and noble bridge thrown across, by which the highway runs to the N. E., and where the cattle-markets of the district are held. The charter of Aberdeen is held from David I. Records since 1179 are preserved, those of the Town Council being extant from the 14th century.

Alexander II. and III. are said to have held court at Aberdeen. The place was burned in 1244; its castle was seized by Edward I. in 1298, but retaken by the Aberdonians in 1308, the citizens standing so well by the Bruce, that he gave them ‘Bon Accord’ as motto for their city. James I. gave the privileges of a mint to the burgh, it having been one of three which became security for his ransom to England. It was visited by James II. in 1468, by James IV., by Queen Mary in 1562, and by her son James VI. When the commerce of Scotland lay with Holland and Norway, the city of Aberdeen was so great as to be called ‘Little London’ by Montrose, when he sacked it in 1644. The natives mustered well, and fell largely at the battles

of Harlaw in 1411, and of Pinkie in 1547. So severe was the plague in 1647, that the burgh records show 37,000 turfs paid for 'to cover the graves of the dead.' In 1667, a post was established with the capital—cost of a letter was then 2s. Soon after the Bank of Scotland established an agency in Aberdeen, but ere long withdrew it, when the money was returned to Edinburgh on horseback. Printing was first begun in Aberdeen in 1627; in 1677, the first almanac in Scotland appeared there; and the first newspaper published north of the Forth was the 'Aberdeen Journal' in 1746, still one of the best. The city became embarrassed in 1817; but for 1864–5 the corporation revenue is given as £13,144; value of property as £179,072; population, 73,805; parliamentary constituency, 3,996; councillors, 19; market day, Friday. King's College, Old Aberdeen, was founded in 1494; Marischal College in 1593; and, united, these now form the University of Aberdeen. In Arts, the session extends from the last Monday of October to the first Friday of April; of Divinity, from the first Monday of December to the last Friday of March; of Law, from the first Monday of November to the end of March; of Medicine, for six months from the first Monday in November, and for three months from the first Monday in June.

In 1865, the General Council numbered 502; matriculated students, 523 for winter—for summer 84; and graduates, for 1865, were M. A. 37; M. D. 32; M. C. 43; Law, 3; Divinity, 0. Marischal College, Broad-street, recently rebuilt, forms three sides of a quadrangle, with a tower in the centre 100 feet high, under which is the main entry to the hall, museum, and library. King's College, Old Aberdeen, is a magnificent pile, built in form of a square, with cloisters on the south. The architecture is said by Billings to be peculiar; no other building in Scotland exhibiting

the same cloister-like repose as this old College. The bursaries connected with the University of Aberdeen are numerous, although moderate in value, and have done much to raise the educational standard of the students. The emoluments of the parochial schoolmasters of the northern counties, from the Dick bequest and otherwise, are such as to be pecuniarily on a level with many of the parochial charges. The British Association assembled at Aberdeen in 1859; and, under the presidency of the late Prince Consort, it was one of the most successful of their meetings. At the north-west end of the Union Bridge, a statue is placed, 'in memoriam of Prince Albert.' The Cathedral of St. Machar, in Old Aberdeen, well merits a visit from the tourist. The choir, begun in 1306, was never finished; the nave is nearly entire, and the wood-carving of the roof is excellent. The street architecture of Aberdeen is superior—the public buildings, banks, churches, &c., which are many, being of granite, and showing well by daylight or moonlight. Union-street, from the Castle-square westward, is long, 70 feet broad, and nearly equal in architecture throughout; while the bridge which spans what was of old known as the Den Burn, but where the railways from the north are about to come into the city, has three arches, the mid one 132 feet. The North of Scotland Bank, corner of Castle-street and King-street, is a fine Grecian structure; the County Buildings, near by, are good; and the ancient market cross in Castle-square, with the statue to the Duke of Gordon, are beautiful. The schools, academies, and hospitals in the city are numerous, well built, with funds so judiciously spent as to reflect no little credit on the Aberdonians. As might be looked for in a city of such repute and district importance, the hotel accommodation is excellent. For a generation past the Royal has deserved well of the

traveller. More recently, houses have sprung up in Market-street, near the harbour and railway-station; some also in St. Nicholas-street; and no difficulty will be found in getting into good quarters, and at rates to suit any class of tourists. The coal consumed in Aberdeen being all sea-borne, operates sorely against the progress of manufactures. Still, labour is so abundant, and the trade of the district and port so considerable, that cotton, flax, combs, &c. are largely manufactured. Foundries are numerous, and the shipwrights have earned a world-wide reputation for the safety and speed of their clipper ships. The seafaring suburb near the foot of the Dee, locally named 'Futtee,' is notable from the habits and manners of the natives—bold fishermen, and with an accent all their own. South of the harbour is the fishing village of Torry; and further south are coves on the coast, where haddocks or dried fish, so well known as Findons, are caught, cured, and sent south in large quantities. Episcopacy has always been in favour with the aristocracy of Aberdeenshire; and among the Aberdonians the Free Church has many adherents, if one may presume from the fact that, in the northern supplement produced for the Edinburgh Almanac, the names of the deacons of that denomination are given, in addition to those of the elders, as for the Parish churches.

ABERFELDY is a village on Strath-Tay, Perthshire, to which the railway from Inverness and Perth now runs, carriages being changed at Ballenluig station, near where the Tummel flows into the Tay, and whence the short line runs 9 miles westward. On reaching the latter town, conveyances will be found to carry the tourist to the Breadalbane Hotel, or across the Tay to the houses at Weem. Mine host of the Breadalbane was long favourably known in Upper Strathspey, on

the great Highland road, and does all justice to the house he now occupies—coffee-room, apartments, &c. being good. Although placed in the most picturesque portion of Strath-Tay, the village of Aberfeldy has few intrinsic attractions; but being in the vicinity of the Falls of Moness, pronounced by Pennant, near a century ago, as being an epitome of everything that can be admired in the curiosity of waterfalls, and since that immortalised in stanzas by Robert Burns, reported by every Guide-book compiler, given in half extent here, and in form not usually met with; where ‘braes ascend like lofty wa’s, the foaming stream deep roaring fa’s, o’erhung wi’ fragrant spreading shaws, are ‘the birks of Aberfeldy.’ Guides are in waiting to show the route to the falls, where (abridging from Pennant) a neat walk leads along a deep and wooded glen, enriched with a profusion of cascades that ‘strike with astonishment.’ The first, on the left, runs down a rude staircase, pattering down the steps with great beauty. Advancing along the bottom, on the right, is a ‘deep and darksome chasm,’ water-worn for ages, the end filled with a great cataract, consisting of several cascades. The rocks more properly arch than impend over it, and trees embower and shade the whole. Ascending along a zig-zag walk, you cross the first cascade; hold on through the woods to the top of the hill, get into a field, emerge from the wood, and from the verge of an immense precipice, discover a cataract, forming one vast sheet, tumbling into the deep hollow, whence it gushes furiously, and gets lost in the wood beneath. ‘No stranger must omit visiting Moness’ (to quote Pennant again)—‘happy was the owner thereof.’ The lowest of the falls may be a mile from the village; the highest of the three, about half a mile further; and the dell is about 300 feet deep, the woods forming a thicket so close as almost to exclude the sun. The second series

of falls descends about 100 feet, within 100 yards. The falls of Moness are not the sole attraction which Aberfeldy holds out to induce the tourist to tarry in the district,—the drives westward for Kenmore, and homeward by Weem on the north bank of the Tay; or eastward by Grandtully, and homeward by Logierait and Weem; or southward by Amulrie, for Dunkeld, being routes within easy distance, and which can be reached by conveyances hired from the hotel.

ABERFOYLE, since 'the Bailie from Glasgow' got limned by 'the Wizard of the North,' better known as 'the Clachan,' is on the north side of the upper Forth—in language of the native, the Avon-dhu, the Black Water. It lies north of the Buchlyvie station on the railway connecting Stirling with Loch-Lomond, where conveyances may be had to the inn—for some years past one wholly comfortable for the tourist. On the hillside above the inn are houses, but little better now than they may be supposed to have been when 'the Dougal Creature' raised his arm in defence of his old master; but the locality is attractive to a degree, and, in these days when distance is comparatively annihilated, villa-like abodes are rising up on the Avon-dhu and near the wooded shores of Loch-Ard.

Loch-Ard is 6 to 7 miles in length by about 2 in breadth; the lower half, partially divided by a stream of some hundred yards in length, is little more than a mile from the inn; the road is good, and conveyances can be had, but the locality is one for the pedestrian who can clamber the wooded hills above the loch, and better survey it from the height than from the level; boats also can be hired, and few places are more sweet to be rowed about in. A wall of rock, some 30 feet in height, has an echo—where, in a still day, ten syllables can be heard reverberating across the lake. In the loch,

is a rocky and wooded islet, on which are the ruins of a castle of Murdoch, Duke of Albany; beyond it rises the lofty Ben-Lomond, and westward is the Pass of Aberfoyle—in Rob Roy's days perilous enough for the stranger. Beyond Loch-Ard is Loch-Chon, 2 to 3 miles in length; and onwards is the road for Loch-Katrine and Loch-Lomond, on which a coach ran last season, and might have done well had the roads been better. The drive by the banks of the Avon-dhu towards the shores of the Lake of Monteith is attractive, as the mountain heights on the north are richly wooded—and over the hill beyond 'the clachan' is a track, by the natives termed a road, by which a wheeled conveyance can be run, but at some risk and not much comfort; although the views are so fine that the pedestrian at least should take it—the distance from Aberfoyle to Loch-Achray and the Trossachs being about 6 miles, and the route bringing all the mountain, loch, and strath scenery into full view, from Ben-Lomond, Ben-Venue, and Ben-Ledi to the castellated rock of Stirling. A short way from the inn the Avon-dhu unites with the Duchray water from the south-west, the latter the larger of the two, and both, with the adjoining lochs, giving excellent sport to the angler; and to that attraction, the inn owes not a little of its custom. The Avon-dhu and the Duchray, when united, form the Forth; and the bridge in front of the inn is steep, with piers at either end, showing that floods there are of frequent occurrence. The old kirk and kirk-yard are a short way across the bridge referred to.

AILSA CRAIG is a mass of basaltic rock rising 1,197 feet above the ocean level, with an elliptical base of 3,300 feet in the larger, by about 2,200 feet in the smaller axis, presenting, on its southern side, an appearance distinctly columnar, the whole seeming as if

balanced together, and not as if capable of being separately disjointed. The diameter of the columns seldom average above 8 feet, but at one point of view they present an unbroken elevation of nearly 400 feet—a greater height than has been elsewhere found. On the eastern face of the Craig, a small beach has been formed by the debris, detached in the course of ages from the vast mass, and from this the ascent is easy for about 200 feet from the sea-level, where are found the remains of a three-storeyed hermitage; and if solitude was sought in earnest by the monkish recluses, with naught but the wild waste of waters around, the scream of the sea-birds hastening for shelter to the lofty precipices on the rock, there it surely might be found. Beyond these ruins the ascent of the rock becomes laborious, the adventurer having to seek a precarious footing among the detached masses of stone which he has to clamber over, at the risk of being, rock and all, hurled down the steep front into the abyss of waters. Nor is the difficulty of making way up an ascent so formidably impeded the only one that presents itself—he must force a passage through nettles and thistles, of the most gigantic size, growing thick as a forest—the motto of the royal Scottish thistle reading significantly there—‘*Nemo me impune lacessit.*’ The scanty herbage, which here and there adorns the face of this lofty Craig, supports the few goats and rabbits which browse on the steep, or burrow under the rocky ledges. But the objects which attract the stranger are the myriads of sea-fowl which circle round the vast precipices, whitening the surface with their deposits, and darkening the sun if disturbed by the shout of the crowded steamer, or when frightened from their eyrie-like roosting-places by the report of a ship’s gun. The head of the noble family of Kennedy, of Culzean Castle, on the opposite coast of Ayrshire, has been created Marquis of Ailsa,

being proprietor of the Craig, and drawing from it an income of about eighty pounds per annum, realised from the feathers of the flocks of solan-geese which breed upon the precipitous sides of this remarkable rock. The Craig of Ailsa, rising in solitary grandeur from amidst the ocean, is an object of the greatest beauty when the first glimpse of it is caught in approaching the locality with the early sun, or viewing its rocky heights when gilded by the last rays of the great luminary; and, under either aspect, it is often seen by the crowds of passengers swept past its vast side by the numerous steamers which ply on the waters of the matchless Clyde. The sober colouring of the pale grey basalt of which Ailsa consists, beautifully harmonises with the subdued tints of green herbage thinly spread over its surface; while the tint of the ocean waves and the colouring of the open sky show its remarkable structure to full advantage. Not far from the summit, two beautiful springs well forth from the rock across a little plateau covered with plants, which attain gigantic dimensions, in part accounted for by the superabundant animal deposit on the scanty soil, the warm and even sheltered exposure upon which they grow; and so luxuriantly do they thrive, that the little spot looks as if one of the richest gardens of nature were there spread out. To the Craig of Ailsa, at the entrance of the Frith of Clyde, the Bass Rock, guarding the Frith of Forth, bears a marked resemblance; and both are breeding-places of the solan-goose. In the parish of Dailly, on the mainland of Ayrshire, to the south, there is a vast hollow, whence tradition alleges the Craig of Ailsa was taken! The valuation roll of that parish includes the assessment for Ailsa Craig.

The BASS ROCK rises from the Frith of Forth, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Canty Bay, and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from North

Berwick; to that town there is a railway, and, from the bay, boats can be hired by pleasure parties, which are frequent in the summer season. The rock rises 420 feet above the level of the sea; is highest on the north; on the south it is conical, sloping, and accessible, but not without difficulty. Like the Craig of Ailsa the Bass Rock is frequented by the solan-goose, but has pasturage of about seven acres, producing delicious mutton—rare it must also be. A cavern penetrates the rock from N.W. to S.E.; it can be explored, but has nothing of interest in it. In Scottish history, the castle on the Bass was used as a state prison, being held as almost impregnable. In the persecution era, many of the martyrs of the Covenant were immured there; and, at the Revolution, it was so stoutly held in the Stewart interest, by Captain Maitland, that the Scottish Privy Council allowed the garrison to capitulate on honourable terms. The castle was then demolished, and has remained a ruin.

ALLOA, a burgh of barony, and a port on the upper Forth, is by railway 7 miles east of Stirling, 14 west of Dunfermline, and has regular steam communication with Granton for Edinburgh. The windings of the river Forth between Alloa and Stirling are such that, while it is within 7 miles by land, it is nearly 20 by water, making the run by steamer slow, but not less beautiful. The Carse of Stirling, across the Forth, is so fertile, and coal near Alloa so abundant, that the trade of the port is considerable. Glass bottles have long been largely manufactured; and the 'ales' brewed there are as famous in the north as the porter made at London may be in the south. The Ochil Hills, to the north of the town, have much in their slopes to attract the tourist; and so ample and pure is the water supply from their flanks, that at Tillicoultry and Alva, a short

way inland of Alloa, the manufacture of woollens has been long and largely pushed to excellent account. The 'clear winding Devon' is a stream of poetic repute; and, eastward at Dollar, is one of the best academies in Scotland, the education offered being so moderate and excellent that villa-like abodes have risen up in the district—parents settling there for the benefit of the younger members of their families. Besides, the drives and walks are picturesque, extensive, and varied, from Bridge-of-Allan on the west to Rumblingbridge on the east. At Alloa, shopping is good—better, it may be, at Stirling; and the latter being one of the few garrison towns in Scotland, may make the district all the more pleasant. The noble family, Erskines of Mar, have had their chief abode at Alloa since 1315; and James VI. spent his boyhood there. It was burned in 1800, and the old tower alone remains, commanding a beautiful view; it is 90 feet in height, the walls 11 in thickness. The gardens were laid out 150 years ago, with all the stiffness, statues, &c. characteristic of that age. The street leading to the Forth is about 80 feet in breadth, with lime trees on east and west. The main street is good, as is the road approach from Stirling; but, in the town proper, the streets are neither straight nor wide. The pier on the river side is of hewn stone; and, when the tide is in, the water-way is about half-a-mile in breadth, with long low-water piers on either shore to facilitate traffic. Alloa was a town of note in the reign of Robert I., but has no burghal privileges, being governed by a baron-bailie. The markets are good; and the court-house, just finished, is handsome, as are also not a few of the 'banks' recently erected—that class of buildings being, of late years, ordinarily the handsomest in the country towns; and the town in Scotland is small indeed which has not one or more bank-agents located in it.

ALLOWAY'S 'auld haunted Kirk' is on the road to the 'Brig o' Doon,' about a mile and a-half west of Ayr, and is a place to which crowds of the operative classes find their way when cheap excursion trains allure them from the crowded town to the 'land of Burns,' the ploughman bard being claimed by the people as 'their' own poet. Alloway was an ancient parish in the district, but was long since merged into that of Ayr; and the Kirk may have been roofless as now, when Burns spent his boyhood near it. The ruin has been made famous by the tale of Tam o' Shanter; and its walls are now well preserved, the belfry remains, and the 'winnock bunker,' whence came the music for the witches' dance. The inner area has been partitioned off as the burial-place of a Lord of Session, who assumed the title of Lord Alloway. The oaken rafters of the old Kirk have, years ago, been converted into snuff-boxes, and scattered as relics over the globe. The kirk-yard had its own stones marking where the 'rude forefathers' of the parish slept, but now its small area is crowded with monuments to people of mark, many of them from a distance, who desired to be laid in ground they may have heard so much of in their lifetime. The grave of the father and mother of the poet is nearly in the pathway from the road to the old kirk door; and the stone which originally covered it was carried off in fragments and has been renewed—it may be, to be renewed again and again. The 'auld Brig of Doon' is but a short way from the Kirk; the arch is entire and may be kept so, the road being now diverted. The cottage in which 'Robin' was born is near to the Kirk; and the bed-recess in the wall is shown, with chairs, tables, &c., carved over with the initials of visitors from all parts of the world. Between the 'Kirk' and the 'auld Brig' is the handsome Monument raised in honour of the poet, with many memorials of him; and,

at the entrance-gate, has long been a hotel wherein the pilgrim tourist will find all needful 'creature comforts,' promptly served and fairly charged. Across the road from the 'storied ruin' is the new church of Alloway, the west-end window of which is magnificent. The placing of the church there is mainly due to the munificence of the present laird of Cambus-Doon, a member of the Gartsherrie family, who have been so successful in converting 'iron into gold.' Between the 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon' and the 'auld toun of Ayr,' the country is becoming richly studded over with mansions, policies, and parks.

ANDREWS, ST., a city near the north-east extremity of what the Scotch once called the 'Kingdom of Fife,' is the seat of a University, cradle of religion in Scotland, place of the martyrdom of the earlier professors of Protestantism, famous through all Scottish annals; with much to attract the antiquarian, and where tourists in search of health or pleasure will find themselves well cared for—hotels being good, society superior, and means of travel frequent and moderate. St. Andrews is on a branch line, 6 miles eastward from Leuchars junction, where carriages must be changed; thence 11 miles to Dundee, across the Tay; 31 miles by Newburgh to Perth, or 39 miles by Kirkcaldy to Edinburgh. The city had shipping at one time, but a few smacks now form the fleet, the water being low, the bay not over safe, and the ports on the Tay being of easier access, deeper water, and greater trading energy. St. Andrews, then known as Mucross, is said to have been visited in 365 by St. Regulus; and remains of a chapel and tower, called St. Rules, after him, still exist. Some centuries later it was known as one of the chief settlements of the Culdees; Constantine III. having died there a member of that body. The place was

known in Pictish times as Kilrule, but changed to St. Andrews when the Scots became rulers of Scotland. The Cathedral of St. Andrews, begun in 1159, was not completed before 1318. Excited by John Knox to destroy all evidence of 'idol worship,' the mob, in 1559, destroyed utterly, and in one day, the Cathedral it cost 160 years to construct; and all that now remains of the magnificent pile is the eastern gable, half of the western gable, and the west wall of the transept. In 1826 the interior of the old Cathedral was cleared out, and repairs made at the charge of the Barons of Exchequer, that the ruins might be preserved. Near the Cathedral stood an Augustine Monastery, founded in 1144; and the wall erected, four centuries after, to enclose it, is still in fair preservation, being 22 feet high, 4 thick, and enclosing about 18 acres of land. A fragment of a chapel, with arched roof, even beautiful in its ruined state, is within the grounds of the Madras Institution, and, as the relic of a convent, founded in 1274, deserves preservation. In Catholic times, such was the resort to St. Andrews that the fair or market of Senzie, held in the second week after Easter, continued for fifteen days; merchant vessels filling its harbour from Holland, Flanders, France, and northern Europe. The Castle of St. Andrews, erected at close of the 12th century, stood on the north side of the town, and its ruins still serve as a landmark to the seaman. In 1336 a garrison held it for Edward III., but it was captured and demolished by the Regent of Scotland, Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The Castle was rebuilt; James III. was born there; and it became the Episcopal palace till the slaughter of Cardinal Beaton in 1545. The University of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland, having been founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw, and Papal confirmation obtained in 1413; St. Salvator's College, a kindred institution, in 1455;

St. Leonard's, in 1512; and St. Mary's, in 1537. In 1579, by direction of George Buchanan, St. Mary's, known as the New College, was appropriated to theological studies; and in 1747, St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's were conjoined as the United College. The session in the United College opens on the first Tuesday of November, and closes on the last Friday of April; that of St. Mary's begins in the end of November, and closes in the beginning of April; and the General Council meets twice a-year. In 1862, the 'matriculated students' numbered 174; 'general council,' 377; 'graduates,' within eleven months of 1862, were—M.A. 2; in divinity, 4; laws, 1; medicine, 269. The bursaries are numerous, but few of them are of much value.

The Madras College was founded by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, who died in 1832; he was a native of the city; inventor of the Bell and Lancasterian mode of teaching; and left £120,000, in 3 per Cent. Stocks, for the establishment of an educational institution, which has largely added to the prosperity of the town—few now being better to live in, whether for society, situation, or inducements educational and social. A writer of the last generation reported there were 'no good inns' in the place; could he see the 'Royal Hotel' of this day, he would unwrite that remark,—but guide-book writers seldom are travellers. St. Andrews, Anstruther, E. & W., Crail, Cupar, Kilrenny, and Pittenweem, are grouped in sending a Member to Parliament; St. Andrews being the returning burgh. Of the 79 burghs in Scotland, 13 became such in 1832; 3—*i. e.*, Peebles, Rothesay, and Selkirk—vote in the counties only; and so 'valuable' is the privilege, that 'mine host of the Tontine' can alone go to the poll in Peebles. Of the 79 burghs, 13 are in Fife, the Parliamentary constituency of 7 of which amount to 437. Well, then, might the district be called the 'Kingdom of Fife.'

ANSTRUTHER, Easter and Wester, on the east coast of Fife, were places greatly more important a century ago than they now are—the salary of collector and comptroller of Customs at their port having been £60 and £20, when that of Dundee was £50 and £30. Anstruther-Easter holds its charter from 1563; had, in 1861, a population of 1178, constituency 83, corporation revenue £75. Anstruther-Wester, with charter of 1587, population 367, constituency 27, revenue £140. Cellar-Dykes, a fishing village, and Kilrenny, another Parliamentary burgh of the Anstruther class, are nearly contiguous; and little more than a mile southward is the ancient royal burgh of Pittenweem, which has also a harbour, and a quadrangular range of curious antique buildings, once the residence of the Prior and Abbot of Pittenweem. The Easter burgh is the more important of the two, Wester-Anstruther (Anster as locally named) being, burgh and parish, little more than 600 acres in extent; an incumbent of which used to report that, instead of the magistrates being a terror to evil-doers, evil-doers were a terror to them.

When the commerce of Scotland lay largely with Holland, the Dutch skippers used to land their cargoes at Anstruther, which were thence sent on to Leith; and so relatively important was the place in 1641 that, in a levy of troops made by the Scottish Parliament, its quota was 31, when that exacted from Dunfermline was but 15. The lighthouse on the Isle of May, about 6 miles off, and equi-distant between Crail and Anstruther, was built in the reign of Charles I.; the builder was drowned in coming to the mainland, by the machination of witches, as was alleged, and for which the poor women were burned! The Northern Light Commissioners paid £60,000 for the isle, and rebuilt the lighthouse in 1816. ‘Maggie Lauder’ is now as famous on the east, as ‘Tam o’ Shanter’ be-

came on the west coast of Scotland; she resided at Anster, and her biographer was a native of the burgh and a professor at St. Andrews—a greater man is claimed by Anstruther, it having been the birthplace of Dr. Chalmers. Grain, potatoes, and salted cod are the chief exports of Anstruther. There is steamer communication with Leith; by railway it is 24 miles N.E. of Kirkcaldy, and 34 miles from Dunfermline.

ARDRISHAIG and the CRINAN CANAL.—Ardrishaig has come into existence since the Crinan Canal was formed, and its name may be a familiar one to the tourists as the place where they must leave the steamer Iona for other means of travel westward, if so bound. The village is growing year by year, as the traffic of the district becomes developed; and situated as it is—where Loch-Gilp flows into Loch-Fyne—it is a good one for those prosecuting the herring fishing. Shops are numerous, those supplying ‘meat and drink’ in particular, as the steamers for passengers and cargo that pass through the Crinan Canal have become so many. Public-houses abound; and there is one good hotel where the tourist will find all comfort; and, of late years, an attempt has been made to feu out the small acreage between the canal bank and the loch side, for houses suitable for families seeking sea-bathing quarters. The village of Lochgilphead is little more than a mile eastward, and it will be fully noticed.

The **CRINAN CANAL**, which was begun in the year 1793 by a company who were animated with the patriotic design of cutting through the land intervening between Loch-Fyne and Loch-Crinan, little more than six miles across, and through a district more than ordinarily level. The scheme was fallacious, mainly because the moss on the west would not hold such piles as the engineers of that age could drive, and they were neces-

sitated to cut through the hard whinstone rock on the face of the hill southwards, and the cost was such as to swamp wholly the interests of the original speculators. Government finding it necessary to complete the undertaking, it became, like that of the 'Caledonian Canal,' a burden on the national Exchequer. Yet the cost should not be grudged, as, without the Crinan Canal, where would have been the 'Hutcheson royal route,' the crack steamers through the Kyles of Bute, and the thousands of tourists who, season after season, find their way to Oban for Iona, Skye, Glencoe, and Inverness? The canal is 9 miles in length, and has 15 locks, 8 on the east and 7 on the west; being 96 feet in length, 24 in width, and 12 in depth. In the autumn of 1857, a waterspout burst on the high lands of Knapdale, above the summit level of the canal, and such floods swept from the lochs or reservoirs there, down the hills, that the banks gave way, the lock gates were burst, stones of vast size rolled down, and the mountain face was so broken up, that it may take the verdure of a century to cover it over. The western portion of the canal was in consequence closed to traffic for 18 months.

ARDROSSAN,—KILWINNING, IRVINE, AND TROON.—Ardrossan is on the lower Frith of Clyde, directly south of the isle of Arran, and is the seaport for a district rich in minerals; it is 32 miles S.W. of Glasgow, on a branch 6 miles W. of the Ayrshire main line at Kilwinning, and where passengers by ordinary trains change carriages, those in direct communication with steamers for Arran or Belfast going right through. The canal from Glasgow to Paisley and Johnstone, when begun, was meant to be carried on to Ardrossan, by Castle Semple and Kilbirnie Lochs, a line of country more than usually flat. To meet the commerce anticipated, the noble family of Eglinton

spent liberally in constructing the harbour of Ardrossan, which is of safe approach, and has plenty of water, with the advantage of having the railway laid along the harbour walls. It has a considerable trade with Belfast and Newry, and a large export of coal and iron. As a place of sea-bathing resort, the town has many attractions, not the least of which may be the comforts of the Pavilion Hotel. The success of Ardrossan has spoiled that of Saltcoats, dwarfed that of Irvine, and gives Troon trouble to hold its own. Coal and iron abound in the district inland.—KILWINNING was of repute centuries ago—the Abbey there, great part of the ruins of which still remain, having been liberally patronised by Robert the Bruce; and at present the population is increasing and well employed.

IRVINE, by railway 30 miles W. of Glasgow, and 10 miles E. of Ayr, is on the mouth of the river of that name; and when Ayr had foreign trade, Irvine shared it. As a royal burgh, its charters date from 1308; and in the war of independence, the district was the battleground of Wallace and his opponents. Coal abounds in the neighbourhood, and is the leading export; otherwise the trade is less than it was when Defoe travelled in Scotland.—TROON, by railway 5 miles S. of Irvine, is a seaport of recent erection, in the parish of Dundonald, where coal is plenty; and as Troon is the outport for the large manufacturing town of Kilmarnock; the docks and harbour, formed by the Duke of Portland, being excellent; moreover, the accommodation for sea-bathers is good—as is the hotel. Some forty years ago, the three-horse coach ‘Sons of Commerce,’ which ran daily from the King’s Arms Inn, Saltcoats, to the Tontine, Glasgow, was sufficient for the traffic. Then the sandy climes were bare, the fields green, and hedge-rows well kept;—now all is changed; everywhere rise ‘clouds of smoke by day’ and ‘pillars of fire by night.’

ARRAN, an island in the lower frith of the Clyde and in the county of Bute, is now, by railway and steamer, within two hours' travel of Glasgow. The mail steamer crosses from Ardrossan to Lamlash; the tourist boats, by Rothesay or Largs, bringing it within two hours' run of Greenock; the steamer, en route to Campbeltown, landing passengers at Loch-Ranza on the north; and the boat from Ayr to Cantyre calling off the south end of the island. Arran is about 12 miles from east to west, 24 from north to south, and little more than 60 in circuit. Viewed from the Ayrshire coast, it looks as if a valley ran from Brodick to Blackwater, and another from Sannox to Loch-Ranza. In the former, the road, locally known as 'the String,' and running from Lamlash north-westward, nearly bisects the island; and that from Sannox to Loch-Ranza cuts off the Scriden rocks and the Cock of Arran on the westward. From Blackwater westward, southward, and eastward, to Catacol, the roads are good, and carriages for hire abundant; but the few miles westward of Catacol are scarcely practicable for wheeled conveyances. In fact, the island has so many attractions for those in search of the picturesque and the beautiful, and so full of interest to the artist, the geologist, and the naturalist, that the plaid, the flask, the knapsack, and the alpen-stock are the proper outfit for those seeking to explore it; for, as a rule, where the district is best worth inspection, there the difficulties in pursuit of knowledge do most abound.

The names of places in Arran are, many of them, beautifully descriptive, as they usually are in Highland topography. Arran, Ar-high, In-island, is singularly applicable to the serrated mountain outline inland of Sannox; Goatfell, the Celt knows as Ben-Ghail, the mountain of the winds; Brodick, the gentle rising hill; Caistael Abhael, the fortress of the ptarmigan; Ceum-

na-Caillach, the carlin's step; Ciodh-na-Oigh, the maiden's breast; Craig-na-Fiteach, the corbie's rock; Craig-na-Iolaire, the eagle's rock; Suithe Fheargus, the seat of Fergus, on whose lofty summit that ancient 'lord of all he surveyed' is said to have spread his dining cloth; and Tornaneidnoin, the mount of birds' nests; Corrie means cauldron; Dubh, black or dark; Dun, hill; and Fioun, the ubiquitous Fingal.

Brodict Bay extends between the points of Corrygill and Merkland, on the east and west; and affords good anchorage, but shelter by no means equal to that of the land-locked bay of Lamlash. The alluvial plain of Brodict is of considerable extent, and evidently formed by the debris of the mountains—by the torrents which so impetuously pour from their heights—the land steadily gaining on the ocean, as the sand-banks by its margin attest; and leading to the conclusion that the time has been when the waves rolled up to the base of the mountains. The island of Arran, apart from the attractions that crowd its surface, affords ample and interesting materials for the geologist and mineralogist to theorise upon, presenting an epitome of all that may elsewhere engage their studies. A promontory detaching itself from the mountain heights divides the sheltered haven of Lamlash from the beautiful bay of Brodict. The latter is sheltered from the northern blasts by Goatfell, which rears itself to a height of 2,863 feet, with sides seamed over with numerous glens, of great depth and beauty. From Brodict to Loch-Ranza, on the opposite side of the island, the finest scenery is to be found; the other parts being less wild and romantic.

Round the greater part of the island of Arran a broad gravelly beach and verdant bank has been formed by the action of the ocean-wave, and the debris brought down from the Alpine heights. Arran as an island is characterised by bold and rugged peaks, the

summits being usually conical in shape, the vast group appearing to be connected by rocky ridges. These stupendous piles are furrowed with ravines of vast depth, walled in by precipices of immense height, and here and there overhung by masses of rock; yet at the openings of the numerous glens, through which the mountain torrents force their way, the stripes of soil which garnish their banks are rich and fertile. The beauty of the landscape, which the first view of Brodick bay presents, has been admired by the tourist; the head of the sweet bay presenting a sheltered valley, with sward so green, houses neat, fields fertile, and the trees beautifully grouped. There are few mountain heights in Scotland so strikingly conspicuous as Goatfell, in Arran, view it from what point you will; and few Alpine ranges are so high, can be more readily climbed, or will more richly reward the tourist for his labour. Goatfell shows to great advantage, being so near the ocean level that its vast bulk fills the eye and impresses the mind of the tourist.

The labour of the ascent to the summit of Goatfell is not arduous; there is no danger in the task—the track much travelled. Passing the patches of cultivated land, and climbing the wooded heights above the ancient castle of Brodick, a long tract of heath and moss is traversed ere the base of ‘the mountain of the wind’ is reached. From the summit of Goatfell, the heights of Cumberland, the hills of Ireland, and the sea of mountains which cover Scotland are seen; the whole expanse of the broad river and wide frith of the noble Clyde lies map-like under the eye; while the lochs which indent its romantic shores, or wind their way among the Highland mountains, look thread-like in dimensions; the low sandy shores of fertile Ayrshire and the green hills of Renfrewshire spread wide in the distance around. The view embraces the Cumbraes, the island of Bute, the

mountains of Cowal, the expanse of Loch-Fyne, the Paps of Jura, the hills of Knapdale and Cantyre, the Craig of Ailsa, the coast of Ireland, the shores of Galloway and Ayrshire, forming a picture of great beauty.

The flanks of the mountains in Arran seem bare, showing here and there a patch of heathy surface from which protrude blocks of granite; while on every side chasms, deep and gloomy, yawn around, barren of verdure, having their solitudes alone disturbed by the fury of the mountain torrent or the sweep of the tempest, which surge down the dark ravines or career around the rugged steep. Near the summit of these mountains are found huge blocks of granite strewed over the surface, detached, isolated, and apparently laid bare by the rain, which, oozing between the veins of the rock, gradually form fissures in the mountain sides. The freezing of the water thus collected, when expanding into ice, will rend the solid rocks asunder, and, in the course of ages, may have thus strewed around the surface, as detached blocks, what might before have formed one mass of stone. These gigantic rocks, thus splintered off layer by layer, get gradually rounded, the scant soil being worn off by the action of the elements, and the rush of waters showered from the clouds, sometimes in destructive waterspouts, among such Alpine heights, in the course of time roll down the mountain, and hence the summit gradually becomes of lower level.

Descending Goatfell by its steep shoulder southwards, and near the head of the hollow where the slope is less severe, a mass of granite about 14 inches thick, and in form a parallelogram, is found laid in a horizontal position, resting near its angles on pillars of stone, but raised so high above the heathery surface that many men might find shelter under its roof-like breadth. To the westward of Brodick Castle, Glen-Shant, the valley of enchantment, extends from the head of the bay, and

is nearly a mile square. Beyond this valley, Glen-Rosa opens out for about five miles to the north-west; and a little further west, Glen-Shirag stretches across the island, and affords means of passage to the opposite coast. A hilly ridge separates Glens Rosa and Shirag, and the streams which flow through these deep hollows unite near the mouth of the latter glen, and sweeping towards the sea-beach, afford a haven for the fishermen. Brodick, the 'gentle rising hill,' forms the ridge dividing Glen-Cloy from Glen-Shirag, the former glen running west for nearly three miles from the southern head of the bay of Brodick, by an average breadth of a mile, and is comparatively level and cultivated; while the character of the Cloy, the mountain torrent which gives name to the glen, is shown by the channelled courses its impetuous waters have, in various places, scooped out for themselves in the glen. Crowning an elevated bank in Glen-Cloy, the vestiges of a regular fortress can be faintly traced. Glen-Cloy is encircled by hills to the north and north-west; and beyond, where it becomes narrow, extends the dark vale of Glen-Dhu, which, after a length of nearly two miles, terminates in a corry or hollow, surrounded by isolated heath-covered rocks, through which the streams force their way, and, in some places, their waters form cascades, of no great size but of very great beauty.

Near Brodick the mountains have terraced slopes of land, over which torrents roll their troubled waters through the ravines, whose sides are clothed with cop-pice-wood, which lend beauty to the otherwise rugged landscape. From Corrie to Sannox is little more than a couple of miles northward. The hills are covered with copsewood; while here and there are stretches of land marking where the sea, when it flowed over these margins, may have formed bays, with numerous caverns on the hillsides scooped out by action of the waves.

If Glen-Rosa be, as natives affirm, 'the bonniest glen in the island,' strangers think Glen-Sannox the grandest. M'Culloch declares it to possess 'the sublime of magnitude, simplicity, and obscurity, and that perpetual silence appeared to reign there; even at mid-day a gloomy and grey atmosphere united into one visible sort of obscurity, the only lights which the objects receive being reflected from rock to rock, and from the clouds which so often involve the lofty boundaries of the valley.' In Glen-Sannox a manufactory of barytes, largely used by the potter, has long been in successful operation. Descending from Glen-Sannox, the tourist will find the banks of the stream well cultivated. The carriage-way, which, from Brodick by Corrie to Sannox water, kept close by the beach, there strikes inland and across the valley-like formation of the island to Loch-Ranza on the northern shore. The track, shorewards, by the Fallen Rocks, Lagantuin Point, the Cock of Arran, Scriden, and Newton Point has more attractions to the geologist than to the tourist, as to many of the latter the way might prove perilous.

Two miles from Glen-Sannox are found 'the Fallen Rocks,' a vast mass of sandstone which overhung the beach having avalanched downwards, and broke in the descent; and now the mountain slope and the beach of the sea are spread over with these rocks so 'confusedly hurled,' as may well strike the most wary walker lest this wreck of nature be again repeated, and he be buried in its wild descent. The path trends under the precipitous cliffs and along the green track which narrowly skirts the deep waters as the Scriden rocks are approached, and near them is a mass of sandstone upon the beach, resting upon a narrow base, forming, from its position, a landmark for the mariner, and named the Cock of Arran. Proceeding northwards, the track is kept with difficulty, from the heaps of granite blocks,

the Scriden rocks, which, encumbering the shore, are said, a century ago, to have been detached from the mountain sides by the waters pent within their bowels, whose presence is still shown by the numerous perennial springs which well out from their sides,—to the eastward in particular, it being remarked that the crust of the rock on that side is comparatively thin. The concussion which attended the fall of these vast masses of rock, is said to have shaken the island of Bute and resounded through the coasts of Argyleshire. The beetling rocks of Scriden threaten still further devastation, as they impend over the shore at an angle of forty-five degrees; and to those climbing the mountain sides, loose piles of stone will be found perched on those below them, threatening to crush the tourist approaching these steepes. From the Scriden rocks the track leads westward by the base of Benleven, until the shore of Loch-Ranza is gained.

The roads in Arran are so narrow, that it often happens that where most danger is there is scarce room for one vehicle to pass another; such is it in the long descent towards Loch-Ranza—one unbroken line of nearly a couple of miles, and so straight is the road that 'the fair' loch is seen through the whole extent of the fine glen. Glen-Ranza is surrounded by mountains of great height, whose gloomy grandeur is softened by the clumps of natural wood with which their lower slopes are adorned. At the top of the glen, a mountain, called Tornaneidnoin, stands boldly out, and near it are cliffs of immense height. On one side they form a precipice of one thousand feet in depth, through which a torrent flows, forming a deep dark chasm. Looking from the summit of the mountain towards the broken outlined heights of Goatfell, the intervening space presents pictures of gloom and savage grandeur; and the height being little less than that of Goatfell, the view to every

point of the compass is one of immense extent and surpassing beauty—varied in character and rich in detail; and though similar to what is seen from the summit of Goatfell, the eye of the tourist will roam over the vast amphitheatre with unsated pleasure. On the pinnacle of the mountain which overlooks this grand view, a quadrangular tower of Nature's own formation is seen, composed of immense slabs of granite of considerable thickness, laid horizontally. While it will try the head to gaze down the dark mountain hollows from that dizzy height, the look upward is grand. On the western side of the fine conical hill of Tornaneidnoin may be seen the celebrated junction of granite and schist to which geologists give its name.

The hamlet of Loch-Ranza is small, contains a parochial chapel, with service at intervals; a school-house, in the house connected with which good summer quarters may be found—the inn also is comfortable. Loch-Ranza stretches inland nearly a mile, by a breadth varying from a-half to a whole mile, and affords safe shelter to vessels, but only when the wind blows seaward. Near the head of this loch a green peninsula stretches forward from its northern bank, forming within its shelter a basin of limited dimensions but great depth. Upon the extremity of this peninsula appear the ruins of a castle, said to have been a hunting-seat of Robert the Bruce. The district of Loch-Ranza is one of much beauty, the hamlet is sheltered from the storms of winter by the lofty heights which encircle the loch.

The portion of the island of Arran, stretching from Loch-Ranza to Brodick Bay, is interesting to the geologist, containing the principal phenomena of all its formations; yet the walk westward, from Loch-Ranza to the bay of Catacol, is of singular beauty and interest, the cliffs which line the shore being picturesque, beautifully wooded, and frequently perforated

with caves and dark clefts; while the strip of soil which stretches seaward from their base is evidently an ancient beach, almost as bare of soil and full of stones as the modern shore. Yet is the verdure of these patches extraordinary, and the turf elastic, soft, and smooth, as if it had been such as it now appears to be before the flood. The bay of Catacol is not deep, but the glen is considerably so; and those tourists who can spare the time are counselled to traverse it, and climb the mountain steeps beyond; where, in the silent recesses of Beiun Mhorrioun, they will find the most picturesque of all the lochs in Arran, situated deep in the Corrie-an-Lachan, where, save the heath on its margin, scarce a trace of vegetation will be found on the hills which encircle it; and rarely do the blasts from the mountains stir the deep and dark waters, from whose verge tower hills formed of vast granite blocks, contrasting strangely with rocks which the geologist may see to be rapidly crumbling away.

Beyond Catacol burn the traveller will find that the road becomes gradually worse, more hilly, but not less picturesque, in respect that ere long it leads through deep cuttings, the massy blocks on the left threatening to come down on the traveller, as might have done the millions of blocks and boulders which so wildly strew the shore which lies sheer below him. The road which has, till near Whitefarland Point, kept by the shore, there strikes inland, and does not improve in comfort for the pedestrian, the equestrian, or the conveyed; for the latter it becomes scarcely practicable, being led, if not through a quagmire, over the rock, where, if the one wheel finds a rut, the other wheel must trundle over a boulder.

Pursuing this track, the inn of Imachar is reached, and, if but to learn the way, the pedestrian may there 'birl his bawbees for a gill.' From Imachar the

roadway descends to the shore. From this point to Iorsa river, the line of sea-cliffs rises at some distance from the beach, and nearly as far as was the projecting divergence of the bluff on which the clachan of Whitefarland stood; and, as the neighbourhood of 'the Lodge of Dugarry' is approached, the culture of the fields improves. The cliffs which line the shores of Arran, from Brodick to near the Iorsa, come there to a termination, the aspect of the country becoming different, as the hills lie farther inland, the plains are comparatively extensive, arable, and, where otherwise, yield good pasture; and the shore line, some miles westward, becomes bold. The natural wood which, eastward of Dugarry, clothed the sea-cliffs, as that shooting-lodge is neared, becomes lost in the belts of planting which, if as useful, are far from being so beautiful; as certainly are not the dry stone walls which protect them from the inroads of the cattle. Dugarry Lodge has been built on the western slope of the green hill which recedes from the banks of the Iorsa, and is almost hid from view of the tourist seeking it from the eastward.

Between Loch-Ranza and the Blackwater, a distance of many miles, no stone bridges exist—one or two petty ones over drains excepted—the traveller being expected to find his way over the streams by stepping-stones, and, if the water be running 'from bank to brae,' to sit down till it settle. Where bridges exist—as at the Iorsa, the Mauchrie, and the Blackwater—they are of wood for pedestrians. From the Mauchrie inland, and eastward by the course of the Blackwater, the district is alluvial, the husbandry respectable, and the population considerable. On crossing the plain the road is gained, which leads by the 'String' across the island to Brodick, and is the route by which the tourist ordinarily reaches the King's Caves, which are the chief attraction of the north-western side of Arran.

On crossing the river Mauchrie, a good road on the right leads to the village of Shiskin, but the path for the pedestrian lies to the left across fields, and near to a group of farm-houses known as the Tormor; and beyond them rises the King's Hill, inland of which opens out the King's Cave, so named, because Robert the Bruce found shelter there while he lay concealed in Arran, prior to his assault on the castle of Brodick, and descent on the shore of Turnberry in Ayrshire. The cave appears to have been scooped out of the rocky face of hills which extend in a semicircle from the bold headland near Tormor to the columnar-faced promontory of Dromodhuine. The cave specially known as the King's may be 100 feet in length, 50 where highest, and at the entrance about 30 in width. Entering the cave, two prolongations appear beyond its pillar-like termination, that to the left being of no great depth, but that to the right leading inland—tradition sayeth miles onward, to the base of a hill where of old stood a Druid circle.

The walk by the shore from the King's Cave to the Dromodhuine rocks is beautiful. As the cliffs extend to the right, to the left lies the ocean, and by it are strewn masses of rocks of varied shape, vast size, and some so fancifully placed as if the hand of man had been at labour there. Beyond Dromodhuine bay, the Blackwater river flows into the Sound of Kilbrandon; and its outlet is enriched with one of the few artificial harbours that Arran can boast of. At Blackwater-foot there is an inn, of no great size but considerable comfort. Cutting across the country by a side path of half a mile, the pedestrian will find himself on a good road, with stone bridges, being that which leads from Brodick—by Shiskin, Blackwater, and Lag—to Lamlash, and is the route parties take who explore Arran from a car, and such are numerous in summer.

Leaving the fertile valley of Shiskin, the road winds round the face of a dark brown heathery mountain, which is thickly strewn over with round boulder-like stones, which might with small trouble be trundled downwards to the ocean below. The shore of Cantyre and the pretty loch of Campbeltown are well seen when rounding these brown hills; and, if beheld when the August sun sinks beyond them into the Atlantic, they form a scene of beauty, the like of which can rarely be looked upon. On reaching what is popularly known as the south, but which appears to be the west, end of Arran, the Mull of Cantyre comes into view, and southward rises the Craig of Ailsa. Below the hills encircling the south-western extremity of Arran there is a considerable reach of land, apparently fertile and settled, but of difficult access, the heights being steep and the descent long. Off these shores there is a natural harbour; and one of the most curious objects on the coast are two long dykes, one of them very thick, forming its boundaries to east and west, while a smaller dyke extends across in part, as if it were a jetty, for sheltering vessels from the waves, yet leaving a wide entry, while a larger dyke forms a natural quay.

Between the Blackwater and the river Sliddery, near the south end, scarce a streamlet crosses the road, the entire drainage appearing to flow southwards. The hamlet of Lag will afford comfortable accommodation to the tourist. From the southern base of the Brown Hills, by the wooded banks of the Sliddery, the opening of Scordale, the pretty hamlet of Lag, and the course of the Torlin water, the fields are fertile, and the road is enclosed by hedgerows. The shorter route from Lag to Lamlash lies inland, by a good road, but through a moorland district; whereas the beauties of Arran lie near its shores, and the coast road, if more hard to travel, yields more pleasure in tracing the features of the

island. A short way from Kilmorey kirk, and just before reaching the Struey cliffs, an immense excavation is found scooped out by the waves called 'the Black Cave,' the dimensions of which are about forty feet in width, eighty in height, and upwards of one hundred and sixty in length—the sides being formed of basaltic pillars; while near the inner extremity is a large opening. On the left rise the Struey rocks, a range of precipitous cliffs, four or five hundred feet in height, formed of basaltic columns, pentagonal in shape, and deeply fissured.

The plain of Kildonan extends well inland, while eastward of the Struey rocks, and near the sea-beach, appear the ruins of the ancient castle of that name, once of considerable importance. Southward from the plain of Kildonan is the beautiful vale of Auchinheu, extending inland to the base of the lofty hill of Knocklecarlieu. The harbour formed at Kildonan is of interest, as, on the south side, it is like a plain little below high-water mark, which, when the tide has receded, displays a mosaic-like bottom, seamed over with cracks; numerous figures are formed, pentagonal in appearance, and where the ocean-wave has cut into the plain, the strata appear similar to the basaltic ranges of low columns which, so often split down into the low terrace slopes, are characteristic of the island. Following the course of the Essimore Fall through the romantic glen to near the source, a cascade is reached, flowing into a dark ravine, and exposing to view the strata of the minerals forming its banks, in some places three hundred feet high. The Fall of Essimore is more than one hundred feet in sheer depth; and the torrent, precipitated over the whinstone rock on the less hard formations below, scoops out for itself a course down the deep glen, evincing its force by the masses of rock which, undermined by its current, lie scattered over the channel. The refraction of the rays of light, by the

cloud of spray flung from the cascade of Essimore, produces rainbow-like appearances of surpassing beauty, floating over the dark chasm below, and gilding with brightness the romantic scenery.

Near Whiting Bay, a promontory of great height and remarkable appearance stretches into the sea, formed of ranges of basaltic columns, known as the Dripping rocks, rising perpendicularly nearly three hundred feet. At one point a curious natural arch appears as if detached from the rocks, while the waters above have made a narrow aperture through which the stream is projected; and when the burn has become swollen, a fine cascade is formed, throwing a flood of water far beyond the base of the lofty rocks, forming an arch of whitened spray. Whiting Bay is the name of the district between 'the Dripping rocks' and the opening into the bay of Lamlash, and has been so named from the excellent fishings on that shore. The glen through which runs the carriage-way to Lamlash is attractive; and singularly so is the view the tourist gains when, crossing the height above, he pauses to survey the prospect which, looking forward, is seen to stretch by Lamlash and Brodick to the sound of Bute, the Cumbræ isles, and the heights of Cowal; or, looking backward, down the Frith of Clyde by Ayrshire and Ailsa to Loch-Ryan, with the glens and mountains of Arran, and the Holy Isle below them.

By the road from Whiting Bay, which is a good one, the descent towards Lamlash is rapid but prolonged, as it skirts the hillside till the bridge is gained by which the river flowing from Moneymore Glen may be crossed, and the plain gained, which extends towards Glen-Alaster and forms a fine piece of land of great fertility. The view of the bay, the plain, the hamlet, and the pier is a lovely one, as witnessed when approaching from the south, and improves when the smart little

village is reached. There is a pretty track over the shoulder of the hill from Lamlash to Brodick shore; and the route taken by the steamer is interesting and varied in beauty, as it sweeps round by Clauchland Point, Dun-Fioun, Dun-Dubh, the Corriegill Point, to Springbank, the hamlet of Invercloy, and the bay of Brodick; and whether by land or water, the pedestrian or sailor will find pleasure in surveying it.

A recent topographer, professedly abridging from former writers, reports that, while Bute is low and green, Arran is lofty and brown, the mountain heights being extremely symmetrical, but serrated in outline—a line drawn from Brodick to Whitefarland dividing the island into nearly equal sections, the northern being a central mass of granite, bounded westward by a kind of mica slate, and eastward by one of clay slate, covered in part by sandstone. The south is of sandstone, overlaid by claystone, porphyry, and other trap rocks, bared only on the coast and in the glens, numerous trap veins penetrating the sandstone, and pitchstone being frequently found. The granite being prismatic at Catacol, or cuboidal at Glen-Sannox, decomposing in their laminæ, or exfoliating in concentric crusts, presenting several varieties both in composition and structure, containing little mica, few crystals of hornblende, the finer grains being met with on the west, the coarser on the east shore. The trap rock overlying the sandstone is principally claystone, pale yellow, brown, or lead brown in colour, but sometimes dark blue or basalt, being also massive, columnar, or schistose, and sometimes passing into hornstone, compact felspar, or felspar porphyry.

AYR is the chief town in the shire of that name, near where the river Ayr flows into the Frith of Clyde. Its harbour, mainly formed by two piers, is sufficient to

have steamers to Glasgow in summer, to Campbeltown and Stranraer throughout the year, and vessels for the export of the minerals raised in the immediate district. Ayr, which had a name when the Romans occupied the country, has its burghal charter from William the Lion, dated 1202, and granted 'at my New Castle upon Ayr,' built some five years before, which conferred privileges still enjoyed by the burghers. In the war of independence, Edward I. of England had a strong garrison here, and its destruction at the 'Barns of Ayr' is one of the notable exploits of the Wallace Wight, whose relatives were of the district. In the old church of the Blackfriars, within the ancient citadel, part of the tower of which still remains, the Parliament of Scotland met, April 26, 1315, and settled the succession to the Crown on Edward Bruce, who fell in battle at Dundalk, on 5th October, 1318. Cromwell also took possession of the old church, and, enlarging the area, formed a citadel there. Centuries ago, when Glasgow was scarcely known, the merchants of Ayr pushed a large trade with France, exchanging salmon and corn for wines, &c.

The society in Ayr is excellent; and its environs are, year by year, becoming largely extended by villas, prettily placed and handsomely built. The beach at hand is good; the race-ground is well patronised; and the circuit and county courts bring balls for the dowager ladies and the beauties they chaperon; Ayr, in the words of her own favourite bard, being famed 'for honest men and bonnie lasses.' Connected by railway from Glasgow, Ardrossan, Girvan, and Kilmarnock, access to and from it is frequent, and the traffic such as to make fares moderate—the South-Western Railway being one of the first opened and most prosperous of the lines in the west of Scotland; and plans are in progress to make a line direct via Douglas to Edinburgh, shortening the distance

by about one-third, and opening up the Ayrshire coast to the natives of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. Ayrshire being an extensive, fertile, and populous county, renders the burgh of Ayr an excellent market town; and as such, there is no lack of 'accommodation for man or beast;' neither will the tourist find it hard to be well cared for, as the hotel in the main street and at the bridge are both good. 'Brown Carrick Hill' on the south shelters the town; while 'the Heads of Ayr,' seaward, moderate the gales from the west—Arran lies to the north, and the natives allege that, in a clear day, the outline of the coast of Ireland can be descried.

BALLACHULISH and GLENCOE.—'Oban to Glencoe, about six o'clock, on the mornings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,' has been for years past one of the advertisements for the tourist. The route northwards by Dunolly, Dunstaffnage, Loch-Etive, Lismore, Castle-Stalker, Appin, and Ardsheal, to where Loch-Leven flows into the Linnhe Loch, is one of no ordinary attraction. From Kinloch More on the eastward, where the Serpent river flows into the loch, and hard by the wild bridle-path, from the Black Mount to Fort-William, known as 'the Devil's Staircase,' to the recently erected pier on the south-west extremity of Loch-Leven, is about 10 miles; then northwards, to the Point of Onich, may be a breadth of 3 miles; but between the hotels on either side, the channel little exceeds half-a-mile, and at certain states of the tide the flood comes down like a mill-stream, causing the boatmen to hug the shore and then shoot across the current. The channel is deep, but the row-boats are good, and the boatmen experienced; the fare light—and where silver is offered, coppers are kept back.

The fine estate of Ballachulish, in Argyleshire, was, a few years ago, acquired by Mr. Tennant, who has

expended largely and well in improving it for the tourist, in making the roads good, and replacing the old inn by a hotel, which, in elevation, accommodation, and situation, will compare favourably with any house north of the Tweed. Such are its comforts, that where tourists who used to pass on their way or from Glencoe, now tarry—‘if they can find room.’ At times, in the season, when all is bright and quiet, the steamer may send ashore a couple of hundred passengers; but when stormy they may not exceed a score. For the crowd, conveyances are found of every size, sort, and shape, but all are sent on to the Glen or further—the ‘Colonel,’ the ‘head-centre’ of travel in the district, being ‘always on duty,’ and the horses many, fit for any sort of work, harnessed, and at hand. The coach which starts southwards for Loch-Lomond, leading the way, the cortege moves on along the picturesque bank of Loch-Leven, the mountains on the right being lofty, but green and wooded to the water’s edge; while those on the left, across the loch and in the shire of Inverness, are less so, there being a wide extent of moss between them and Loch-Leven. On the north bank of Loch-Leven is another hotel, recently rebuilt, with excellent accommodation, and where those whom ‘the comely landlady’ on the south cannot look to, the attentive landlord on the north will care well for, or send on by conveyance to Fort-William, fourteen miles off. The slate quarries of Ballachulish are extensive, and great is the improvement made upon them of late; while whole rows of houses have been erected, with all due care as to drainage, ventilation, light, and accommodation. In the village there is a branch of one of the Scotch banks, and the villagers have a mechanics’ institution, mutual improvement classes, &c. All honour to their energetic employer.

Towering high above all intervening objects is the ‘Pap of Glencoe,’ and conspicuous in that it rises sheer from the

loch, as if sentinelling the wild district. Crossing the river Coe, a road leads, through an avenue of pretty trees, onwards by the bank for a short but not heavy stage, when horses are changed by the coach going to Loch-Lomond, the steep ascent is entered upon, and the glen, in 'all its gloom and grandeur,' is approached. The mountains to the right and left are rugged; and, from the fabled era of Ossian downwards, have been noted as possessing attractions unequalled, and that apart from the sad story of the Massacre—a tale so often told as scarce to need repeating here, as in all its incidents the drivers and guards will be found well versed. When two-thirds up the glen, a place is found where it is practicable to turn the carriages, and there those going back to the steamer at Ballachulish dismount, walk onward, and at leisure explore the upper glen.

The deep valley of Glencoe is impressive always, but shows best when the shifting clouds roll over the mountain range, and cast their shadows athwart the deep water-courses which seam the Alpine heights; and if a heavy shower comes down, it but swells the torrents which fling themselves into the water-course, that, far below the road, finds its way by many a cascade into the quiet loch, Treachtarn, whence issues the Coe—the Cona of Ossian, who, tradition states, was a native of the glen, and whose cave, bath, dressing-room, &c. the guides will indicate on the mountain slopes of Glencoe! Basil Hall placed on record that, 'as a piece of perfectly wild mountain scenery Glencoe has no superior that I know of. In the Alps there are many ravines and valleys immensely larger, but I am not aware of any which has higher claims to attention in all that relates to the fantastical disposition of barren rocks of great magnitude, tossed indiscriminately about by the hand of Nature.' Glencoe is in the parish of Lismore and Appin, which, from the south-west end of

Lismore to Kinlochbeg, in the east of Appin, is 63 miles long, by 10 and in some places 16 miles broad. [Glencoe will be found further noticed when the route through Glenorchy comes under review.]

BALLATER, on the upper course of the river Dee, is within eleven miles of Charlestown-Aboyne, the present western terminus of the railway from Aberdeen. It is about eight miles east of Balmoral Castle, and eighteen from Braemar; coaches, well appointed, running from it east and west. The village is finely placed; the walks and drives attractive; and the hotel accommodation for the tourist superior. For the valetudinarian, the Spa of Pannanich, on the other side of the Dee, at no great distance, and there and at Ballater quarters may be found. At Ballatrich, below Pannanich, is the cottage where Byron spent some years of his early youth; and the 'Dee's rushing tide,' 'Morven of snow,' the 'lofty Culbeen,' and the 'dark Loch-na-Gar,' have been the themes of his muse. The approach from the east, through 'the moor of Dinnet,' is bleak; but when the village of Ballater comes in view, all is smiling,—and promising as it is at a distance, the width of the way or street, extreme neatness of the houses, and tidiness of all about, give it thoroughly the look of a place where health should be found. The bridge across the Dee is of wood, the former stone erections having been swept away in the floods of 1783 and 1829.

Monaltrie Lodge stands in a park north of the village, and behind it rises the wooded rock of Craigdarroch, 800 feet above the plain at its base, between which and the adjacent mountain runs the old road, known as the 'Pass of Ballater;' and when such was the only route to Braemar, it was well nigh impregnable. Now the broad highway sweeps round southward of Monaltrie, across the Dee for Abergeldie and Balmoral, or on

the north side of the river for Crathie and Braemar. Since 1848, when a summer home by the 'Dee's rushing tide' was chosen by Royalty, the district has become thickly studded with pretty places of abode, which let well, and the fair occupants of which are reported to be excellent anglers, as ladies often are—for partners, if not for trout. The old Castle of Knock, across the Dee, looks well; and the walks, bridle-paths, and drives are many, and thronged in the season.

BALMORAL, the Highland home of the Royal Family, is about equi-distant (9 miles) between Ballater, on the Dee, and Charlestown, Braemar. In summer, coaches throng the road—hired ones chiefly; and it might throw light on the progress of the district could the rents paid for the tolls east and west of Crathie, for 1848 and 1866, be ascertained. A road leads by the southern bank of the Dee to Balmoral, which used to continue onwards to Invercauld; but of late years the portion west of the Royal domain has been closed to the public, that the deer in the forest of Ballochbuie might not be disturbed, the prying public be kept in their own place, and the grounds near Balmoral be the more secluded. By the highway north of the Dee the views are throughout varied and beautiful—the strath, of no great breadth, with the rapid river flowing through it and the dark mountain masses rising above it—especially the classic height of Loch-na-Gar, which can be scaled, and the view from whose summit well repays the labour of the ascent. The 'Crook on the Dee,' the holm or level space by the river side, is of considerable extent at Balmoral, and full advantage has been taken to show it in all its beauties, the natural wood on the level and clothing the hills showing finely with the noble pile which the late Prince Consort raised there.

Views of the Castle are so familiar that little descrip-

tion may be needed here. It is approached from the north by a bridge across the Dee, and near the gateway are pretty cottages, built for the occupation of the peasantry employed in the grounds or for pensioners on their Royal Mistress's bounty, and, as might be looked for, all is in excellent order. Balmoral consists of two blocks of buildings, connected by wings; with a tower, thirty-five feet square, eighty in height, crowned by a turret twenty feet higher, and commanding the finest of views. The Royal department occupies three sides of the quadrangle—north, south, and west; the entrance being by a porch on the south. The stones, which were quarried close by, are of pure granite and well wrought. The apartments are plainly but richly furnished, the Victoria and Stuart tartan covering the couches, &c. The parish church of Crathie, across the river, is large, and when the Queen is expected the congregation is a full one. Abergeldie Castle, the summer home of the Prince of Wales, in situation and attraction vies well with the Palace of Balmoral.

BALQUIDDER.—The 'Braes of Balquidder' are in the most picturesque portion of the county of Perth, on the high road from Callander for Killin, and although a little westward of the coach route, merit attention. When Loch-Lubnaig is passed, and Strath-Ire left behind, the snug wayside inn of King's House is reached, about three-fourths of the way between Callander and Loch-Earnhead; and, directly in front, a road leads off to the west, passing on the left an enclosed burial-place, well wooded, and where are laid the Macgregor chiefs of the district. On the right, a short way further, is the kirk-yard of the parish—the old kirk in ruins, but a new one erected; and near the gateway are three flat sculptured stones, marking the place where Rob Roy Macgregor lies at rest. His deeds, half

fabulous or otherwise, have made the cateran leader more famous by half than the head of the clan he belonged to; and many a tourist pauses to visit the grave of the buried outlaw. Of the three stones covering the grave, that with the sword is alleged to mark the burial-place of his wife Helen, whom the novelist has represented to be masculine enough; the stone on the other side is that of Colin, the eldest son; and between these two is a stone sculptured, but without inscription, under which lies the body of Rob Roy.

Although Rob Roy, his wife, and son are interred at Balquidder, the burial-place of the clan was at Loch-Caillach, one of the many islands in Loch-Lomond; but with Balquidder the Macgregor had many feudal relations, and, if the tale be true, there they vowed to stand true to each other 'come weal, come woe,' when their chief of 1587 assumed all the responsibility of the slaughter of Drummond Ernock, as related in the introduction to the 'Legend of Montrose.' At the village, there is a 'change-house' where whisky can be had; and near it is the river Balvaig, by which Loch-Voil is discharged into Loch-Lubnaig—Loch-Doine, like upper and lower Loch-Ard, having but a patch of land to separate them; while together they are nearly five miles in length, and deep, dark, and overshadowed by the braes on north and south. Benmore, rising amongst them, is a vast irregular pyramid, 3,944 feet in height. The pedestrian tourist may find a pleasant path southward by Glenbuckie, and onwards to Glenman and Glenfinlass, the Brig of Turk, or the Trossachs; the route is to follow the water-courses both upward and downward, and the track is one of much beauty.

BANFF, PORTSOY, CULLEN.—Banff, the chief town of the county of that name, is on the north-east coast of Scotland, where the river Deveron flows into the Ger-

man sea, and has a harbour not over easy of access, as the steamers send ashore their passengers in small boats, and the herring fleet and district traders find the harbour of Macduff, just across the Deveron, to be the more convenient. Banff is by railway 50 miles N.E. of Aberdeen (passengers change carriages at the Inveramsay Junction), and 42 miles S.E. of Elgin, changing carriages at Grange Junction. As a burgh, the charter dates from 1165; the parliamentary constituency is 231, voting with the Elgin group; and the corporation revenue is £990. As a town, the situation is a pleasant one, standing well above the river Deveron, with the sea to the east and the fine policies of Duff House to the west; but, rather out of the track of tourists, it may be less visited now than it was when a well-appointed mail coach ran daily between it and Elgin, by Cullen and Fochabers.

Being built on the slope of a hill, the streets are somewhat steep and narrow, but the houses are neat, many of them with inscriptions showing when and by whom erected. The educational institutions are many, excellent, and well endowed; but the town grows slowly, having little commerce and no manufactures. The hotel has long been a good one.—PORTSOY, a burgh of barony and small seaport, is by road 7 miles, by railway 9 miles W. of Banff. The place is notable for its stone, a sort of serpentine marble, and known as Portsoy stone.—CULLEN is a royal burgh, and second as a town in the shire; it is 6 miles from Portsoy and 12 from Fochabers, where railway connection on the north is found. The herring fishing is prosecuted largely, but more so in the village of Buckie, a few miles further north. The town of Cullen owes much of its prosperity to its being near the mansion of the Earl of Seafield, whose estates are extensive, and whose family have been ever kind to the burghers. The constituency of Cullen is 44; the corporation revenue £54.

BERWICK, NORTH, is a burgh in Haddingtonshire, on the Frith of Forth, not far from the Bass Rock, and connected with Edinburgh by railway, running eastward at Longniddry Junction—the distance in whole being 22 miles. The town is said to have been considered a seaport in the days of Robert II.; but in 1691 it was officially reported that ‘ships they have none, nor ferry boat, except two fish boats which pay nothing to the town.’ Since then the harbour has been improved, but the pier is dry at low water, not easy of access, nor over safe when got into; and the trade mainly consists of the shipment of potatoes or other agricultural produce, the district being fertile. The beach is good, and the place much frequented in the sea-bathing season. The links of Gullane, and the castles of Dirleton and Tantallon are within easy drive. As a burgh, it dates from Robert III.; has a Parliamentary constituency of 95, a corporation revenue of £263, and is grouped with Dunbar, Jedburgh, Lauder, and Haddington—the latter the returning burgh. ABERLADY is a parochial hamlet, five miles S.W. of North-Berwick, at the mouth of the Peffer-burn, where smacks can discharge cargoes, and is held as the port for Haddington, from which it is five miles distant. The sands on Aberlady bay are resorted to for sea-bathing. Gosford House, the seat of the Earl of Wemyss, is in the parish.

DIRLETON is on the coast between Aberlady and North-Berwick; and the railway station of the name is nearly equi-distant between that burgh and Drem Junction. The land near Dirleton is reputed the finest coursing ground in the east of Scotland, and the village one of the most beautiful. The castle of Dirleton has a place in Scottish history. Bishop Beke captured it after a desperate defence by the patriot Scots; Montrose reduced it in 1650; and the noble ruins are carefully preserved and well enclosed, while the structure, still a mas-

sive one, is among the finest in Scotland. **TANTALLAN CASTLE**, of 'Douglas and Marmion' fame, crowns a lofty, precipitous, and projecting rock; its base is washed on three sides by the sea; and the west is defended by two ditches of vast depth and by towers of great strength. The ruin, which is roofless, but otherwise nearly entire, is three miles east of North-Berwick.

BIGGAR is an excellent market town in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. 'London may be a big toun,' say the natives, 'but I ken Biggar.' It is situated nearly midway between the Clyde and the Tweed, and between the burghs of Lanark and Peebles; and has always been of district importance, not the less so that centuries ago the noble family of Fleming, Earls of Wigtown, a title dormant since 1747, were resident at Boghall Castle, near Biggar. Of the town and the house of Fleming, a large, well written, and quickly disposed of volume has recently been published by one reared in Biggar. Situated on the southern slope of Bizzyberry, as the hill above the town is quaintly named, with the Har-tree hills in the foreground, Coulterfell in the distance, and Tinto not far off, the place is a pleasant one, as is the district of which it is centre; and now that it is within easy access by railway from the Land of Scott and of Burns—from Melrose, Glasgow, or Edinburgh, tourists might delight to sojourn at it did it possess a good hotel; that it does not, is no credit to a richly settled locality, which has recently erected a large and well-built corn exchange, banks, and a new church; and have collected largely to renovate the old kirk of Biggar, built in 1545, still occupied as the parish church, and of beauty rare for its age.

The great battle of Biggar, the peasantry believe, was one of the most signal of the victories of 'the Wallace wight,' the traditions of which are rife; but proof of half

that is told is hard to find. The town is neat and clean, the main street wide enough to 'hold a cattle tryst in,' the district fertile, the country 'warmly settled,' and the gentry are numerous and hospitable to a fault. COULTER, a parish contiguous with and west of Biggar, is a pleasant locality; and an antiquarian lives there whose mansion is stored with archaeological treasures, gathered by a judicious and liberal collector, which are handsomely open to the inspection of the well-informed when properly introduced. LAMINGTON TOWER, in the parish, south of Coulter, as a ruin shows well. It is now cared for as it should be, having been the patri-mony of Marion Broadfoot, the murdered bride of Wallace, the patriot hero of Scotland.

BLAIR-ATHOLE.—A village, hotel, and railway station in Perthshire. As a hamlet, near where the river Tilt flows into the Garry, it is finely placed, and the cottage accommodation for the visitor is superior, as is also that of the private hotel, Bridge of Tilt, or the Station Hotel—both within half a mile, in hands of the same family, and one well known, when at Balloch on Loch-Lomond, for caring well for those who patronised them. The railway recently opened from Inverness to Perth has made Blair-Athole more accessible than of old, although it was well off in that way, being the second stage north from Dunkeld, on the great Highland road, and near to the pass of Killiecrankie. As a parish, Blair-Athole is upwards of 30 miles in length by about 18 in breadth, and within its bounds can boast of some of the finest 'mountain and flood' scenery in Scotland—the path through Glen-Tilt to Braemar running eastward, and that through Strath-Tummell for Tay-side leading west. The district is full of attractions for the tourist, and possesses within reach all proper means for exploring

such. Blair is etymologically defined 'as a plain, clear of wood,' or as a 'battle-field:' the latter may be the truer definition, as there is little of a plain to be seen; and the field in which Claverhouse is buried is a small one, and where he died was not a plain.

The castle of Blair, so long the seat of the Dukes of Athole, was of old a place of strength. Its capture caused the struggle between Dundee and Mackay in 1689; in 1746 it was held successfully against Charles Edward; in 1653 it was taken by an officer of Cromwell; in 1644 it was captured by Montrose; and tradition alleges that it was a stronghold of the Comyn family centuries ago. Our Queen, before fixing her Scottish home in Braemar, spent the summer of 1844 at Blair-Athole; and the Falls of Bruar were visited, and had poetic honours given them, by Robert Burns. The Falls of the Tummell are also attractive, the river being wide and deep; but the cascade being no more than 16 feet in depth, it is inferior to the Falls of Clyde at Lanark. The Bruar falling nearly 200 feet, although a smaller flood, has 'lofty firs and ashes cool, where fragrant birks in woodbines dress'd the craggy cliffs adorn,' and make it a place of beauty; it is four miles off, and near the old Highland road.

BLAIRGOWRIE, a burgh of barony since 1634, is connected by a branch railway, five miles in length, with Coupar-Angus on the great Aberdeen line, and has of late years been frequented by the tourist, on account of the coach in the summer months running thence to Braemar for Balmoral. The town is a thriving one, the immense command of water from the Ericht, which flows past it, having made it the seat of flax mills, large and prosperous, the village population supplying the labour. Hotel accommodation is excellent, whether at the 'Queen's' or the 'Royal,' the keepers of both being

related, but not the less disposed to push their separate interests—‘an’ (to quote a Scotticism) ‘what for no?’ Banks are not few, churches many, shops superior, schools good, people sociable; and the busy little town thrives well, as should be where energy is so well developed. There are few towns of its size and age that show so well the progress made within the present generation, and of late not the less fast that the ‘cotton famine’ has been the flax-spinners’ opportunity; hence, in some measure, the prosperity of the district. The banks of the Ericht, above the town, have much to attract the tourist, and there are few localities in Scotland more picturesque than are the wooded heights of Craighall, on the Ericht. The coach road north by the Spittal of Glenshee has much to interest the tourist; also that by Strath-Ardle, where a road leads off for the Pitlochrie district of Perthshire.

Another route southward by the lochs of the Lowes, Butterstone, and Cluny, for Dunkeld, is the one taken by the Braemar coach in summer; but in any season it affords a drive of varied beauty, and is picturesque throughout. Eastwards from Blairgowrie to Alyth, on the Isla, and onwards for Kirriemuir, was a pleasant road, as, leading by the base of the Grampian mountains, the vale of Strathmore lay below; but the poetry of such routes the railways have spoiled. The old route of the once famed ‘Defiance coach,’ from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, led onwards from Perth to Forfar by the town of Coupar-Angus. The railway now sweeps past it, but the traveller rarely stops to breakfast there, as of old, and the change that has come over the inn seems a sad one, as there is now no through trade.

BRAEMAR forms the south-western division of the extensive shire of Aberdeen, and the Linn of Dee, with the wells whence the river springs from under

the Brierarach, in the centre of the Grampian mountain range, is nearer to Ben-Nevis, above the Caledonian Canal, than to Girdleness, on the German Ocean. Since Balmoral Castle became the summer home of the Royal Family, the district is thronged with tourists in the season—the railway from the east coming within 30 miles of Castletown, the town of the district; and that on the road to Blairgowrie, whence, in the midsummer months, a tourist coach plies north the one day and south the next, is but little further off. Braemar may be penetrated by the tourist from Blair-Athole by Glen-Tilt, or from Strathspey by Glenmore; but, enter the district from whatever quarter, the attractions of ‘flood and mountain’ are great and prized. Castletown, Braemar, is about 8 miles west of Balmoral; and deer-stalking or angling being the occupation of the elite of the visitors, the two capacious hotels, which offer superior accommodation to first-class visitors (arrangements being made for them only), are held by a Hunter and a Fisher—the one with Australian experience, the other well able to care for his patrons.

The village of Castletown, although a small one, has three churches—Established, Free, and Roman Catholic. The shops are few, and the houses, which are neat, furnish the valetudinarian with quarters, of course for ‘a consideration,’ seeing that rooms are scarce and visitors numerous. Loch-na-Gar has been elsewhere noticed as being the mountain of the Ballater and Balmoral district. The mountains further up the Dee are higher, and Ben-Macdhui has been affirmed by the natives to be of greater altitude than even Ben-Nevis; but ordinance survey measurements settle that question against them. One of the military bridges of Marshal Wade carried the road across the Dee below Invercauld; but, although it is still there, it has been replaced by another, broader and less steep, which the district owes

to the munificence of the late Prince Consort. Above the bridge may be seen what is called 'the castle,' but it is neither old, strong, nor picturesque. On the right of the road the rocky and richly wooded hill of Craiglunie almost overhangs the highway, and below is the field where the Braemar 'gathering of the clans' takes place for the practice of athletic sports, and nearly where the Earl of Mar mustered the Stuart adherents in the rebellion of 1715—so fatal to the interests of the Erskine family. The stone on which the standard of Mar was reared forms part of the coffee-room of the Invercauld Arms, a house which each successive year expands in size, as does the Fife Arms Hotel.

At Castletown, the river Dee, although but a few miles from its source, is broad and deep, so much so that a boat is used to convey visitors from the hotels across to the house of Invercauld, the distance round by the bridge being very considerable. The mansion of Farquharson of Invercauld is finely situated, looking warmly to the south, and sheltered on north and west by well-wooded hills, which are of great elevation. The view from the bridge in the village is a fine one, as the river below tumbles in its cascade-like course to the Dee, whose expanse above and below is well seen. The road for the linn of Dee is for the first few miles of great beauty. Mar Lodge, on the holm or level bank of the river beyond, is so little elevated as to have suffered severely in the great floods of 1829. Further on are the falls of Corriemulzie, one of the sights of the district, to which the tourist is led by paths constructed to show them to advantage. The famous linn of Dee is about seven miles from Castletown-Braemar, and there the deep and rapid river is so confined between lofty walls of rock, that, like the Clyde near Lanark, a man may spring across—a feat not unfrequently performed. A well known topographic writer

says that 'nothing living ever survived the plunge downwards, if fated to take it;' but it is on record that, not many years ago, a man did leap short of the distance, fall down headlong, become unconscious, was found cast out on the river-bank far below the linn—and lived to tell it. Above the Linns of the river Dee, the course may be followed to near the Brierarach, a mountain little lower than Ben-Macdhui, of the same group, but showing a wall above 'the wilds of Dee' of 2,000 feet sheer down. The track is a rough one, but often travelled, and Ben-Macdhui is frequently climbed, the prospect from its summit ranging from the German ocean to the Atlantic—the heights of Ben-Nevis, Ben-Lawers, and Ben-Lomond being all within view.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN, the most frequented of the spas in central Scotland, is within three miles of Stirling, and nearly equi-distant from Perth, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, with ample means of access, by rail, road, and river. As might be looked for, the hotel accommodation is excellent, and they are well patronised. The lodging-houses are numerous, offering accommodation to the tourist or the valetudinarian—when water drinking. There is no lack of either libraries or churches, or of the means ordinarily in request for spending 'a week' pleasantly. To Stirling a good 'bus runs frequently; in fine weather the walk is an agreeable one, being for nearly half the way built on either hand with villas, yearly increasing in number, and in architectural pretensions. By the 'banks of Allan water,' northwards, and towards the ancient town of Dunblane, the scenery is beautiful, as are the Kier policies in the neighbourhood. Eastward by Airthrey, Blairlogie, and the Ochils, the pedestrian may well spend some of his time; nor are the beauties of the district accessible to him only, as carriages of all sorts abound at the Bridge-of-

Allan, 'with steady horses and careful drivers,' as at least will be affirmed by the innkeepers.

Callander and the Trossachs are within reach of a short day's journey. The railway carries tourists to Callander, only 13 miles off, and the coach thence to the Trossachs, where the Rob Roy steamer treats them to a sail on the most visited of the lochs of Scotland. Again Ardoch and the Roman camp are at no great distance by railway to Greenloaning station; while farther north lie the attractions of Drummond Castle and its gardens, the pleasant town of Crieff, the upper strath of the Earn, and the policies of Ochtertyre—all places of beauty, and elsewhere in their proper place fairly noticed in this volume. Parties from Bridge-of-Allan can sail up and down the Forth—from Stirling or Alloa, to or from Granton; so that well may Bridge-of-Allan be one of the most rising of the inland watering-places in Scotland. The 'Allan' from the north, the 'Devon' on the east, the 'Forth' for the south, and the 'Teith' on the west, are all rivers in good repute with the angler, and at no great distances form the Bridge-of-Allan spa.

BRODICK, CORRIE, and INVERCLOY are places in Arran that merit special notice; the first named as being where the castle, the hamlet, and the 'old inn' used to be; the second as being near Sannox, and where a good inn now is; and the third where a hotel, second to none for situation and attraction, has been a few years past erected. The castle of Brodict, a hunting seat of the Duke of Hamilton, crowns a rocky bank on the north side of Brodict bay, is built on a peninsular-like elevation thrown seaward from Goatfell, and from the battlements of the ancient fortress an extensive view is commanded. The castle is of great antiquity, but shows no trace of Danish construction, although

the Norse sea kings may have anchored in the bay, and may not unlikely have had their camp on the hillside above. The more ancient part of the Castle consists of a lofty, large, and strong quadrangular tower or keep, indicative of the 'iron ages,' when might was held as right. Adjoining the keep are buildings to the west, also old, to which more recently a house was added, rendering the feudal stronghold a suitable abode for the premier Duke of Scotland; and a favourite one it has been, the island being so wholly his own as to be almost a game preserve. From the era of Bruce to that of Cromwell, Brodick Castle shared all the honours and the ruins of frequent siege and capture; the troops of the Commonwealth adding a strong regular bastion; but so licentious were the garrison, that they were surprised and slaughtered to a man.

Brodick Castle seems to have been built of stones obtained close by, the quarry afterwards forming part of the deep moat, which was one of the defences on the landward side; but of the drawbridge, which must have led across the ditch to the narrow neck of land, no trace is now seen. The domain round the castle has belts of trees, finely disposed, and northward it is sheltered by extensive woods of natural growth. Above it is the purple heath, and higher up the serrated summits of Goatfell — 'the mountain of the winds.' The cluster of cottages which nestled near the beach, and south of the feudal stronghold, were the prettiest places for the valetudinarian to seek health in; and a few years since the snugget retreat, on either side of the Frith of Clyde, was to be found in the 'old inn' of Brodick, a place especially patronised by 'Paisley bodies,' the faster of whose youths were wont to come down in flocks on the Saturday of their annual race-week, to be put 'all right again' by the worthy landlady—herself from near 'the Water-

neb,' as the junction of the Cart with the Clyde is by them quaintly termed. 'Fun was often furious enough in the castle overhead,' if tales told be true; but the 'corks' from Paisley, as the smaller employers are locally termed, were radically disposed, and might not have been always over-civil; at all events, the 'old house' was closed, and a hotel for the surplus guests of the castle was erected at Invercloy.

At Corrie, where a small natural harbour is formed on the deep and safe but rocky indent on the shore, a house of entertainment has been erected—for the tourist in Arran appears usually to have been well alive to what in Scotland are termed 'the creature comforts.' The inn now there, although less imposing in architectural elevation than that across the bay on the S. W. is not inferior to it in comfort and all proper attendance for parties passing; while, for those remaining over night, excellent accommodation is provided; and Mrs. Jamieson, the landlady, having been there, and at the old inn at Brodick since 1816, is well known to the tourist.

INVERCLOY Hotel is about a couple of miles south of the castle of Brodick, the road is good, the beach fine, the hillside richly wooded, and the neighbouring glens and streams are numerous. Across the hill lies the road to Lamlash, and whether in walking or driving it has many attractions—the Frith of Clyde above Bute and towards Ailsa Craig being well seen. The hotel, which has good public rooms, and is lighted with gas 'made on the premises,' has but one alleged fault—the bed rooms are too few; but although, as in Braemar, first-class travellers appear to be those for whom the house was formed, for the wayfarer there exists a 'tap,' where 'ales and liquors' are served out as cheap as in Lamlash, the village of the island, which is but a few miles to the south-west. Brodick Bay, and that of Lamlash, afford such quiet and safe anchorage, that

yachtsmen in their cruising season often drop anchor there, row ashore, and look in at the hotels of Invercloy or Corrie to have their 'pouches' filled with 'hard boiled eggs,' and their 'pistols' charged with good 'aqua vitae'—both, by most tourists, found palatable when climbing the mountain heights, or exploring the glens and corries of Arran.

BURNS, the Land of, is popularly understood to be Ayr and its neighbourhood, being where the poet was born and spent his youth; but a wider range may be given in glancing at the upper strath of the Ayr, where he wooed and won his 'Jean,' and lower Nithsdale, where the last years of his life were worn out. Access from Glasgow to Ayr is ready, frequent, and inexpensive by rail throughout the year, and in summer by steamer direct from the Broomielaw—the latter route being long, but the fares low. Robert Burns was born on January 25, 1759, in the cottage near 'Alloway's auld haunted Kirk,' a humble roof under which many a proud head has since then stooped. At six years of age, he was sent to the village school at Mill of Alloway, his father, a gardener, originally from the Montrose district, being tenant of the small farm of Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, and afterwards of Lochlea, near Tarbolton; in neither of which were his circumstances so easy as to afford his children means of education greater than the youth of Scotland usually enjoy.

Yet 'Robin,' the embryo poet, became a hard student, acquiring some knowledge of French, and a little Latin, while in his fourteenth year he became a leading member of the debating club at Tarbolton. In the 23d year of his age, he made a start in life as a heckler of flax at Irvine; but, holding 'over merrily' the incoming of the new-year, his shop, which is still pointed out, caught fire, and he was thrown out of employment. The father of

the poet dying early in 1784, and the family constrained to leave Lochlea, they became tenants of the farm of Mossiel, within a couple of miles of Mauchline, a short way off the coach road to Kilmarnock, which is visited now by many a tourist. The circumstances of the family were such that Robert Burns sought to mend his fortune by emigrating to Jamaica; and, to raise the means, put his poems and songs to press at Kilmarnock. His success was such that he was drawn to Edinburgh, became lionised in society, cleared off the debts of the farm, married his 'bonnie Jean,' took and stocked the farm of Ellisland, on the Nith, near Dumfries, and soon after became an exciseman—his salary as such enabling him 'to make ends meet' at the farm; but it may be doubted if, with his social tastes, the life he led as such did much to promote his welfare, or add to the comfort of his rising family.

The fame Burns had earned, and which he valued, and the extraordinary conversational powers with which he was gifted, caused his society to be often sought by the 'fast livers' of the ancient town of Dumfries, and of the 'ten muirland parishes' which were within his 'ride' or beat as an exciseman. He was stronger in appearance than in reality, and the life he led did so little to preserve his health, that in the winter of 1795 he suffered severely from illness, and in July following he sought relief at the hamlet of Brow, a sea-bathing resort on the Solway Frith. But his stay there was short, as he returned to Dumfries to die on July 21, 1796; and the house in which he spent the last sad years of his life is well known and visited by most tourists who find their way to the south-west of Scotland. The poet's wish was that 'his body should be laid beside that of his father in Alloway kirk-yard; but this was overruled by the friends his fame and name had gathered round him at Dumfries,

and he was interred in the churchyard of St. Michael's in that town, where, in 1815, a handsome mausoleum was erected in his honour—and the path from the church gate to that grave is trod by many a pilgrim.

The 'twa brigs' at Ayr are still seen in all their contrast—the 'auld ane' being open to pedestrians only. If the cottage in which the poet first saw the light was but a 'clay biggin,' it must have been so in a poetical sense, as it appears to be of fair size and strong. Mount Oliphant, where the first seven years of the poet's life were spent, is seen from the door of the cottage in which he was born. The ground near the monument to Burns is about an acre in extent, but all about is kept in excellent order, and the 'Brig o' Doon' being close at hand, the whole scenery of 'Tam o' Shanter's ride' is under view. Lochlea farm lay near Tarbolton, a small town 4 miles S.W. of Mauchline; and near Kirkoswald, 4 miles S.W. of Maybole, is given as the place where the prototype of Tam o' Shanter flourished. Four years were spent by Burns at Mossiel farm; and the place is rife with memorials of the poet—the fields he ploughed over—the garret he wrote in—the byre in which his cattle were kept;—and it is so often visited that the tale is ready when sought for. The town of Mauchline is full of localities made famous by Burns, and there is no lack of guides able and willing to show such to the stranger.

BURNTISLAND, a burgh on the S.E. corner of Fife, with a charter from 1541, was long considered the best seaport on the Frith of Forth, but is now familiar to the tourist chiefly as the terminus of the railway from Edinburgh by Cupar to Dundee, and where the steamer requires to be taken. As a town it mainly consists of two streets, one of them of unusual width. It was fortified in the time of Charles I., defended against the troops of Cromwell, and capitulated on the stipulation that the

streets of the town be repaired and the harbour improved, which were done. The town was occupied by the Earl of Mar in 1715, and was useful to him as a port. Of the old wall a part remains, together with the gateway at the east-end of the town. Beyond it, on the links, are some well built houses, which are occupied in summer as sea-bathing quarters. At Craigholm, one of the row, the late Dr. Chalmers used to reside in summer. Near the town of Burntisland is the ruined castle of Rossend, held by the Durie family in the 15th century. The parish of Burntisland is about three miles square, and the land on the coast is fertile, but the greater part otherwise, as it rises rapidly into hilly ground—with rocks precipitous and curious to the geologist.

KINGHORN, a burgh since Alexander III., is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.E. of Burntisland, the latter being at one time known as Wester-Kinghorn, when the sovereign of Scotland had a palace in Kinghorn. It was while riding in the dark at night from Burntisland to visit his palace that, on 16th March, 1285-6, Alexander III. was thrown from his horse and killed—the spot being still known as ‘King’s-woodend,’ and well might it be remembered, as from it followed the attempts of Edward of England to reduce Scotland, and the gallant struggles of Wallace and Bruce to ‘set their country free.’ Kinghorn had some trade as a port on the Forth at one time, and was the ferry for Leith; latterly that was removed to Pettycur, opposite Inchkeith, but now the ferry is run from Burntisland to Granton. ABERDOUR is a prettily placed village on the Forth, three miles west of Burntisland, ‘free’ from the railway, and is the resort of parties who desire cheap and pleasant sailing; to accommodate such, a saloon steamer has recently been launched on the Clyde, to ply between Leith and Aberdour—the village having good lodging accommodation to offer, and many a pleasant walk in the neighbourhood.

BUTE, the Isle of, gives name to the shire, in which are included the Cumbræ and Arran, with the islets of Holy Isle, Inchmarnock, and Pladda. Bute is about sixteen miles in length, three to five in breadth, frequently indented with bays, comparatively hilly and sterile on the north, but fertile and fully cultivated on the southern half; the acreage is about 30,000; the chief landowner is the Marquis of Bute, and the late head of that ancient family was an excellent landlord, the improvement of his tenantry having been signal under him, and for this his memory is venerated. Rothesay and its bay will have due and special notice in this book. Northward of Rothesay, is the point of Ardbeg, towards which the hillside shelves rapidly to the beach, rendering feuing space scanty. The Catholic Chapel, between the road and the sea is built near high-water mark. The roads in the island are many and good. From Ardbeg to Ardmuclish Point, and known as Kames Bay, is about two-thirds of the depth and half the width of that of Rothesay, with a pier for steamers, and houses where sea-bathers find accommodation—the locality being known to some as Port-Bannatyne, to others as Kamesburgh, the former from a family at one time important in North Bute.

From the bay of Kames on the east to that of Ettrick on the west, and across the island, is a drive much resorted to by the valetudinarian—the section of the island lying towards the Kyles of Bute being rugged and little visited. Bute is 'low and green,' compared with Arran on the west; the most notable of the hills being that above Kames, 875 feet; the Barone Hill, behind Rothesay, 538 feet; and the Suidhe hill, above Kilchattan Bay, 508 feet in height. Port-Bannatyne is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. of Rothesay, near it are the woods of Kames, and the old castle of that name, for five centuries the feudal abode of the Bannatynes; and tradi-

tion alleges that Wester Kames, another castle, was held by the M'Kinlays, who lost their lands in the struggle which gave to the Bruce his crown.

The view from the bay of Ettrick is most attractive, with the isle of Arran in the foreground and Cantyre in the distance; and the beach being smooth, the bay is much resorted to by sea-bathers. From Ettrick Bay, a road leads back to Rothesay by the Barone Hill, presenting from various points fine prospects. The Barone Hill is of historic fame. It was the muster-ground of the Brandanes of Bute (the name by which the warlike natives were known). The Brandanes fought well under Wallace at Falkirk, leaving their gallant leader, Sir John Stewart, on the field; but at Bannockburn they avenged his death, in recompense for which services the yeomen were declared 'the kindly tenants of the crown,' with tenure of their acres by direct service to their king, with right to vote in the councils of the nation; and some men there, landless as they are, still claim the ancient title of Barone. Near the bay of Ettrick is St. Ninian's bay; and seaward is the small island of Inchmarnock, with the ruins of a chapel to St. Mar-nock. The hill above Kilmore, the farm on St. Ninian's bay, is locally known as 'the Highlandman's hill,' but why so named seems strange, unless it be that the Stewarts of Bute were of lowland lineage, and Inchmarnock being an appendage of a Highland Abbey, the serfs of the priests mustered there.

The bay of Scalpsie lies south of St. Ninian's; and between it and Rothesay is Loch-Fad, where Edmund Kean, the tragedian, built the house of Woodend, and lived at times. Loch-Fad is 3 miles S. of Rothesay, 151 acres in extent, and scarcely anywhere more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in breadth. Anglers find fair sport in the small loch; and its waters are utilised as a reservoir for the mills in Rothesay, where, by the power of these

island waters, the first cotton in Scotland was spun. Lochs Ascog, Bull, Dhu, Greenan, Que'en, are places of angling resort in Bute, the latter being noted for the perch and pike found in its waters. South of Scalpsie is Stravanan Point, the water between which and the Isle of Arran is known as Bute Sound. The breadth of the sound is not great, but the depth is 20 fathoms on the Bute, and 90 fathoms on the Arran shore.

Kingarth forms the southern section of Bute, as that of Rothesay does the north. It is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. in length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth; and is fertile on the west, between Kilchattan and Ascog, but on the ridges by Dungoil, Mount Blane, and Garroch-head it is wild enough. At Dungoil-head are traces of a vitrified fort, presumed to have been erected by the aboriginal inhabitants; it crowns a rock, difficult of access, on the verge of the ocean; and is level on the summit, which appears to have had a wall to protect it. Near Dun-na-goil are to be traced the dry stone walls of another fort, some outlook station of the Norsemen, the view thence being good. Inland of Dungoil rises Mount Blane, and in a romantic glen near by are the ruins of the chapel of St. Blane, the tutelar saint of the island, who, it is alleged, was born about 540 A.D., received a crozier at Rome, and became the first Bishop of Dunblane. He was a nephew of St. Chattan, hence Kilchattan—the chapel of Chattan.

The craggy height which the ruins of St. Blane's chapel cover is encircled by a rough wall; and below it is another circular enclosure, alleged to have been a nunnery. Within both circles the dead have been laid, but only in the lower one, tradition says, would the corpse of a female repose! On the north side of the chapel of St. Blane is a flight of steps, leading to a grove and 'the Devil's cauldron'—a structure of blocks of stones, 5 feet high, 3 feet wide at entrance, widening to 9 feet, and leading to an enclosure about 30 feet in diameter, and believed to

have been what is known in Ireland as a 'station,' where the devotees crawled round the wall on their 'knees,'—lacerating the flesh for the sins of the soul.

The extreme S. W. point of the isle of Bute is Garroch-head, 750 feet high—a collection of steep and narrow ridges, parallel, but separated by deep and solitary valleys. Three miles S. of Garroch-head is the Lesser Cumbræ, and between them is the main channel or fair course of the Clyde. Glen-Callum Bay is the S. E. point of Bute, and trending northward is the Bay of Kilchattan, with a small pier at which steamers from Rothesay for Arran call, and where sea-bathing quarters can be found in the little hamlet. The manse of the parish of Kingarth is warmly placed, as such abodes usually are; the school-house appears large, the grounds around it well-kept, and the situation no doubt a healthy one for children boarded there. The inn is of modest size, the fare offered good, and charges moderate. It is well patronised by pedestrian customers, who in summer find their way there in crowds.

Kerrymarnock, Kerrytonlia, Kerrylamont, and Kerry-croy are the names of places near to Mount-Stewart, the domain of the noble family of Bute. The district is the most fertile and the best farmed in the island; and the policies of Mount-Stewart are extensive, adorned with trees of extraordinary size—those in the 'beech walk' being of great beauty, as they line the broad and level path, meeting overhead and leading to a building, ivied over, and meant to represent a castle in ruins. 'Within these grounds Cape heaths flower luxuriantly, remaining out all winter, as well as standard plants of the magnolia grandiflora, which rise to the height of 18 or 20 feet. Myrtles blossom like hawthorn trees; sweet almonds ripen; geraniums are on fire with scarlet flowers; and fuchsias and camelias are enlisted among the hardy plants.' The ancient castle of Rothesay was

occupied by the Bute family until it was destroyed in 1685, in the Argyle and Monmouth rising. They lived in the town for a season, until Mount-Stewart, their present abode, was built by James, second Earl of Bute, the architecture of which is plain, and the grounds are laid out in half Dutch, half English style.

Looking seawards from Mount-Stewart House, the view commands Innellan, the Dunoon shore, the upper reaches of the Frith of Clyde, the Cloch, Ardgowan, Wemyss Bay, Cowal, Dumbarton, and the green hills of lower Renfrew and upper Ayrshire. Mount-Stewart forms one of the most attractive drives in the island of Bute, and is much appreciated by residents and casual visitors—the road by the shore being good, while the route can be varied by striking inland by the hill which skirts the small loch of Ascog, and which yields varied and extensive views of the bay of Rothesay, its suburban-like villas, the ruined castle, the churches, and the busy pier-head. Near the Kerry-croy end of the Mount-Stewart domain is an ancient chapel, still used as such by the ‘family’ when in the island; and near it is the hamlet of Scoulag, chiefly occupied by people employed on the estate, whose ‘spare rooms’ are in request by sea-bathers.

From Ascog to Bogany Point the shore-line is covered with inclosures, within which are marine residences, so placed and built as to look well from the bay, and more tastefully disposed than the structures of like character above the Dunoon shore. At Ascog Point there is a Free Church, beautifully placed—another proof of the good taste shown in the selection of their sites, as well as of their liberality in the erection of their ‘places of worship.’ At Ascog, the buildings crown a rocky plateau; and near it is a burial-ground, where rest many who came to this, ‘the Montpelier of the North,’ to seek in vain for longer life.

The mill of Ascog is not unfrequently sketched by the pencil of lady visitors; and beyond it extends Bogany Point, the southern horn of the bay of Rothesay, whence are seen to excellent advantage the opening into the Kyles of Bute, Southhall above, Loch-Striven near by, and the Toward shore of Cowal. Below the point of Bogany is a mineral spring, held in high estimation by nurses and their young charges, the distance from the town being short, the walk a pleasant one, the beach safe and good, and the place a chosen one for gossiping-trysts. An analysis of the water which springs up from a rocky ledge between an old quarry and the gravelly beach, showed, in the gallon of 277.274 cubic inches, 1860.73 of salt, 125.20 of lime, 32.80 of magnesium, and 14.39 of silica. Its special virtue consists in the cure of 'skin diseases,' but the urchins who are lugged there to test its value, appear to have little relish for it. Of the climate of Bute, little need be said, as from its insular situation it is genial; and to the valetudinarian who abides there not the less beneficial, seeing that most of the pleasures of locomotion, society, &c., are within reach.

CALEDONIAN CANAL, the, which carries the tourist from the western to the eastern shore of Scotland, well deserves notice, and all the more that the tourist traffic runs strongly there 'in the season,' with excellent means provided to conduct it. Coming from the west, the hotel-keepers in Fort-William, at Corpach, and Banavie, compete for 'the custom' of the traveller, the steamer stopping at the stone-pier of the town, and then crossing Loch-Eil for the entrance-locks of the great canal. Corpach is said to be 'Gaelic for corpse,' the biers of the dead resting there for a while when being carried onward for 'the holy ground' at

Iona. The inn at Corpach is a snug one. The hotel at Banavie, specially built for tourist requirements, is in all respects commodious and excellent—item the charges. It stands well, some little distance above the canal, on a sloping bank, and in full view of the lofty Ben-Nevis.

The Caledonian Canal was largely formed from funds realised by the sale of lands forfeited in the rebellion of 1745. In 1773 James Watt, who became so famous in connection with the steam-engine, was instructed to survey the 'great glen' between Loch-Eil and the Moray Frith, the scheme being to make the canal one of ten feet depth of water. An estimate was made, but the plans were laid aside, as the expected means for its execution were withdrawn, the estates having been restored to the heirs of the Stuart adherents. £165,000 was the sum of money desired by Mr. Watt. In 1803 Messrs. Telford & Jessop were employed to report on the subject—the plan then being to construct a water-way 118 feet at top, 50 at bottom, and 20 in depth, such being calculated as needful to pass a 32-gun frigate; and the wars of the French revolution then raging, it was of national importance to have such means of transit for fleet or convoy. To accomplish this, £474,531 was needful for the works, it being calculated that the land would be given free by the owners for opening up their district—the railway word 'compensation' not then having found its place in the scheme-promoters' vocabulary. Telford was instructed by Parliament to proceed with the works, and did so, the summit level being 100 feet above high water mark on the Beaully Frith on the east, and Loch-Eil on the west.

The length from sea to sea is 60 miles, and the course nearly west and east throughout. Distances are, sinking chain fractions, from Corpach to Loch-Lochy, 8 miles;

Loch-Lochy, 10; cut to Loch-Oich, about 2; Loch-Oich, $3\frac{1}{2}$; cut to Loch-Ness, $5\frac{1}{2}$; Loch-Ness, $23\frac{1}{2}$; and cut by Dochfour to Clach-naharry, Inverness, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The locks are 170 and 180 feet long, 40 broad, and the lift of water 8 feet; they are 28 in number, the series of 8 at Banavie being known as Neptune's staircase; but these the tourist is not necessitated to use, as the swift steamer by which he may have come from the west, is too long for the canal locks, and at Banavie one especially constructed for the canal navigation awaits him, the intervening distance being gone over by omnibuses, large, good, and built for the traffic. In the long reach of the canal between Banavie and Loch-Lochy, there are streams running from the hills on the left, some of which are led under the bed of the canal, while others flow into it; and to escape the danger of floods, which these Alpine torrents frequently cause, three powerful sluices have been formed in the rocks, through which the navigation is carried, and the cascade thus formed from the canal to the loch is at times heavy and beautiful. Loch-Lochy was raised 12 feet above its old level, a channel cut for the river Lochy, which is soon joined by the Spean, passing under a lofty bridge at Maccomar, where it sweeps down a rocky bed of 15 feet in sheer descent, forming at times a torrent of no ordinary power and breadth.

The canal was partially opened in 1822; the money outlaid, October 20, 1803, to May 1, 1827, amounted to £973,271, the chief items of which were £418,000 for labour, £200,000 for stone and mason work, £128,000 for machinery, material, &c., £72,000 for timber, &c., about £50,000 for land and damages compromised, as compensation was then named. The canal, when first opened, but partially realised the objects for which it was constructed; and between 1843-7, Jackson and Bain, under supervision of Mr. Walker, completed the

works at an additional outlay of £200,000—the total cost being £1,200,000. Ships of 800 tons may discharge at the sea locks; and vessels of 500 or 600 tons can make the passage within a couple of days, a vast saving of time and risk to sailing through the Pentland Frith.

Tourists staying at Banavie may spend a day pleasantly in visiting the glen of Loch-Arkaig, about 10 miles off, near to Loch-Lochy, and notable, as on its dark banks Charles Edward found refuge in 1745–6, he being then 'barefooted, with an old check kilt-coat on, a plaid, philabeg, and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side, yet cheerful, enjoyed good health, and, in my opinion,' said Cameron, the chaplain at Fort-William, 'fatter than he was when at Inverness.' The moss of Lochaber, near which the canal runs, is dark, dreary, 10 miles in length, deep, and worthless—dig deep as you will being but moss still. The bay of Arkaig, the opening into the pass of the Mil-dubh—'the mile dark,' and the house of Auchnacarry, are the only objects to be seen in Loch-Lochy to attract the tourist. Loch-Oich is as steeply closed in by lofty banks as Loch-Lochy, but is more verdant in appearance, even beautiful where the river Garry flows in, the woods being old, the scenery varied, and the mountains bold in outline. Invergarry Castle was destroyed in 1746, but its ruins render interesting the northern shore of Loch-Oich; they are perched on 'Craggan-na-phitich'—the rock of the ravens—which was the gathering-place of the Macdonalds, the clan Coila, and its name their battle cry. The castle formed an oblong square, was five storeys high, and rounded on the east in tower-like form; the keep being an addition to the building, and the turret, rising from its corner, was the watch-tower of Glenan-Albin and of Glengarry.

The 'well of the seven heads'—Toban-nan-Ceaun—

is pointed out on the route. Its tale, which is a bloody one, may be learned aboard the steamer; as, indeed, all else of historic or picturesque interest on the route may be had from worthy 'Captain Peter,' who is a 'fair talker,' 'great on the weather,' has been on the canal station for a generation past, wears well, and well remembers many a man of note who has paced the quarter-deck of the 'Edinburgh Castle' with him. The 'Gondolier' was built this season for the Caledonian canal section of Messrs. Hutcheson's line, and although the length of the locks necessarily regulate that of the steamer, she will be found to be otherwise excellent in construction, power, and accommodation.

The district westward by Glengarry—glen of the river Garry—is one well worth exploring by tourists who have the time to spare; and it teems with clan associations, the late chief having been one notable in his day, figuring in 1822 as the 'Cock of the North,' when he appeared at Holyrood Palace to swell the nation's welcome to George IV. The slated house on the eastern end of Loch-Oich is that of Aberchalder, where the clans mustered under Charles Edward before their march southwards, crossing Corryarrick for the battle-fields of Falkirk, Prestonpans—the slaughter of Preston and Culloden. The river Oich runs westward into Loch-Ness, and at Fort-Augustus is that of the Tarfe, the parish being that of Abertarfe and Boleskine. At the small loch of Culachy, west of but near to Fort-Augustus, the roads from the west and the east unite before crossing the 'Devil's Staircase,' the wild tract by Stratherrick for the south, and which may account for the fort being built there—a structure of more beauty than strength, and meant to hold in check the clans of the district. It was erected in 1729, on the small triangular plain formed by the Aber of the Tarfe, where it flows into Loch-Ness, and is 32 m. S.W.

of Inverness, 29 N.E. of Fort-William. The work is of regular construction, has four bastions, covered way, fosse, and quarters for 300 troops; and those curious to inspect it may find time to do so while the steamer is passing the locks before descending into Loch-Ness. The fort was taken by the clans in 1745, who did what they could to demolish it, before abandoning it to the English after the fight of Culloden.

The village on the right has little to attract the stranger; and as for the population, they nearly all turn out 'to see the steamer pass.' Of old, the place was named Cill-Chuiman, 'Cill or Kill' in Gaelic meaning chapel. The roads by either shore of Loch-Ness are good, that on the northern having, for some seasons, been the route of the 'Marquis of Breadalbane' coach, a conveyance placed there to compete for tourist favour with the steamer; and it is one of beauty, the rocks so high and close to the loch, the heights so richly wooded, and the waters below so deep, so dark, and so perilously near, the danger being apparently increased by the narrowness of the roadway; and conveyances meeting choose a safe passage by one or other drawing close into the side—'off from the loch.'

The road on the south of the loch is separated from it by a range of hills, but penetrated by the glens or passes through which the rivers Foyers and Farikaig find their way into Loch-Ness; and from the deck of the steamer, the beauties of either shore are fully seen. The district of Boleskine, S. E. of Fort-Augustus, belonged to Fraser of Lovat, and there Charles Edward and he met after the wreck of the fortunes of both at Culloden. Loch-Ness is about 24 miles in length, the mountains on north and south are high, and the depth is so great that ice is never seen in its centre. At the N. E. end it contracts to near half a mile, expands to about a couple of miles, but contracts at S.W. to half

that breadth; and the sheet of water is so straight, from west to east, that the whole extent may be taken in at one view, as might have been those of the Oich and Lochy on the west. The hills on either hand are of pretty equal height, 1,200 to 1,500 feet; but Meal-fourvounie, which is 3,000 feet high, is finely seen a few miles inland on the N.E. and is an object much admired as the tourist often looks upon it when the setting sun gilds its vast bulk. Inver-Morrison and Glen-Morrison, on the north bank of Loch-Ness, are attractive, the latter notable as being where Dr. Johnson first conceived the idea of visiting the Hebrides. He describes Glen-Morrison, in 1773, as displaying 'scenery such as a romance writer might have delighted in—all was rudeness, silence, and solitude.' The glen is now well wooded, and the road through it leads west to Kyle-Rhea, the ferry for the isle of Skye.

The Falls of Foyers are by Loch-Ness 12 miles E. of Fort-Augustus, on its southern shore, and it is on the programme of the day's arrangements that the 'Gondolier' gives time for those on board to visit a district which the muse of Burns has done not a little to illustrate. The falls are about a mile and a half from Loch-Ness, and to reach them the tourist scales the hills, and descends to the river bank, where a narrow ridge of sward is gained, nearly insulated by the Foyers, when the great falls bursts on his view. The descent of the lower fall is 90 feet—the upper cascade, on the channel between, having a descent of 30 feet—120 in whole, which renders the cataract the most magnificent in Great Britain; 'it is worth walking a thousand miles to behold, for one hour, the Fall of Foyers,' said Wilson. The spacious cavity is enclosed by complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices of immense height; and, though for a while it seems to wear a savage aspect, yet beauty scorning not to dwell even there, the horror is softened

by what appears to be a mass of tall shrubs, almost like trees—as they ascend, ledge above ledge, the walls of that awful chasm. Burns, who visited the Falls of Foyers, noted that

‘ Among the heathy hills and rugged woods
The roaring Foyers forms his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream rebounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep receding surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo’s ear, astonished, rends.
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern wide surrounding lowers.
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils.’

The General’s Hut Inn, by road 15 miles W. of Inverness, and 14 E. of Fort-Augustus, was, of old, the restingplace for the tourist; but, a few years back, a hotel to suit modern tastes has been erected near the Falls of Foyers. About two miles east of the Foyers is the pass of Inverfarikaig, its opening into Loch-Ness obstructed by the Black Rocks, a bold precipice crowned by the vitrified fort of Dun-donnardilla, which is accessible only from the south, 75 feet by 45 within, enclosed by walls, high, strong, and with traces of another wall for outer defence. 50 feet below this, there is a double row of stones, leading to the centre of a large circle of stones embedded in the soil, and supposed to have been a temple of the Druids.

On the northern shore of Loch-Ness the Castle of Urquhart crowns a rocky headland, the deep waters laving it on three sides, and the landward approach being defended by a moat 16 feet broad and 21 deep. Vestiges of the drawbridge remain; the strong gateway was flanked by two solid towers, guarded by an enormous portcullis; within is the large court-yard, and, between the strong double walls which engirdle the

rock on which the Castle stands, were double platforms for the garrison to fight upon. The great keep or tower is on the N.E. corner of the castle yard, about 35 feet square, 50 high, of three storeys, and had turrets and battlements on its top. This fortress is of unknown antiquity, but from its situation, size, and strength, it would have been one of the most important in Scotland. In 1303 Urquhart castle was stoutly held against Edward of England, but fell, and the garrison and governor were slain. Records exist of its having been held as a royal castle until 1509, when it came into possession of the Grants of Frenchie, the ruling family on the northern shore of Loch-Ness.

Aldourie House, near the foot of Loch-Ness, was the birth-place of Sir James M'Intosh; and on the peninsular-like gravel spit of land between Loch-Ness and Loch-Dochfour may be traced vestiges of a Roman encampment, described by Ptolemy as Bonessa, 'the foot of the Ness;' it had an iter, 'highway,' with Pitmain, in Strathspey; and Bonessa is notable as having been the most northern point in Britain on which the standards of imperial Rome were planted. On a mound near the Roman camp are remains of a feudal stronghold, by tradition named Castle Spirituel, and placed there to levy 'black mail'—the tax exacted of old by the strong from the weak.

The lawn and grounds of Dochfour House are beautiful and finely situated, where the large loch flows into the smaller one, and the river Ness runs eastward to the Beaully and the Moray Friths; it flows south of the canal cut, is about 7 miles in length, 200 feet in average width, with a depth, in summer of 3 feet, in flood of 6 or 7 feet; the banks are beautiful throughout, especially so when near Inverness. The water has a purgative effect on those unused to drink it; and this is accounted for by the large quantities of vegetable

matter held in solution by the great depths of Loch-Ness. At Muirtown Locks, within less than a mile of Inverness, the steamer stops, where a superabundance of conveyances and touters, from the capital of the north, will be found waiting the arrival of the tourist.

CALLANDER is a small town on the river Teith, in the S.W. of Perthshire, and on the tourist route from Stirling to Loch-Katrine, where the railway from the south now terminates; its extension, however, north and west to Oban is in rapid progress. In 1763 a number of discharged soldiers were located at Callander, near the Teith—the rebellion of 1745 being then recent. They might have aided in suppressing another rising, but not being called to take the field, they took to the shuttle. The village has thriven well, having a bank and choice of churches, with hotels of a superior character—the ‘Dreadnought’ on the west, ‘fearing no one,’ and the ‘Macgrigor’ house on the east, not afraid of the struggle for trade—which is somewhat keen, the landlords of both being able and willing to look well to those who patronise them, as the guards of the rival ‘busses at the railway will assure all comers. The main street is long, broad, and forms nearly the whole town, the houses of which seem clean, being white-washed; the shops are fair, the public-houses reasonably numerous, but the beauties of the locality chiefly lie in the handsome villas, which are rapidly occupying the feuing grounds on the west, the outlook, which is beautiful, commanding the Teith below, the Forth in the distance, the castled rock of Stirling above it, Ben-Ledi and Ben-Lomond in the west, and the Crag of Callander on the north, the latter commanding a view of no ordinary beauty.

At Cambusmore, in the neighbourhood, Sir Walter Scott spent part of his youth, hence his being so much at home when portraying the scenery of Loch-Katrine,

the Teith, the Forth, the pass of Leny, the Macgrigor country, the linn of Bracklin, Doune, and the whole district around. The trains from Stirling are frequent, and numerous are the passengers they bring to Callander, whence coaches run westward for the Trossachs; and if more offer than they can carry, at either hotel the posting arrangements are ample. The drive to Lake-Monteith, Aberfoyle, and Loch-Ard is often taken, and in summer, a well-appointed coach is on the road by Loch-Lubnaig, Balquidder, Loch-Earnhead, Glenogle, Kenmore, and Taymouth, for Aberfeldy, and the Tay; or with the alternative of varying the route by coach from Kenmore for Crianlarich, and thence to Loch-Lomond; or onwards to Tyndrum, Dalmally, Loch-Awe, and Oban; or the Black Mount, Glencoe, and Ballachulish, and Fort-William.

CAMPBELTOWN, Cantyre, is the most populous of the towns in Argyleshire, modern as a burgh, but ancient as a place, the Dalriad princes having held court there centuries before St. Columba lighted his 'lamp of knowledge' in the isle of Iona. The channel at Cantyre, between Scotland and Ireland, is narrow; and from 'Erin on the west' came wisdom in those days, the Scots, who drove the Picts from power, coming thence. The small loch, at the head of which Campbeltown stands, is safe and deep; the herring fishing, in the seas to the east, by Kilbrannan Sound, for Loch-Ranza and Loch-Fyne, is good, and the fishermen resident in the town are numerous, enterprising, and many of them prosperous. Emigration has thinned the population, but not detracted from the wealth of the district, which is fertile, where potatoes were some years ago extensively grown, and where whisky is and has been largely distilled, the place being in high repute for the 'strong waters' to be had there. A daily service, with choice

of steamer, at present exists between the upper Clyde and Cantyre; a weekly run is made to Ayr and Arran south, and a coach runs to Tarbert on Loch-Fyne, by West Loch-Tarbert, for the steamer Iona.

The harbour is capacious enough for the traffic of Cantyre. The main street is not over regularly built; from 'M'Lean's land' to the parish church, between which is the Town-house, of modest appearance, and near it is an ancient cross, brought from Iona, of archæological interest, but its appearance is little improved by the well and walls at its base being made the places where bills are placarded to 'inform the natives of coming sales of pots and pans, &c.' In a place where trade is considerable the stranger will find his wants duly cared for, the Argyle Hotel, awkwardly approached from the main street, being a good one, as is the White Hart, and as may be Lloyd's. As for 'public-houses' there are many doors open for retail of the staple production of the place, the inhabitants affirming that 'there is not a headache in a hogshead of their liquor'—'their heads,' no doubt, being able to carry any ordinary quantity.

Campbeltown has lately been put in telegraphic communication with the south, a matter of no small interest to the commercial community, as advice of ships being off the Mull of Cantyre can be rapidly sent on. The parochial school of Campbeltown is well attended, ably taught, and liberally endowed. On the shore southward there are villas, where the 'upper hundred' of Cantyre are settled; and if that of 'East Cliff' be a fair sample, they will be found as comfortable within as they are ornate without. From M'Lean's land sprung a family who have climbed to the highest boughs of the social tree of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire.

CLYDE, The, from its source to the FALLS and below them:—The Clyde rises from the western face of

Clyde'snap, a hill a short way N.E. of the summit level of the Caledonian railway; and within half a mile of its well-spring it becomes a burn of considerable size, tumbling down a series of cascades on the farm of Little Clyde. Near Elvanfoot station, Clyde's-burn flows into the Daer water, and becomes known as the Clyde. The Daer rises from the north-west base of the Queensberry mountain, and the Powtrail water from that of the Lowther range; they unite at Water Meetings, a few miles S.W. of Elvanfoot, and become merged in the Clyde near Newton House. In the southern Highlands of Scotland, the streams grow fast—the Elvan, Glengonnar, and Duneaton water coming in from the west; the Harecleugh, Camps, and other burns from the east. From Abington to Carstairs the river gains little from its tributaries, till, sweeping by Quothquhan Law, the Medwin waters fall in from the east; and below the northern flank of Tinto comes in Douglas water, a river at times heavy in flood, and with a course of nearly 12 miles from Cairntable, on the verge of Ayrshire. At Harperfield, on the S.E. angle of the parish of Lesmahagow, but across the Clyde from the burgh of Lanark, the river Clyde becomes broad, deep, and rather sluggish of flow as it nears the Falls, which are three in number, and seen to excellent advantage by the paths which lead near the river margin from the town of Lanark, guides being in attendance to point out their beauties.

Bonnington, the upper fall, has 30 feet of descent, and shows well; the stream is broad, placid, the banks around richly wooded, and from a point above the cataract the waste of waters is seen flung over the edge of a perpendicular rock into the chasm below. Thence the appearance of the Clyde is suddenly changed, its course contracted as it foams downwards among rocks and precipices towards Cora Linn, about half a mile off, and every

jutting corner of the rocks being clothed with natural wood, adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. A good view of Cora Linn may be had from a pavilion erected above it, in which the mirrors are so disposed that the cataract appears pouring down on the head of the gazer. Across the Clyde, the old castle of Cora is seen crowning the rocks overhead, and seems reeling under the heavy flood which the river pours down. Cora Linn is 84 feet in descent, not one leap altogether, as it has three apparent breaks in the rocky ledges, yet it seems almost continuous, and is well seen from the bottom of the chasm, which can be reached by a ladder laid against the face of the rock.

At Bonnington the Clyde runs in a quiet stream, but its course thence is through a channel, in some places very narrow, but with walls of rock 70 to 100 feet in height. Below Cora the stream flows quietly till the small cascade of Dundaff is reached; and below the bridge and town of Lanark is Stonebyres, where the Clyde passes through another rocky ridge, and is hurried, in three leaps, over a precipice 80 feet in height. The breadth of the river varies at different places; at the broadest a stone may be thrown across, and, between Bonnington and the Cora Falls, the waters are so confined that an adventurous leaper has been known to clear it at a bound. There are fords which children can wade across, and pools which never have been fathomed; while nothing can surpass the variety and beauty of the prospect. From the deep and capacious amphitheatre, exactly in front of the linn of Cora, and on a level with the bottom of the fall, the look upward is grand; the waters surge down, the rocks are dark and high, the pool is black and deep, and the banks on either side are richly wooded.

Stonebyres has many points of resemblance to Cora, and is even superior in beauty—Pennant styled it the

'most awful of the three.' The best view is got by a path through the wood, where the river bank may be reached without difficulty. The gulf below is known as the salmon pool, and in the spawning season vast numbers gather there, but can ascend no higher. Cartland Craigs, above the Mouse water, and near the town of Lanark, are well worth the visiting, and will be noticed. Near them is a bridge erected by the Romans, narrow, but still entire; and above it is the magnificent arch which carries the highway on the road from Carlisle to Stirling. The old coach road, by the banks of the river Clyde, to Hamilton, is a beautiful one, from the orchards on either hand, and the mansions which rise from the fine sites around.

CLYDE: The Broomielaw, Glasgow, to Port-Glasgow.—Time was when the burgh of Rutherglen had shipping, and in those days the harbour of Glasgow was at the mouth of the Molendinar burn, the stream which turned the 'grain mills' for St. Mungo and his flock, and made its way through the College green and Gallowgate, to its junction with the Clyde, under the Jail of Glasgow, and now forming one of the main sewers of the oldest portion of the city. The navigation closes half a mile farther down the river, a few barges excepted, which bring minerals down from Rutherglen, two miles further up; and the harbour of the city is quaintly named 'the Broomielaw,' though why so archæologists cannot say; as, if 'law' means hill there is none near, and as for 'broom'—the 'bonnie broom o' Cowden knowes'—it is not known to have flourished there. It is little more than forty years since the southern bank of the Clyde, below the bridge, had cows grazing upon it, and the water at ebb-tide so low, that lads could wade across it; while on the north the wharves extended but a short way down; the trade was conducted by smacks, and the river passen-

gers were sent down by row-boats. A century ago the depth of water below the harbour was but 15 inches at ebb. It is now 20 feet at flood tide.

The harbour extends to Finnieston on the north bank, nearly one mile, and to a little above it on the south, where the heavier ships are usually berthed, large cranes being erected for putting on board 'gigantic' machinery; and here the coal is, by railway arrangement, emptied directly from the waggons into the hold of vessels loading. On either side, the length, width, height, and light of the sheds are very great, the houses are built at a considerable distance from the quay-walls, and a free path to move along is left for those curious to inspect the character and extent of the shipping trade of Glasgow. Statistics are scarcely within the scope of a book of this class, otherwise figures could be adduced to show the progress of the commerce of a city, the first in Scotland and the second in Great Britain.

The wharf for passenger steamers is on the north side of the river near the bridge, where the breadth of quay is considerable, and the sheds are kept free for the shelter of those who wait to go down the river. The harbour police are many and vigilant, and all care is taken that gangways for the vessels are rapidly placed, and in summer that the vessels do not take aboard more than the number of fares their licence warrants them to carry.

The steamers, leaving from 6 a.m. to 6½ p.m. are numerous, their accommodation good, their external appearance inviting, their speed great, and the competition considerable—in some measure cared for by harbour regulations preventing two vessels starting for the same destination at the same time; and where they move off together for different places, the slower ship must slack speed to let the swifter pass, the skippers knowing themselves the relative swiftness of their craft. So great is the number—little short of 2,000 fares—which

the 'Iona' (par excellence the tourist boat) carries, that a berth is specially assigned to her, with a slip on the quay wall at which to land carriages, and gangways enough for the passengers to go into or get out of the long and handsome steamer. Seven o'clock each lawful day, from May till October, has been the starting hour of this steamer from Glasgow; and it is a rule that the authorities make all steamers move off precisely at their hour, which must be made known to the police at least 24 hours before, that risk of casualties be avoided. The breadth of the Clyde at the Broomielaw is about 450 feet; but ships being berthed on either side, two or three alongside each other, steamers 'move on' at half speed, in order that the surge raised by their paddles may not disturb the vessels at their moorings. The deep sea steamers, for cargo and passengers, are numerous, and each has its quay berth on the north side of the Clyde, and extending down the river.

On the right hand is seen the Sailors' Home, with the 'time-ball' on its roof; and farther down are the extensive machine-shops of the shipbuilders; the indent on the bank is 'Napier's dock'—the first of the class on the upper Clyde, and where most of the 'Cunard steamers' have been engined. The slip-dock below belongs to Barclay & Curle. In the fields adjacent are vast quantities of imported timber, the space so occupied being soon to be excavated for a dock, larger than the one in course of formation across the river. To right and left of the river are the shipbuilding yards of numerous firms, some employing 2000 men, which for the construction of iron vessels, whether for peace or war, have earned a world-wide reputation; coal and iron being abundant in Lanarkshire, and the city and suburbs supplying the needful labour. The ebb and flow of the Clyde is about 10 feet; its banks are built in with high and strong stone walls along the extent of the harbour; and,

for many miles downwards, sloping banks or dykes are formed, but lined with stone. The tug steamers plying on the river are now so many, that horse labour in towing vessels is done away with.

On the north side of the river are seen the buildings of the higher portions of the city—the West-end Park in the distance, St. Vincent-crescent in the foreground, Partick on the north-west, and Govan on the south. Ere many years go by, the harbour is likely to extend to where the river Kelvin enters the Clyde—flows into it can scarcely be said, as, although a ‘stream of some name in song,’ and four miles upwards clear, its lower course is neither limpid nor rapid. The height above the Kelvin is Yorkhill, and that inland of, and above Partick on the east, is Gilmorehill, where the buildings of the new University of Glasgow are now rising. Farther inland are the extensive roofs of Gartnavel, the Lunatic Asylum of a city whose ‘strife of trade’ may do not a little to keep it full enough of patients. The spire of Govan church is like that of Stratford-on-Avon; and the mills near by are those in which silks were first spun in Scotland—and they prosper.

Within the last few years the river channel has been greatly widened; the ground on which the steamer *Persia* was not long since built, being now almost in mid-channel above the Kelvin; nearly £2,000,000 having been wisely and profitably expended in rendering the river the best for navigation in Britain, and, it may be, that for its class and character, it is inferior to none in the world. Above and below Govan, the river banks were green, and dotted with villas, occupied by the bankers and merchant princes of the city; now, space has become so valuable, chiefly for shipbuilding purposes, that these houses are cleared away, and little else is heard than the din of the rivetting hammer.

About 5 miles below the Broomielaw a reef of rock

crosses the Clyde, on which, on 11th April 1854, the steamer 'Glasgow' for New-York stuck fast; but since then the diving bell has been at work to remove it, a task now nearly accomplished. The river banks were low and sedgy, with here and there some bay-like indentation into which the salmon fishermen hauled ashore their nets; now all is changed; there is no peace for the fish. The silt dredged out of the channel has been deposited on the banks, and their surface levels much improved. This was done chiefly in a season of dull trade, when the relief thus judiciously given to the suffering poor, made the operations both useful and ornamental.

The large mansion on the right is Scotstown, the residence of the Oswald family, one of whom was Member for Glasgow, when by the Reform Bill the city had two representatives awarded to her. Before that her political influence was small. On the south side of the river is Elderslie House, held by the Spiers family, an influential one in the district, and a scion of which now represents the shire of Renfrew. Elderslie, anciently called King's Inch—'inch' meaning island, and such was it at one time, and 'Kings,' because perhaps of the 'Stuart' family being originally from Renfrew, Baron of that place being still one of the royal titles. Renfrew burgh was centuries ago a place of no small importance on the Clyde, '*Deus gubernat navem*'—'*God steers the barque*'—being the motto of the little town, but the shipping trade it had has wholly passed away. Below Renfrew rises Blythswood House, declared by Pennant, a century ago, 'to be the most elegant and the sweetest spot in North Britain.' It is the residence of the Campbell family, who, like the noble house of Westminster, in London, have become rich by the 'west-end' acres they owned in Glasgow being built over.

West of Blythswood, the river Cart flows into the

Clyde, three miles from Paisley, and known to the 'weaver bodies' there as 'the water neb.' In the infancy of steam navigation, boats were towed down the Cart with passengers for the coast; and the distance to the Clyde being not great, the town councildom of Paisley sunk the revenues of their corporation in an effort to make it navigable to their doors; but the funds were small and the effort was abortive. Barges, gabarts as they are locally called, come up the Cart to Paisley, from across the Clyde, where is a short and shallow cut from the Forth & Clyde Canal, the latter running nearly parallel with the Clyde, a short way inland from Yoker, and on the bank opposite to Blythswood. Near where the canal referred to enters the Clyde is Kilpatrick, a village whence St. Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland sprung, his father having been of rank as a Roman legionary, and stationed at Dunglass, a fortress of that age placed to guard the wall which stretched from Abercorn on the Forth across Scotland.

On south side of the Clyde is the domain and home of the noble family of Blantyre, the late head of which perished by a 'stray bullet' at the revolution in Brussels in 1830, and so died after having braved the perils of the Peninsular battle-fields. The present lord is little heard of. At Bowling, on north side the Clyde, is what in river phrase is known as 'the dead harbour,' an embanked waterway, where the summer steamers find berths during 'their winter of inoccupation;' there also the railway from Edinburgh and Glasgow for Loch-Lomond and Helensburgh comes near the river bank; and at Bowling a considerable traffic exists in loading minerals from the canal or railway, or disloading cargo from vessels going no further, the dues there being light. Within the enclosure of the ruined walls of Dunglass is an obelisk, raised in honour of Henry Bell, who constructed the Comet, the

first steamer which plied on the Clyde. The Comet was built at Port-Glasgow, and on 6th August 1812, Henry Bell advertised that his 'steam passage-boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, having at very much expense fitted up that handsome vessel to ply upon the Clyde, by the power of wind, air, and steam, he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, about mid-day, or about such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide; and the elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel required only to be proved to meet the approbation of the public'—'the terms are for the present fixed at 4/ for the best cabin, and 3/ for the second.' The Comet was wrecked in October 1820, on Craignish point, on her passage from Inverness, near the Crinan Canal, but her engines were got out, and have been preserved.

Below Bowling, the river expands largely, but the channel is not much broader, the waterway beyond the dykes being very shallow when the tide is out. From Glasgow to Port-Glasgow, stone beacon-like erections rise on either side the Clyde, with the mileage up or down marked upon them; and near the rock of Dumbarton, lighthouse structures appear at frequent intervals to guide the vessels safely on their way. The castle of Dumbarton is one of the few fortresses the Act of Union between England and Scotland requires to be kept garrisoned; it was strong, almost impregnable, when cannon were light and of short range—now its defences might crumble away under one broadside. In Scottish history, the fortress stood many a siege, and was seldom taken. From the little harbour on the Leven, the river washing the castle's base, Mary, 'the child' Queen of Scots, took shipping for France. On the Leven, her 'ancestor,' Robert the Bruce, used to exercise his small fleet—Cardross Castle, where he died, being on the river bank to

the north-west. Looking westward by the strath or glen of the Leven, 'lofty Ben-Lomond' can be clearly seen; Balloch, the southern extremity of Loch-Lomond, being within six miles' distance of Dumbarton Castle. The northern shore of the Clyde, from the Leven to Helensburgh, is getting built over with villas, the railway running behind them; and on the southern bank is Langside, where summer houses, with 'railway privileges,' are rising up, the line from Glasgow for Greenock coming near the river bank there. Port-Glasgow is a short way down the Clyde, and above it is the castle of Newark, finely situated, in ruins, half occupied, but neither ancient nor of historic fame.

CLYDE, THE FRITH OF—from Port-Glasgow to the Craig of Ailsa, and the Mull of Cantyre to Helensburgh.—A ferry existed from Port-Glasgow to Geilston, on the Cardross shore, and westward lie banks, bare at low water, and extending to below Greenock, its termination known as 'the tail of the bank,' off which the royal guard-ship is moored, and where vessels lie and 'wait for a wind' to proceed to sea. The point on the left is that of Garvel, near it is the old bottle-work, the space around utilised for shipbuilding; near by is Cartsburn, the eastward suburb of Greenock, and where, as at the Molendinar of Glasgow, the small fleet of Greenock were wont to find berths; now scores of funnels and forests of masts throng the docks, and line the extensive quay-walls of the town of Greenock, which thrives apace, dividing the export trade of the Clyde with the city further up the river. Of the town, the customhouse, and the environs of Greenock, notice will be taken in this volume, but in their order. The hills on south side of the Clyde are green, not craggy, and along their southern slopes the railway for Wemyss Bay holds its course.

On the hill-side, above the western suburb, is the Cemetery, extensive, well-kept, and from its walks commanding fine views of the upper frith of Clyde; below it, near Gourrock, is the Sailors' Home, a commodious and comfortable pile of building, erected for superannuated seamen born in the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Argyle, and Dumbarton. On the low promontory below the 'Home' is the 'Battery'—to the uninitiated not very strong in appearance, but believed to be otherwise, the guns mounted being of heavy weight, and their range sufficient to command the entrance into the reaches of the river, southward of Loch-Long and the Dunoon shore. The bay of Gourrock, lying to the left, gives quiet anchorage in winter to the yachts, which in summer cruise in the frith and round the coasts; and there of old lay the shipping trade of the Clyde—Gourrock having been known as a place for such, before Greenock or Port-Glasgow were in existence. Gourrock is notable as being where 'red herring' were first prepared on the Clyde.

Loss of ship or seaman is rare on the upper Clyde, but near Kempoth Point, or the rocks which protrude below the quay of Gourrock, two sad wrecks occurred—that of the Catherine of Iona, with reapers aboard, which on August 10, 1822, came into collision with a steamer, when 42 out of 46 perished; and that of the Comet steamer in October 1824, which was run into by the steamer Ayr, the former sinking within a few yards of the shore, when upwards of 60 of those aboard went down with her;—the moon was shining, the passengers were dancing, the voyage from Inverness was closing, when that sad fate overtook so many! When witches were believed in, one notable crone had a 'shop' on Kempoth Point for the 'sale of fair winds' to the credulous mariner, and she—did a large trade!

Gourrock—"the bay of goats," being passed, the villas

of Ashton to the westward come in view, the tower of Levan on the hill-side above, the village of Helensburgh in the distance, the 'lofty Ben-Lomond' in the N. E., the point of Roseneath, the opening into Loch-Long, the villa-built-over slopes of Kilcreggan, Cove, and Blairmore, the Finnart hills, the Strone point, the Holy-Loch, Hunter's Quay to Dunoon and Toward, the green hills of Cowal, the low isle of Bute, Arran towering above it—all open out in beauty when Cloch point is reached. At the Cloch was of old the ferry from Argyle to Renfrewshire, the Highlands to the Lowlands; and boats can still be had there, when need is that the passage be made, and no steamer running or other means of crossing is to be found. The lighthouse at the Cloch is the highest up the frith; next is that of Toward, at the opening into the bay of Rothesay; then that of the little Cumbrae, off Garroch-head; Pladda, south-end of Arran; Sanda, east-end of Cantyre; the Corsewall light, off Galloway; then across the Irish Channel, off Donaghadee, or the Lough of Belfast.

The woods, domain, and mansion of Ardgowan, the seat of Sir M. R. S. Stewart, show well on the left. Inland is the little town of Inverkip, a place of note in the era when Wallace and Bruce fought for the independence of their country—a castle having been there, garrisoned by the English, in which Sir Philip Mowbray sought safety when retreating from the castle of Ayr to that of Bothwell, but it was destroyed by the gallant Douglas. Quiet summer quarters can be had in Inverkip; the walks inland are secluded; and the open beach on the Clyde is within a short distance; but there is unfortunately no pier except one for the shipment of stone; passengers being put ashore by boat, and the railway being at some distance.

Westward of Inverkip, the hills are well wooded; below them is Wemyss-Bay, the modern castle-like building on its eastern horn being that of John Burns,

Esq., one of the firm which has done so much to forward steam navigation, in maintaining the mail line from Glasgow to Belfast, the splendid steamers to Liverpool, and the Cunard fleet—the latter of world-wide repute. The villas of Wemyss-Bay are not many, but those on the shore line rise in park-like enclosures. There has, for years past, been a ‘good Cook’ in the hotel near by; and latterly, the extension of railway communication from Port-Glasgow to the Clyde here, has done not a little to make the place better known to the public—steamers running thence to Innellan and Rothesay on the north, and to Largs, Millport, and Arran on the south. In summer the long roofed-in pier makes a pleasant promenade; but in a recent winter storm it suffered, scarce a wreck being left to show where it had been, and even the railway embankments were injured.

The fair-way from the Clyde for the channel westward lies by Garroch-head, between the isles of Bute and Cumbrae, but there is a safe although not deep channel by the Largs shore and Millport to Arran. The coast line from the bay of Wemyss to that of Largs is a fine one, each preferable site being secured for villa erections or park-like domains; nor is it of late years that the amenities of the site have been acknowledged, the castle of Skelmorlie, a seat of the Montgomery family, having been for centuries there, and other places westward have been so occupied. Largs Bay is famous in Scottish story, as there the fleet of Haco, king of Norway, was assembled; and on the banks of the Gogo burn inland, all ‘went wrong’ with the Norwegians, when on October 2, 1263, they were utterly routed by the Scots, under their king Alexander—no effort being afterwards made by these Norse sea-kings to subjugate their neighbours of Scotland.

Largs has the prospect of early railway communication, but is at present dependent on the steamers of

the Clyde. On this account it is the less accessible, but time alone making the difference, the fares on the route being low; 'the M'Kellar boats' have long served this district well. Westward of Largs is Fairlie, a quiet sea-bathing village—all the more quiet that no pier exists at it; when the water is low, therefore, the boatman has often, for a hundred yards or so, to carry 'the ladies' ashore on his back. Across the bay from Fairlie is the small town of Millport, in the larger Cumbræ, an island, one of whose late parish ministers was wont to close his pulpit petitions by an invocation for the well-being of the 'inhabitants of Great Britain and the neighbouring islands!'

The channel between the Cumbræ and the mainland is a narrow one; and, holding to the left, the shores of West Kilbride trend onwards to Ardrossan, the coast line thence to below Girvan being, the heads of Ayr excepted, a low one, the water often not deep, and so exposed that, a generation ago, when a tempest rose, and a ship missed stays, the shore being on the lee, the vessel, cotton, sugar, or tobacco laden—often perished there. Now all is safe, as, under Pladda, Ailsa, or off Loch-Ryan, tug steamers may be seen lying, their skippers scanning the horizon, to 'make out' the coming sail; then up steam and away for her, the first securing the prize of towing the ship to port: the competition is keen, but the charges are regulated.

The approach to the new harbour of Ardrossan is made all the safer by the Horse Isle, which lies to seaward. This rising port has steamers running regularly to Arran, Belfast, and Newry, with a large export of minerals, delivered at the ship's side by the railways from Renfrewshire, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire. South-west of Ardrossan is the ancient seaport of Irvine, placed where the river Irvine flows into the Frith of Clyde; and farther down the coast is the harbour of Troon, the outport for the manufactures of

Kilmarnock, which has been fostered by the noble house of Portland, as Ardrossan has been by that of Eglinton. The river Ayr finds its way into the frith of Clyde a few miles below Troon; and such is the fertility of the district, the enterprise of the town's-folk, and the supply of coal near them, that although the exposed harbour is a bar one, still it has been a place of import and export from the Roman era downwards.

Rounding the 'Heads of Ayr,' the small harbour of Dunure (for Maybole), the policies of Culzean Castle, and the sandy shore of Turnberry Point, are approached; the latter of historic interest to the Scotsman, as it was there [see the 'Lord of the Isles'] where the gallant Bruce carried his small band across from Brodick, in Arran, 'crossed the Rubicon,' flung away the scabbard, and entered on the struggle which culminated in success on the field of Bannockburn—the Marathon of Scotland. Bruce knew well the district, Turnberry Castle being his patrimony, where he first learned to shake his 'Carrick spear,' and where the partisans of 'the Wallace wight' had been bold and many. Westward of Turnberry is the rising town of Girvan, the termination of railway travel in that district, being 22 miles from Ayr; but plans are in progress to carry the line onward to Stranraer, the railway communication thence for Glasgow at present being southwards to Dumfries, and then northwards to Glasgow. The river Girvan flows into the frith here. The water is not deep; but coal so abounds on its banks inland that means are in progress to improve the harbour and increase the traffic; and the traders of the town have energy and wealth enough to carry out their laudable object.

The steamer which plies between Ayr and Stranraer has Girvan for a calling-place, and lands passengers off Ballantrae, 'weather permitting.' The village is small and occupied chiefly by fishermen; and the Stinchar water,

which runs into the frith there, is a good one for salmon. The coach road to Stranraer strikes inland at Ballantrae; crossing the hills, it descends Glen-App, and gains the level on the southern shore of Loch-Ryan—a sheet of water giving safe anchorage, with the busy town of Stranraer at its S. W. extremity, and the lighthouse off Corsewall on the coast seaward. The ridge between Loch-Ryan and the frith of Clyde is narrow.

South of Corsewall is the steamer track for the Solway, the Isle of Man, Morecambe bay, and the Mersey, and S.W. for the Irish shore, the Liffey, and farther. At no great distance to the S.W. is the 'channel ferry' from Portpatrick to Donaghadee; the Craig of Ailsa—that ocean milestone, is in mid-channel; westward lies Belfast Lough; northward the 'black head' of Antrim; westward the Giant's Causeway, the route for Londonderry, and the steamer track for the broad Atlantic. North of Ailsa is the Mull of Cantyre, a lighthouse showing there to the west, and guiding the steamer for Islay and Skye; but nearer is the light of Sanda, a dangerous locality, off the S.E. end of Cantyre; behind it is the quiet little loch of St. Kieran, the harbour of Campbeltown, guarded by its own light of Devaar. Across the sound are the 'brown hills of Arran', east of them the south end of that romantic island, and below is the light of Pladda; then Whiting Bay, the western entrance into the safe harbour of Lamlash, and the Holy Isle which shelters it; Brodick, the sound of Bute, the little Cumbrae with its lighthouse, the Garroch-head to the left, and Cumbrae on the right, 'the fair way' of the Clyde, Kilchattan bay in Bute, the bay of Rothesay, the Cowal hills, the entrance into the Kyles of Bute, Toward lighthouse, the Innellan shore, the Bullwood villas, 'Seestu bay,' the castle of Dunoon, the town of that name, the acreage of villas sown broadcast there, but the crop, architecturally, a nondescript one.

Kirn, Hunter's Quay, the quiet Holy-Loch, Kilmun, Strone, Blairmore, Ardentinnny, Loch-Long, Coulpport, Cove, Kilcreggan, the ducal house of Roseneath, the Gareloch, Row, the town of Helensburgh, the point of Ardmore, Ardoch, the Cardross shore, Dumbarton Castle on the north, and Newark on the south, is a rapid survey of the frith of Clyde, a coast and shore-line of varied beauty and unequalled attraction. The route is commended to the attention of some enterprising 'Caird' of Greenock, as a steamer station, to 'Herald' its beauties to the tourist; and a 'young' commander could do it well, between sunrise and sunset, pic-nicking his fares under the hermitage at Ailsa, and his 'little' friends seeing to it that the steward had something more than Campbeltown whisky and Greenock biscuit to feed the excursionist fares who were booked for the run.

CRINAN CANAL, THE—for Corpach, on Loch-Eil, is on the route from Glasgow to Inverness, the steamer 'Iona' carrying the tourist by Greenock, Rothesay, and the Kyles of Bute, to Ardrishaig on Loch-Fyne, where they disembark, and find the Linnet, a double-screw steamer, constructed this season, to take them by the canal to Loch-Crinan, on the western coast. The track has for years past been known as 'the royal route,' and apart from the Queen having passed through it in 1847, some colour to the title was kept up when the 'Sunbeam' passage-boat, with a span of thoroughbred horses, and riders in scarlet livery, swept by the woods of Auchendarroch, the green hills of North-Knapdale, the braes of Kilmartin, the princely mansion of Poltalloch, to Duntroon Castle, for the sea near Jura, Corryvreckan, Scarba, westward to the Atlantic, or eastward to Oban and the Caledonian Canal.

The Iona, leaves the Broomielaw at 7 a.m.; waits the arrival of the mail train from the south at Greenock,

until 9 o'clock; and makes the run to the Crinan canal in little more than three hours, where she is rapidly made fast to the quay. Porters, spring-carts, and all needful means being at hand, at Messrs. Hutchison's expense, the luggage is carried from the Iona to the 'Linnet' steamer, which lies on the canal, about half a mile to the westward. In the Sunbeam, there were cabin and steerage divisions, but the choice seat was on the roof, where, back to back, and with limbs extended, a long row of first-class tourists used to 'do the distance,' mileage small, but time considerable, because of the locks to be passed on the way. The Linnet is a 'saloon' steamer, her upper deck with seat and promenade space from stem to stern; and below, the cabins are light, that, should it rain—it comes down in bucketfuls—the tourists can, under cover, see all about them.

Good pedestrians, wishful to keep down expense, by moving off smartly, were able to reach Crinan locks as soon as the Sunbeam; nor need they either stop or starve on the road, as the snug inn of Cairnban—'rock-white,' is near midway—the bar open, and the gill-stoup at hand; or if, eschewing such 'comforts,' they will be beset by urchins, bareheaded, shoeless, breechless, with cans of warm milk—a brick, once hot, at the bottom of the can—and biscuits, both for sale; and the small trade is actively pushed. The accommodation aboard the Linnet will be found admirably adapted to meet the requirements of the station, the steersman, Capt. Leslie, being one of the most attentive, retiring, but experienced of his class, having been on the Forth & Clyde Canal when passengers, in numbers, went via Falkirk to Edinburgh, before railways were known. Loss of life is in small risk on the canal, but now and again steersmen, strangers to the track, straight and narrow as it seems to be, find rocks under the water, and make holes in the bottom of their craft.

Above the sea-beach on Loch-Crinan there has long been a comfortable little inn, for such tourists as can loiter by the way, the attractions for the angler being good, and the district by Ballenach for Loch-Swin, although little visited, well worth exploring. Downie House, on the island of Jura, is notable, as there Thomas Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' spent some years of his student youth, his forefathers having been from the district. Awaiting the arrival of the 'Linnet,' the steamer 'Chevalier' will be found, steam up, ready to move off, soon as the luggage is shipped; but the piles of such are often great, many of the tourists carrying not a little with them, especially those who spend weeks in the Western Highlands, at Oban, Skye, Ballachulish, or Banavie. Like the 'Linnet' on the Crinan, and the 'Gondolier' on the Caledonian Canal, the steamer 'Chevalier' has been built for, and this year placed on the station from Crinan to Corpach; and all the experience of the builders and liberality of her owners have been lavished in making the ship one right worthy to ply on the royal route, onward and eastward.

On the S.W. lies the island of Jura, with its two mountains, the 'paps,' rising 3,000 feet above the sea level; eastward is the 'rugged island' of Scarba; and in the narrow sound between is the gulf of Corryvreckan. By Campbell reference is made to the distant 'sound of the loud Corryvreckan roar;' and by Scott, 'Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore still rings to Corryvreckan's roar;' and by Leydon, 'As you pass through Jura's sound, bend your course by Scarba's shore, shun, oh! shun the gulf profound, where Corryvreckan's surges roar.' The danger is more poetic than real, as at certain states of the tide Corryvreckan may be safely passed, the turmoil of waters arising from the whirling tidal eddies of the seas, which strike against the pyramidal rock in mid channel, and from the wild Atlantic wave sea-

ward, the roll thence comes heavily when the winds blow high; the channel is narrow, one hundred fathoms deep, and the rock within fifteen feet of the surface.

On the Durris-More—the ‘door great’ point—the Comet, the first steamer launched by Henry Bell, was wrecked, the tide running strong off the islets which lie off Loch-Craignish to the right. The shores of Nether Lorn, as the mainland on the right is named, show cliffs, caverns, and dykes of trap—the latter in many places as distinctly elevated as if built to mark the lines of conterminous properties. The islands by which the Chevalier holds her way are many—Linga, Shuna, Easdale, and groups known as ‘the slate isles.’ Shuna was bequeathed to the Corporation of Glasgow for charitable objects by a late proprietor; but the greater portion of the island, like the mainland here, is on the Breadalbane estate—Ardmaddy Castle where the late Marquis was born, being a seat of that family; and on the island of Seil was formed a model farm, of large extent, maintained ‘regardless of expense,’ and—where quadrupeds were greatly better housed and cared for than were the bipeds! From the island of Seil to the mainland there is a bridge spanning the narrow sound, so high that vessels can pass under; the passage from the sound by the main channel of Clachan is two miles in extent, and narrow as a river; and for Oban it is at ebb tide so shallow as to be crossed at some risk.

Easdale has been long known for the fair quality and vast quantity of slate produced from the quarries there; the island appears to be wholly of slate, the men work far under the level of the sea, and the waters are kept out by the vast quantities of splinters from the slate, which form the shore on either side the narrow channel; nor do the comforts of the workmen appear to be superabundant, their homes being low in roof, small-windowed, slate-covered, cold-like, and, to an outside

inspector, uninviting; but such might be looked for, seeing that the Atlantic waves at times beat high and cold on these unsheltered shores. Passing Easdale, the sound of Kerrera is approached; and on the southern end of that rough island are the ruins of the castle of Gylen, notable in Scottish history, as in his tent near it Alexander II. died, when on an expedition to curb his unruly subjects in the Hebrides. Argyll, in the Monmouth rebellion, caused his small fleet to rendezvous in the sound of Kerrera before sailing for the south. Seaward lies the island of Mull, with its rugged shore, and Ben-More rising near its centre. It is described in the Iona route, as the steamer running there circumnavigates Mull, north to south, or south to north, as the weather may suit.

The sheltered bay of Oban, which is entered on the right, is scarcely seen until the steamer is within it, the run from Crinan being made within two and-a-half hours. Passengers desirous of landing, are left at Oban, when the Chevalier again moves on by Dunolly Castle, the sound of Mull to the west, Dunstaffnage on the right, beyond it Loch-Etive, above it Cruachan-Ben, on the left the island of Lismore—'garden great' of Argyle-shire, in times of old held by the prelates of the west. On the mainland to the west is the district of Kingairloch, on the east that of 'green Appin,' with the ruined fortalice of Castle Stalker, Loch-Creran, Aird's house, Appin-pier, that of Ardsheal, Ballachulish, the opening into Loch-Leven, the mountains at the entrance of Glencoe—all make the steamer course eastward by the Linnhe loch, one of great and varied attraction. By the shore from Loch-Leven, on the right, is the coach-route for those passengers who travel in that way from Loch-Lomond, through Glencoe to Fort-William; and on the left a road winds among the mountains to Loch-Sunart for Ardnamurchan and Mull.

At Coran-Ardgour, where Loch-Linnhe may be said to end and Loch-Eil to begin, the channel is narrow, the current rapid, with a low-water stone pier on the right, and a wooden one, new and recently erected, on the left. Inns are open for the tourist on either side the ferry, and below that on the west is a lighthouse, to show the course for the Caledonian Canal; and a short way behind, a couple of guns are placed to guard the passage, if need be. The hills of Ardgour on the west are high, and on the right is the chief mountain in North Britain, Ben-Nevis, which can be safely ascended from Fort-William or from Banavie, as will be described. Loch-Eil spreads out to the west as the small town of Fort-William is approached, the river Lochy from the west, and the Nevis from the south flowing into its upper reaches; and westward of these is Corpach, the small hamlet where the Caledonian Canal enters Loch-Eil; houses or huts were there centuries ago, but the vast sum spent in constructing the canal has added to their number, and space or ground appears to be not over valuable, as the dwellings in view are built widely apart.

At Corpach a snug inn is kept by one favourably known as the steward of the steamer on the canal; near it is an obelisk, a monument raised in honour of 'Colonel John Cameron,' who fell at Waterloo, in command of the 92d regiment of Scottish Highlanders; the inscription is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and ends thus—'Reader, call not his fate untimely, who, thus honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame by a death of glory.' Fort-William, and the district below Ben-Nevis and above Loch-Eil, is in the parish of Kilmalie; the church is near to Corpach, and the manse warmly placed on the green hill-side above it. West of Kilmalie is the road from Glenfinnan, notable as the place where Charles Edward raised his standard

in August 19, 1745. The spot is indicated by a narrow round tower, erected there by Macdonald of Glenaladale, a chief whose ancestors suffered in the Stuart cause. The tower is surmounted by a statue of the Prince, who, being unfortunate, is called the Pretender; the figure is in full Highland garb, with arm extended, pointing the route southward to the clans who mustered to uphold his cause; and a tablet within the monument details in Gaelic, Latin, and English, the whole story. Loch-Sheil, which divides the shire of Argyle from that of Inverness, is a fresh-water lake, narrow, straight, near twenty miles in length, and discharges its waters into Loch-Moidart on the west. Ten miles west of Glenfinnan inn is that of Kinloch Aylort, on the road thence to Barrodale on Loch-na-Gaul, where Charles Edward landed in 1745, and as such is one of historic interest, and of great picturesque attraction.

CRIEFF and STRATHEARN, in central Perthshire, offer attractions of no ordinary interest to the tourist or visitor. Crieff lies on the old coach road from Stirling via Ardoch to Perth, being 22 miles from the former, and 17 miles from the latter; for years past it has had, by change of carriage at its own junction, railway communication with the south; and this season the line direct for Perth via Methven has been opened. The town, a burgh of barony and of ancient date, is of considerable size, and has long been one of local importance. To the 'Highland caterans' report says it was known, as the 'kindly gallows' of Crieff was erected there; and being at entrance of the passes of the Grampians, it was the place of execution for the freebooting natives, who, tradition says, in passing saluted the 'tree,' thinking it more than likely they might die under it. The hotel, still the chief one, is that in which the suite of Charles Edward found quarters in 1745; and although

additions, renovations, &c., have been made from time to time, the town and district deserve a better house. Placed on the slope of the hill, with dry soil, free air, good water, and fine exposure, the town is so salubrious that when Scotland severely suffered from cholera no case occurred in the town of Crieff, although the weavers domiciled there were like others of their trade, poor enough, and their homes not over comfortable.

Since Crieff became of easy access by railway, the acreage southward of the town is becoming covered with villas—detached, large, with ample ground about, and occupied, many of them, as summer quarters. The wooded mountains on the north, the vale of Earn to the east, Abercairney, Drummond Castle, Ochtertyre, Monzie, Dunira, upper Strathearn, the parochial villages of Muthill, Comrie—the whole district is inviting; the drive by the north of the Earn towards Comrie, and by its south bank to Muthill, being one of varied interest, richly so, and with all the finest features of mountain and flood, wood and water. The domains of Drummond Castle and Ochtertyre are open to the visitor; the walks and drives are extensive, with seats in many places for the valetudinarian where the views are finest; and ‘Glen-Turrit’ at Ochtertyre, or the fine gardens at Drummond Castle, are visited by all who enter the district, love the picturesque, and can spare time to indulge that excellent taste. In the season there is a coach from Crieff by Loch-Earnhead to Killin, at the head of Loch-Tay; the route is one of varied beauty; and all the year round ‘buses run from the trains to Comrie, which is an ancient place, prettily situated, and notable as having been visited by earthquakes—the rents or fissures in the walls of the houses proving the fact of the visitations.

The road northward by Amulrie to Aberfeldy or to Dunkeld, about equi-distant, has much to attract the

tourist, and finds a place in most guide-books for Perthshire. The ruins of the Abbey of Inchaffray are on the route; near it is Methven wood, where, on June 19, 1306, Bruce was so severely defeated as to be driven westward to Lorn, where 'the brooch was lost,' and afterwards to 'Rathlin' isle; and the caves in Arran. The road to Amulrie leads by the left up the 'sma' glen,' a locality of striking interest, nearly two miles in length, and at some parts so narrow as scarcely to leave room for the roadway between the mountain side and the torrent's course. Near the bottom of the pass, in 1746, a large, cubical stone, covering a small chamber below, containing bones, was displaced; and there, tradition affirms, 'Ossian, last of all his race, lay buried in that lonely place.' The inn at Amulrie has long been known as a snug one by the anglers, who frequent it for the excellent sport they find in its neighbourhood. The road divides there, being 12 miles to Aberfeldy, N.W., and 10 to Dunkeld, N., by the banks of the Braan, bare at first, but beautiful as the river nears the Tay, and one of the attractive spots for the tourist quartered at Birnam or Dunkeld.

The Roman camp at Ardoch is within a short drive from Crieff and half-way to Stirling. The camp was formed by Agricola, when moving his forces to attack those of Galgacus, whose Caledonian followers occupied the Grampian heights on the north. The camp was large, is still well defined, a place of interest to the antiquarian, and has been described by them in works of value, to follow or extract from which, the limited scope of this book does not allow; but it may be stated, that a late writer pronounces 'the camp at Ardoch to be unquestionably the most entire specimen of Roman castramentation in Scotland or in Britain.'

DALMALLY, in Glenorchy, near Loch-Awe, and under the shadow of Cruachan-Ben, is a locality as attractive to the tourist as any he may find in Argyleshire; and for the angler so much sport exists there, and the place is in such great request, that he may be troubled to find a place to live in, when desirous to indulge his 'Waltonian fancies.' The hotel, of considerable size for the age, was one of those erected when the Highlands were opened up by the military roads which Marshal Wade made from 'rest and be thankful' in Glencroe northwards. Lowness of roof and smallness of window were the chief faults at Dalmally and Tummell bridge; at the former, large additional accommodation has been erected, and now there are few hotels in the west where the tourist may find a more pleasant home, or where he is likely to be better cared for, seeing that host and hostess, southrons both, were long at Taymouth, the one maid of the boudoir, and the other major domo of the castle. Dalmally is the stage westward from Tyndrum for the coach running from Loch-Lomond to Oban—the next stage being that of Taynuilt on Loch-Etive; and is 16 miles north from Inveraray, on the coach route for Oban. It is at times over full, as the richly wooded dell in which it is placed is tempting for the tourist to tarry awhile in.

The river Orchy is broad, dark, deep, and full of salmon; it flows into Loch-Awe, about a mile west of the hotel, and its course for some miles upwards is one of great beauty, the banks steep, covered with wood, and the stream full and rapid. The river here opens up, and a road runs up the glen of the Orchy, which is, for those hiring, the direct route for the Black Mount, saving the long detour by Tyndrum. Cruachan-Ben can be easily climbed from the east, above Glen-Strae, the home of the clan Macgregor before they were hunted out by the Campbells, to seek other lands on Loch-Lomond, Loch-Katrine, and Bal-

quidder. The view from the square tower of the parish church of Glenorchy, close by the hotel, is a fine one, as it commands the broadening termination of Loch-Awe, the formation of the river Awe, Coalchurn Castle, the Cladich route, Inveraray, and a tract of scenery scarcely to be matched out of the shire of Argyle.

DINGWALL—STRATHPEFFER, BEAULY—had its charter as a burgh from Alexander II. in 1227; was at one time of local importance, the Earls of Ross having a castle and holding their feudal courts there; and it still enjoys the advantage of the county business being transacted within the town—the prison, with buildings connected, forming one of the best structures in the place. Dingwall is a neat, small town, many of the houses being gable-end to the street; it has gas and water, banks, churches, and a local trade, which it owes chiefly to the fertility of the district. The place is nearly midway between Inverness and Tain, a station on the railway to and from the north, the point whence tourists for Skye and the western coasts of Scotland start by car, coach, or hire—the frith of Cromarty coming nearly to the town, with which it is connected by a short canal, deep enough for the small traffic of the town, which, being placed low, may not on that account be the more healthy. As a place of trade or manufactures, Dingwall never had repute worth mentioning; but society is excellent, and the hotels—the National and the Caledonian—are good, the former kept by a landlord favourably known in Oban and at the Trossachs.

STRATHPEFFER, at the mouth of which Dingwall is placed, is the spa of the north of Scotland; and, like Pitcaithly, Bridge-of-Allan, and Moffat, has accommodation and attraction for those in search of health—the waters at Strathpeffer being pronounced equal to those at Harrowgate. The visitors of late years, however,

increased so much that quarters became scarce, although they are now being provided for by the villa-like erections rising in the district, which is one of considerable attraction;—the land, once marshy, being reclaimed and fertile; the lofty Ben-Wyvis sheltering the strath on the north; the Druimshat, or 'cat's back' ridge, shielding it on the south; the vitrified fort of Knockfarrel inviting the notice of the archaeologist; and the 'buses plying to and from the railway at Dingwall rendering the place of easy access, while the drives all round are fine.

BEAULY, a village near where the shires of Ross and Inverness unite, is by railway equi-distant between Dingwall and Inverness, in a district whose fields carry wheat equal to the best produced in the Lothians. It is a pretty spot, and was no doubt selected on that account by the priests who built a priory there in 1230, the date when at Pluscardine in Elginshire, and Ardchattan in Argyleshire, similar foundations were laid by the Cistercian monks. The ruins of the building are of considerable extent, and roofless; but the tombs of the chiefs of the clans Fraser and MacKenzie are well preserved. The priory was 'wrecked' by the troops of Cromwell, but enough remains to show that the structure must have been beautiful as well as extensive.

'Beaulieu'—'fine place'—it was so named by Mary Queen of Scots, and well the situation deserved the title; but the Celt alleges that it should be named 'Baluah,'—the 'town of the ford,' being topographically descriptive of the site, as being near the crossing-place of a deep river, and a locality to which crowds came. It was the market town of the powerful clan Fraser—their chief, the baron of Lovat, opening their great fairs in person. These markets or fairs, although now removed to the bleak moor of Ord, a short way north, are still the leading 'cattle-trysts' of the northern counties, the flocks and herds driven there for disposal

being vast, and the extensive moor having wooden huts around it, where the drovers find their 'creature comforts,' and where the bankers hold temporary offices for the honouring of cheques, discount of bills, and money changing—doing sometimes a great business.

A short drive south and west from Beauly, scenery which will vie for beauty or rarity with any in the north or south of Scotland may be seen. The magnificent valley of the Beauly river, the falls of Kilmorack a few miles up, the pass of the Druhim, Eilean-Aigas, the strath upwards, the Lovat domains on the south, and the route westward for Kintail, are well worth the notice of the tourist, and from either Dingwall or Inverness they are readily accessible. At the shooting lodge of Eilean-Aigas, Sir Robert Peel spent his last summer; and in Dingwall, the maternal relatives of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer were residents.

DOUGLAS, a parish and burgh of barony in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, westward of the Falls of Clyde, on the confines of Ayrshire, between Tinto and Cairntable, Lanark and Muirkirk, is now readily accessible by the railway from Lanark, although the station is not much further east of Douglas than it is south of Lesmahagow—the line crossing the Clyde immediately above the falls and running by the strath or glen of the Douglas-water—'dhu glass,' the dark green. To the tourist, or any one familiar with the Waverley Novels, the Douglas district will be one of interest, as the 'Castle Dangerous' of that gallant family lay there; and ruins of the 'Douglas Larder' can be shown, with the ancient chapel of St. Bryde, and the sepulchral effigies, in full length, of those 'barons bold' whose name, in the romance of Scottish story, ranks only after those of 'the Wallace Wight,' and Bruce, the victor at Bannockburn.

The river Clyde is crossed by the railway about two miles south of Lanark, within less than a mile of Bonnington Linn, where the flood is broad, deep, and still, before the rapids are neared, the rocks approached, the stream contracted, and the cascade formed. The banks of the Clyde are richly wooded on the Bonnington side, that of Lanark—and the Harperfield side, that of Lesmahagow—the Clyde dividing the parishes. Above, to the south, rises Tinto, small in elevation compared with the 'Bens' of the north, yet par excellence the hill of Clydesdale, as it towers high above that strath, which is so straight, that the hill of Tinto can be descried from near Strone, where the Holy-Loch and Loch-Long, on the frith of Clyde, unite.

The Campbells of Breadalbane 'birsed yont' (squeezed outwards their acres) from the strath of the Tay to the shore of Oban, across the island—the 'dark' Douglas' land in the strath, to which the family gave or from which they took their name, extended from the summit of Tinto to that of Cairntable, and it was on the latter the Scottish baron retired 'to hear the lark sing'—when planning the capture of the fortress of his fathers.

The course of the railway has little of interest for those travelling by it. The length from Carstairs Junction to the Douglas station is 11 miles, and the speed moderate, being a single line, while the traffic, as yet, is inconsiderable; there is prospect, however, of its increasing, as plans are in progress to extend the rails to Muirkirk, 11 miles further west, and onwards thence to Ayr and the lower frith of the Clyde. The present station of the Douglas railway is north of the Douglas river, near where the Poniel water flows into it, beyond the Happendon woods, and just north of the extensive domain of Douglas Castle, the entrance-gate on the east being on the 'bus route for the town. Eastward runs the green valley across which is the highway from Glasgow

to Carlisle, formed by Telford in 1824, and at that time the best road in North Britain, when the inn of Douglas Mill, as a posting-house, stood second to none. Now all is changed; the broad road is still there, as are the tolls, but—the mail coaches, where are they?

The vale, glen, or strath of the Douglas district is little more than 10 miles in extent, runs west to east, and for three-fourths its length is sheltered by 'plantings,' as the fir-woods are called in Scotland. A high stone wall encloses the grounds of Douglas Castle, which are adorned with trees, large, old, and valuable—one at least of historic interest, as it is known as 'the hanging tree,' from whose boughs may have swung many unfortunates, guilty of crime, or of being too slow 'to do the laird's bidding!' The old tower of the Douglas family is in existence, but scant within must have been the accommodation, or small the garrison which held it. The modern castle, not wholly finished, replaced one destroyed last century by fire.

Douglas, as a town, is small, and the old street, by St. Bryde's, the Dungeon, &c., is straight, steep, narrow, without side-paths, and could well have been held by a small band against an overwhelming force. Beyond and above the old town are villa-like abodes, greatly superior in appearance to the castle of old, accommodation and comfort in the modern sense being the rule of comparison. The kirk of St. Bryde is in ruins, but where the barons are interred is well preserved, and the tourist can have access to the vault, see the leaden coffins in which the warrior knights are enclosed, and look on the 'bleeding heart,' or the case in which it is held. The burying-place is well kept, the monuments preserved, and the visitor—antiquarian, archæologist, or only curious—will find interest in visiting St. Bryde's, the castle, and vale of Douglas.

DUMBARTON, the LEVEN.—Dum, or Dun, meaning hill or rock—Dunbarton, the rock of the Britons—the capital of those holding rule in Strath-Clyde, is one of the oldest of the historic sites north of the Tweed; and near it was erected the Roman fortress of Dunglass—in innocent proximity they would be when gunpowder was unknown, and artillery uninvented. The ‘Balclutha walls of towers,’ referred to by Ossian, are localised at Dumbarton—‘Alcluith’ being known as a fortress from the earliest tradition or tale of Scottish history. Strong as the castle may have been, it appears to have possessed little national importance, as, in 1174, it was not one of the four fortresses yielded to the English, in guarantee for payment of the ransom of William the Lion, nor is it heard of as a royal castle until yielded to Alexander II. by the Earls of Levenax (Lennox).

Dun-Briton, the capital of the Attacotti of ‘Strath Cluyde,’ rose in later times to be a fortress of importance in Scotland, having been surrendered to Edward of England on the death of the Maid of Norway; obtained by Baliol in 1292; reduced by the English in 1296; held for them by Menteith, the betrayer of Wallace, in 1305–6; made the prison of Wallace; held by Fleming of Cumbernauld in 1333, when the defeat of Halidon Hill laid the power of Scotland low; captured in 1425 by a son of the Regent Albany; besieged in 1481 by the fleet of Edward IV. of England, and defended by Sir Andrew Wood of Leith; held on its capture against James IV. by the insurgent Earls of Lennox; made the naval station for Scotland and the port of communication with France; and visited by James V. on his voyage to reduce the Hebridean chiefs. Dumbarton Castle sheltered Mary, the child Queen of Scots, when carried there after the battle of Pinkie, whence she was taken to France. It was held in her

cause by the Lord Fleming; and the unfortunate Mary was bound thither when escaping from the castle of Loch-Leven—her course being turned and her cause lost on the field of Langside. The castle was scaled, surprised, and captured May 2, 1571, by Captain Crawford of Jordanhill. It is one of four royal fortresses kept garrisoned in terms of the treaty of Union with England; and was visited by Queen Victoria in 1847.

The rock on which the defences of the castle of Dumbarton are raised is 240 feet above the level of the Clyde, and is about a mile in circuit. It is cleft in two, near mid height, the western portion being the higher, and 'crowned' with a perch placed there by the ordnance surveyors. The landward approach is from the N.E., but the readier access for the tourist is by boat from the Leven; and there is neither difficulty in finding a boatman for the castle, nor in picking up some of the garrison to do the honours of the rock—that which may be most noteworthy being the 'great two-handed sword' which 'the Wallace Wight' was wont to wield with such effect against the Southron invaders of his country. The garrison is small, and the house of the governor pleasantly placed. The ascent to the barracks and upper portion of the castle is by a steep flight of narrow well-worn steps. The armoury, kept in good order, contains weapons for 1,500 men.

The view from the heights of Dumbarton Castle is grand, as within the horizon are the upper reaches of the Clyde, the expanse of the lower frith, the braes of Gleniffer, the hills of Kilmalcolm, Port-Glasgow, Greenock, Cowal, the vale of the Leven, Ben-Lomond, and Loch-Lomond. The river Leven—'smooth water'—sweeps round the base of the rock of Dumbarton, flowing into the Clyde after a course of about 6 miles from Balloch on Loch-Lomond; and its waters are so pure that works for bleaching and calico-printing cover its banks, and the villages there are populous.

Dumbarton burgh holds its charter from Alexander II. in 1222, with special privileges as 'the naval station of the west of Scotland'—Glasgow and Greenock being then nowhere! The manufacture of crown glass was long the staple industry of the burgh, and was made to such an extent and so well as to be quoted in all the leading markets at home and abroad. Some years ago, the manufacture became unremunerative, when the cones and buildings were cleared off; but the town thrives, and the yards are full of shipwrights, the port being notable for the construction of first-class vessels of iron or of wood. Overtown, Helenslee, Levensgrove, and other fine mansions, make the district ornate and warmlike.

DUNFERMLINE is a royal burgh, and one of the oldest and most populous in the shire of Fife. It has ample railway connection; but the shorter route to Edinburgh, and one still much travelled, is by the coach road to Inverkeithing and Queensferry—a distance of 16 miles; while by rail the detour is by Thornton Junction, for Kirkcaldy, Burntisland, and Granton. A line runs westward to Alloa and the south; another to Kinross and the north; and the river Forth, within three miles, is reached by a short line to Charlestown. Coal is abundant in the neighbourhood; and the diaper manufacture has long been extensively carried on in the town, which is consequently a busy one.

The situation of Dunfermline is pleasant; but, lying out of the ordinary track of the tourist, it is little visited, although the antiquarian will find much to interest him there. A Culdee house stood at Dunfermline before the Abbey was founded; and the erection of the castle and a palace can be traced back to Malcolm Canmore. The Abbey, which was founded by David I., that 'sair (dear) sanct to the croun' of Scotland, was burned in 1303 in the Wallace struggle;

it was afterwards rebuilt, but finally ruined in 1560—the Knox era. In the stormy annals of Scotland, the Forth on the south, and the Tay on the north, served not a little to render ‘the kingdom of Fife’ a safe place for a royal dwelling; hence the palace at Dunfermline, and afterwards at Falkland, a few miles inland, and across the Lomond hills. James IV. built a palace at Dunfermline, and there Charles II., in 1650, subscribed the Covenant. The bed in which Charles slept, and also the sword and helmet of Robert the Bruce, are preserved at Broomhall, the seat of the Elgin family, near to Charlestown, on the Forth.

The Abbey of Dunfermline was richly endowed; and, from Canmore to Bruce, most of the princes of Scotland were buried within its precincts. In 1818, when digging away the wreck of ages in the Abbey, the skeleton of Robert the Bruce was found entire in the ruins of the choir, wrapped in its leaden shroud. It was reverently re-interred under the pulpit of the church which now occupies the site of the Abbey. The ruins are considerable, and care is taken to preserve them; the lofty walls, with three tiers of windows, show the extent of the pile, and the strong buttressed nave, which is entire, is of Norman architecture; the pillars being cut and grooved. The choir and the transept form the present parish church.

DUMFRIES, the capital of the south of Scotland, is in lower Nithsdale, near the Solway Frith, and within 33 miles of Carlisle. It has railway communication with Ayrshire by Nithsdale, Lanarkshire by Annandale, Ireland and Galloway by Castle-Douglas, and Carlisle by a line direct, and is, therefore, of ready access. Its strath (Nithsdale) is fertile, the markets are good, and the town itself thrives apace; while of old, being so near the ‘debateable land,’ it figured fre-

quently in the struggles between the Scots and their English opponents—happily now friends—and has been in all Scottish history of local importance.

The river Nith, which is crossed by two bridges, is navigable to the town for vessels of small tonnage, but the import and export trade of Dumfries has never figured largely in the commercial returns of the country, the sea outwards being not over-safe. Although a good agricultural district, it has neither coal nor iron, nor are there any manufactures of other than local value. Water is abundant, but the land is too low to make it a 'cheap motive power,' still Dumfries boasts of one or two large woollen mills and ham-curing establishments, while in the making of shoes, clogs, hats, &c., occupation is given to many of the industrious inhabitants of the town.

The old bridge of thirteen arches, still serviceable for pedestrians, was built here by Devorgilla, mother of Baliol, who also founded Greyfriars' Abbey, of which no remains now exist. It was on its altar steps that the struggle between the Red Comyn and Robert the Bruce took place, on the 10th February 1305—the dispute being their rival claims to the crown of Scotland, and the result that Comyn was stabbed by Bruce, and slain outright by Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. This led to the sanguinary war with Edward of England, when the course was entered upon which, after sad and varying fortunes, resulted in Bruce being able, ten years afterwards, to finish the work begun by Wallace—Scotland being set free from the thraldom of England, and Bruce of Carrick and Lochmaben becoming the parent stem whence the sovereigns of Great Britain have sprung.

Lincluden Abbey, which is within three miles of Dumfries, was a pile finely situate and of great extent, and the ruins are still so architecturally beautiful as to prove an object of interest to the tourist. The old

castle of Torthorwald is within a few miles of Dumfries; and also Caerlaverock, which is near where the Nith flows into the Solway. In the centre of its own loch, stands the castle of Lochmaben, the paternal stronghold of Robert Bruce, which is extensive and strongly placed. It was an object of contention between England and Scotland, notable for the sieges it has endured, and still shows largely on the island, though it has been the quarry whence half the stones have come which form the village near by—an ancient one, and still enjoying many privileges of land tenure, bestowed on the inhabitants as the ‘kindly tenants of the Crown’—the rentallers of Lochmaben being the feudal servitors of a house which rose to sway the sceptre of Scotland.

As a town, Dumfries has much to attract the visitor. and to make it a pleasant dwelling-place. The district is picturesque, the schools are good, society select, and the law courts of the county held there. The streets, the modern ones in particular, are broad and well paved, the houses good, and the walks by the Nith attractive. The market-place of Dumfries has an ancient aspect—a square, with an old jail-like pile of buildings in the centre; and the hotels—the King’s Arms and the Commercial in particular—have been long in good repute with the traveller; a room in the latter, then a dwelling-house, being shown as that occupied by Charles Edward in 1745—the aristocracy of Nithsdale and Annandale having taken a warm interest in the Stuart cause, which resulted to many of them in loss of life and of lands.

Dumfries has been, since the close of last century, famous as where Robert Burns spent the last years of his chequered life. Ellisland, the farm he occupied, is on the Nith, and about six miles above the town, while in Dumfries are shown the haunts of the poet—the ‘howff’ of Robert Burns, the fireside of the public-

house he spent his evenings at, the place he filled; and yet of more sad interest, the small two-storeyed house in the narrow street he lived and died in, now called Burns-street. When farming at Ellisland became unprofitable, in 1791, he retired to Dumfries, and died there, July 21, 1796. 'I went to see him laid out for the grave,' wrote Cunningham: 'He was wasted somewhat by long illness, but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark, and deeply marked; his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey.' 'The impression of the genius of Robert Burns is deep and genial,' wrote Campbell, 'and viewing him merely as a poet, there is scarcely another regret connected with his name than that his productions, with all their merits, fall short of the talents which he possessed.' The failings of Burns were many, he felt them keenly, and entreats us 'To gently scan our brother man—to step aside is human;' 'Who made the heart, 'tis he alone decidedly can try us;' 'What's done we partly may compute, but never what's resisted'—lines sadly descriptive of himself.

'When it became known that Robert Burns could not survive, Dumfries became like a besieged place. Wherever two or three stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone; and they spoke of him with awe, as if of some departing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more.' As a member of the volunteer corps, the funeral was conducted with military honours. He was interred in the north-east end of St. Michael's Churchyard, the most crowded burial-ground perhaps in Scotland, and now so full of monuments to the dead, that years ago their cost was estimated above £100,000. Like the old graveyard of Alloway, on the Doon, many Scotchmen, from all parts

of the world, sought to lie at rest near where the body of Robert Burns, the poet, was laid.

In 1815, the mausoleum raised, 'in aeternum Honorem Roberti Burns,' was completed, and the remains of the poet were removed, that they might be placed under this tardy tribute of Scotland to the genius of her gifted son. 'The coffin was decayed, but the dark locks of the poet were seen to be glossy as when he was interred.' Crowded as the ground is with memorials to the dead, the path most trodden is that which leads to the mausoleum of Robert Burns; and there are few strangers that sojourn in Dumfries but visit the spot—'there pause, and through the starting tear survey his grave.' In his own words, 'the poor inhabitant below was quick to learn and wise to know, and kindly felt the friendly glow.' . —'Reader, attend, whether thy soul soars high beyond the pole, or darkly grubs this earthly hole—know prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root.'

The track which stretches athwart all other graves towards the mausoleum of Burns is a 'beaten thoroughfare; the door is open, the floor is daily cleaned, and the evergreens and flowers around it are unfading'—'the sepulchre of the poet being never neglected. He was the friend of mankind, and for all time, and all generations have an interest in him.' The widow of Robert Burns continued to live in the house in which he died until March 26, 1834, when 'the home' was broken up, and the furniture sold at auction. The monument or mausoleum was erected by subscription, and covers the vault in which the remains of the poet, his wife, and some of his children are interred; and opposite the gate of 'this famed burial-place' is a large piece of sculpture by Turnerelli, representing the peasant bard at the plough, and Coila, his genius, throwing the mantle of inspiration over him. In January, 1859, the

centenary anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated on both sides the Atlantic and in the colonies.

DUNDEE is situated on the northern shore of the Tay, in the county of Forfar, on the east of central Scotland; ranks third in population in North Britain; and thrives largely. A poet, a flattering one, has written—‘Thy maids are the fairest; thy men are the bravest; thy merchants the noblest that venture to sea; and this their indenture—They prosper that venture, so joy to the commerce of bonny Dundee.’ To descend to prose; the aspect of Dundee, viewed from across the Tay, is beautiful; but within the town some of the older streets are execrable; while the maids, such as may be seen streaming from the flax mills, are neither the fairest, the sweetest, nor the most modest. The men, nevertheless, may be the bravest—those venturing to sea having been undoubtedly prosperous, as witness the magnificent docks; those staying ashore seem to have been not less so, as is testified by the great mills and works thickly rising between the Tay and the Law—the green hill above the town.

The docks of Dundee are within twelve miles of where the Tay becomes merged in the German ocean. First-rate steamers ply between the port and London, and others run to the Tyne and the Humber; while in summer a small steamer plies on the river, calling at Newburgh on her passage to Perth. In a town so populous, and where commerce and manufactures are so energetically pursued, railway locomotion and traffic are well developed. The line from Edinburgh, through Fife, runs to Tayport; thence passengers and cargo are carried across the Tay to Broughty-Ferry on the north, where the estuary is comparatively narrow, and where stands an ancient castle, strong in situation, and which

a few years ago, when invasion was thought imminent, was armed so as to command the channel of the Tay. From the west, the railway from Perth comes in by the river bank on the north; whence the line for Strathmore and the north-west trends onwards—formerly by a heavy incline and long tunnels—now sweeping round the base of the Law, and by increased speed making up for its greater length. By the shore-line eastward runs the railway for Arbroath, Forfar, Montrose, &c.

Dundee was known in the Roman era, and was called Ailea, 'pleasant,' by the natives. The surrounding lands were bestowed by William the Lion on his brother, Prince David, Earl of Huntingdon, the hero of the novel of *Talisman* by Scott; who, returning from Palestine, narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Tay, and, as was the wont of those ages, in performance of vows made, founded the churches of Dundee, and built the castle. Wallace is said to have been educated at Dundee; 'Wallace fens' is at this day a name in the place; and one of his first acts against the English oppressors of Scotland was the slaughter of the son of the governor of the garrison. Wallace captured the castle; it was retaken; captured again, and razed by Bruce. It was rebuilt by the Scots, but taken and burned in 1385 by the English under the Duke of Lancaster; again by Somerset; and by Montrose in 1645. It was the abode of Charles II. after he was crowned at Scone in 1650. Monk stormed it in 1651, when the houses were pillaged, the harbour destroyed, and the town so near ruined, that in 1669 money was gathered throughout the country to restore its prosperity. Queen Victoria visited Dundee in 1844, an event commemorated by a handsome and lofty arch erected on the docks, whence the royal party were rowed to their yacht.

There being neither coal nor iron in the district, the former is seaborne from the Tyne, or from Fife, inland of

Cupar, where the pits are well worked. The flax mills and jute manufactories of Dundee are numerous, of great size, and show well, being lofty, wide, many windowed, and built of freestone, which is abundant. The docks are large, strongly constructed, have rails laid down upon them, and accommodate well the fleet hailing from the port, many of which are built there. The railways from the west and from the north are connected by a line on the open quays, but plans are in progress to bisect the town, and carry on the lines continuously, involving the building of a bridge across the Tay, above the town—as the rival companies, the Caledonian and the North British, who seek ‘to divide Scotland,’ both desire to possess Dundee. The contest now waged is a serious one, and may perhaps prove better for the lawyers than for the shareholders.

Dundee, with its castle, was undoubtedly a place of strength, the town having been walled in. The remains of such defences still exist—the streets in the older or main portion of the town being named Nethergate, Overgate, Murraygate, and Seagate. They are narrow, and generally crowded with traffic, and at meal hours or at night, the flax-spinning population, male and female, make the ‘crown of the causeway’ the pleasanter path for the stranger. The sloping hillside, upon the Tay, eastward towards Broughty-Ferry, is well enclosed, and adorned by handsome villas belonging to the manufacturers and merchants of the busy Dundee; and westward, by the Perth road, the environs are similarly enclosed and adorned, commanding fine views of the river and frith of Tay—of Perthshire on the west, and ‘the Kingdom of Fife’ on the south. The cemetery on the Perth road is a fine one; and the ‘Baxter Park,’ presented to his fellow-townsmen by a successful manufacturer, is a boon which they cannot prize too highly—as was that of the ‘Peel Park’ in Manchester.

The public buildings of Dundee, although not many, are increasing, and bear witness to the prosperity and liberality of her sons. Reform-street, opened since the 'bill passed,' is of no great length, but of fair breadth, and is well occupied by shops, warehouses, and counting-houses, being chiefly located in and near the Wellgate. High-street is short, and more like a square than a street, having a town-house, with piazza; the police-office is behind, where loungers, recruiting sergeants, and all sorts of idlers largely congregate. The post-office is a recent and handsome structure; and the churches, which are numerous, some of them built since the disruption, are of imposing appearance. West of the High-street are the old churches of the town—four together, in form of a cross, having a tower 150 feet in height, massive, and ancient. The votive buildings of Prince David are said to have stood there.

Behind Reform-street, on the west, there is an extensive burying-round, quaintly named the 'Howff,' where the natives have for centuries been laid to rest; the monuments are numerous, many of them handsome; and this 'city of the dead,' within the town of the living, is well enclosed, having iron railings, open and high, and so neatly kept that the walks are much resorted to. Dudhope Castle, near the town, was of old held by the Scrymgeours, standard-bearers to the kings of Scotland; afterwards it was possessed by Claverhouse, the 'gallant Dundee' of the novelist—the persecutor accursed of the peasantry of the west of Scotland. There is a steam-ferry from the town to Newport, on the opposite shore of Fife, where many of the townspeople of Dundee reside. Dundee has so little to attract the tourist that commercial-travellers are the chief patrons of its hotels; but these are good and comfortable, especially the Royal and the Dundee Arms—Lamb's being preferred by teetotalers.

DUNKELD, a town containing few inhabitants, is finely situated on one of the terraced flats which skirt the Tay, about 15 miles north of Perth, and within a mile of Birnam station, on the railway from Perth to Aberfeldy and the west; or to Blair-Athole, and to Strath-spey, by Forres, to Inverness. Before the Highland railway was opened, it was the second stage on the great road from Perth northwards, and was always one of the favourite resorts of tourists desirous of exploring the 'land of the mountain and the flood.'

In the dawn of Scottish history, the Culdees were found 'doing good' on the upper Tay, in their college at Dunkeld. In 1127 these simple-minded propagators of Christianity were displaced by the Romish hierarchy, who then constituted Dunkeld the see of a bishop, and erected a cathedral, in the eastern gable of which a portion of the wall is pointed out as a remnant of the ancient Culdee building. The choir of the cathedral, built by Bishop Sinclair, is kept in repair, and used as the parish church; but the tower, transepts, and naves have been long in ruins. The present burial-place of the Athole family is in the lower part of the chapter-house, which was built by Bishop Lauder in 1469. In the nave there is the tomb-stone, with the figure of a bishop in robes, and in the porch of the parish church is the monument of Stewart, Earl of Buchan, 'the Wolf of Badenoch,' a natural son of Robert II. of Scotland, and of infamous memory, among whose deeds was the destruction of the magnificent cathedral of Elgin.

The bishops of Dunkeld figure in the history of Scotland. William Sinclair, who wore the mitre in 1312, having been so efficient a partisan of the Bruce, that he met and defeated the English invaders at Auchtertool in Fife, and was called by his chivalrous prince 'my own bishop.' He died in 1327, and was buried in the cathedral, where a fluted cross is shown as the

armorial bearings of the noble family of Roslin, of which he was a scion. Early in the sixteenth century, the mitre of Dunkeld was worn by Gawain Douglas, a younger son of the Earl of Angus of Tantallan Castle—a poet, translator of Virgil into the Scottish language, and an ornament of the rude age ‘his lines were cast in.’ The venerable cathedral of Dunkeld measures about 80 paces in length; the nave is roofless, and at the west end is a buttressed tower 90 feet high, and 24 feet square; near it an octagonal watch-tower; buttresses project between the windows; and above are traceried spiracles. The great aisle is 120 by 60 feet; the walls are 40 feet high, and the side aisles 12 feet wide. There are some spacious Gothic arches on each side, with fluted soffits resting on plain Norman-like pillars, with shafts 10 feet high, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter, and two half columns; and over the arches are two tiers of windows, the higher acute, the lower semicircular. The last bishop, the thirty-ninth in the see, was Robert Creighton, who died in 1550.

In situation, Dunkeld has been pronounced scarcely paralleled for beauty in Scotland, or out of it. The surrounding attractions are also great—the Athole grounds in particular, which are open to tourists, who must, however, inscribe their names at the entrance-gate, pay ‘the fee exacted,’ and be handed over to the guide appointed to wait upon them, who is one of a set kept for that work, but who does not pocket the ‘back-sheesh’ paid, as, beyond the wage carried by the attendant, the surplus is understood to be applied in keeping clean and in order the wide domain of the Duke of Athole!

Dunkeld House, which is near the old cathedral, has nothing in its externals to attract attention; but the grounds are extensive, richly timbered—some of the finest and largest larches in Europe growing there—and the walks are so disposed that all is seen from the best

'vantage spots; while the lofty height of 'Craig-y-Barns,' towering overhead, is well worth climbing to enjoy the view of the town, the strath of the Tay, Birnam, and the Braan valley, which is really magnificent. On being boated across the Tay, the tourist is led by paths, well-kept, and among richly wooded banks, to the falls of the Braan, named 'Ossian's'—it being in the programme to be taken to 'the Hermitage,' where, from mirrors overhead, the cascade seems tumbling down on the spectator—the fine effect, however, is marred by a species of clap-trap, the door having to be opened by the touch of a spring.

A few years ago, a hotel, superior for site, appearance, extent, and accommodation, was erected at Birnam, accross the Tay, and near the railway station. Villas are rapidly rising in its neighbourhood; but at Dun-keld, hotel comforts at the 'Royal' and the 'Athole Arms' have always been abundant and excellent.

DUNOON, HUNTER'S QUAY, KIRN—the shore line from the S.W. horn of the Holy-Loch to the entrance of Rothesay bay—have, since the application of steam to navigation, become thickly studded with the marine abodes of the manufacturers and merchants of the west of Scotland; and the facilities of visiting what the natives term the 'saut water' must minister, it is thought, largely to their physical comfort. Whether the disruption of family ties for one-third of the year tightens those of the domestic circle, or being two or three months each year sent adrift to seek pasture under strange spiritual pastors be a healthy promoter of religion, may be a moot question, but one certainly not open for discussion in these pages.

The shire of Argyle, from Glencroe on Loch-Long to Glencoe on Loch-Leven, from Islay on the Atlantic to Cowal on the Clyde, is of wide extent, deeply intersected by saline lochs, and largely covered by Alpine

heights, giving variety of scenery of river and loch, mountain and flood, unequalled in 'braid Scotland,' as the simple North Britons of old termed the land of which they boasted. A shore with so large a coast line is divided into many districts—that now under review, known as Cowal, is the long peninsula between the Cobbler mountain at Arrochar, and Ardlamont point, off the western entrance to the Kyles of Bute.

The parishes in Argyleshire are many, that of Dunoon being at present under notice, and such is its existing ecclesiastical state that the 'minister' has under him clergymen officiating at Ardentinnny, Strone, Kilmun, Sandbank, Kirn, Innellan, and Toward—a charge nearly as responsible as that of the pastor of the Barony Church, Glasgow. The population of Dunoon and Kilmun, a conjoined charge, was 2,177 in 1821; in 1861 it is given as 5,461, but the census being taken on March 1, when the lodging-houses were shut up, double that number given for the acreage from Hunter's Quay to Dunoon pier might not exceed the actual population. Chambers in 1835 estimated the rental of the houses in the entire shire at £5,208, but that amount may now be more than realized from the 'feu duties' payable for acres occupied; and nearly half this sum is netted at the piers as 'black mail' from those landing on the shore—a tax pretty directly drawn from the pockets of the people.

Dunoon, within the present century, was a desolate heath, without an object to enliven it—the kirk, the school, the 'public,' and the 'smithy,' forming the village. Now there are miles of villas scattered over the green slopes, from low water mark high up the green hill-side; and the climate being mild, the air now and then moist enough, renders the sparse soil capable of cultivation, and not the less so when within each gate the citizen, temporarily domiciled there, endea-

vours to realize his notion of a garden; and the space being within range of spade labour, the result is that a parterre-like aspect is given to the land about the villas. These rise at all angles, are of all shapes and sizes, and erected independent of the rules of architecture—the owner asserting his right to make what he likes of his own, and further his arcadian views as it may please him—the nomenclature being ordinarily an honest one, as Iron-bank, Muslin-hall, Sugar-ville, or such like.

HUNTER'S QUAY, on the verge of the Holy-Loch, is so called from the mansion and domain of Hafton, on the shore to the N.E., being owned by a family named Hunter, whose means were made large, and who were merchants at Greenock. The strip between the shore and the hill is narrow, and the houses so few that the pier is called at by few of the steamers, it lying rather out of their course when running from Gourrock to the north-west side of the frith of Clyde.

KIRN is contiguous to Hunter's Quay, farther west, where the fields inland stretch across to Dunloskin hill, giving more space for the erection of villas. The population is considerable, the pier is good, they have a church or two of their own, and a hotel, some shops, retailers of strong waters; and the place threatens to be town-like—or, when Dunoon becomes a city, Kirn may then take rank as its eastern suburb.

DUNOON, small as it was a generation ago, yet had a place in Scottish history, the ferry from the Highlands being there; and, on the green conical hill west of the present pier, rose the castle of Dunoon, which fell into the hands of Baliol, was captured by Bruce, bestowed by him upon a chief of the clan Campbell, with the title of hereditary governor and lands to carry the honour, and is still one of the many baronies now claimed by his Grace of Argyle. Years afterwards, when the insurgent Earl of Lennox, aided by the fleet and guns of

England, reduced the castle of Rothesay, he laid siege to that of Dunoon, which was stoutly defended, but in vain, as artillery—then first used as engines of war on the Clyde—soon breached the walls, and necessitated the capitulation of the garrison. The lady of the chief of Argyle of that day was a natural daughter of James V., father of Mary, Queen of Scots; and the latter, who appears to have made ‘many tours,’ enjoyed the chase on the green hills of Cowal—taking shipping from Strone, on the Holy-Loch, to the royal fortress of Dumbarton, which was then a naval station.

The ducal family of Argyle made the castle of Dunoon their occasional abode, as they did that of the ‘Easter house’ on the Gareloch—their Palace at Roseneath; for, the abode of the chief of the Argyleshire Campbells being honoured with royal visitors, and courts held, there was a fair claim for calling the house a Palace. When Episcopacy gained temporary ascendance under Charles II. the Bishops of Argyle left their island home at Lismore, near Oban, and settled for a while near Dunoon; the feudal castle and the episcopal palace gathered round them the huts of their dependants, and the germ of a village showed itself; but when the walls of the castle crumbled away, and the coffers of the bishops became empty—deserted was the village.

The shore line of Dunoon, from the castle towards Kilm, is known as the ‘east bay,’ that towards Innellan as the ‘west bay,’ and inland is a street of considerable length and fair breadth, with shops well stocked, whose windows are as large as those in Glasgow or Greenock—bringing all the necessaries of life within reach, and not a few luxuries; novels included. A hotel near the pier, ‘the Argyle,’ is of good size, recently erected, with all modern improvements. Other houses, however, claim a share of the tourist trade, and some of them deserve it. All tastes may thus be

suited, from that of luxurious travellers to humble excursionists — the latter at times coming down in thousands, seldom crowding the street, but often blackening the shore, as they stroll about the beach, and while away the time between their landing from the Iona, the Sultan, the Undine, or other steamer, and their re-embarkation for home—the day, when long, not unfrequently turning out a merry one.

Dunoon, with the villas on the east and west bays, is the most populous of the sea-bathing resorts on the Clyde; Rothesay may perhaps compete, but it is an ‘old town,’ and has been so for centuries. To the resident or visitor at house or hotel, the means of riding or driving from Dunoon are many and varied; and numerous steamers call at the pier, whose fares are so low, their comforts aboard so great, their range of route so extensive and varied, that people will be tempted to enjoy themselves. Nor are the advantages of locomotion confined to the steamers, as cabs, cars, carriages, horses for riding or driving, are to be had at the livery stables and the hotels; while the roads eastward, to Kilmun, Ardentinny, or Loch-Eck, are good, and much travelled, as is the route westward, by the shore, for Innellan, Toward, and Rothesay bay. A coach, safe and well-appointed, runs daily, in the season, from Dunoon, by Strachur, for Inveraray, a route the attractions of which will have due notice.

The view from the houses on the Dunoon shore is wide, varied, and beautiful, as it embraces Goatfell in Arran, the low isle of Bute, the Cumbræes, Largs, Wemyss Bay, Inverkip, Ardgowan, the Cloch, Ashton, Gourock, Greenock, Dumbarton, Roseneath, Loch-Long, and the Finnart hills above the Holy-Loch. Athwart this marine panorama, ever and anon, moves the swift steamers, from the small screw-coaster to the smart passenger steamer, to the stout vessel for the ‘Highlands

bound,' or farther, for the channels north or south, England, Ireland, or the Atlantic. Ships also of all rigs and sizes, build and destination, pass upward and downward the frith, propelled by their own canvas, or towed seawards or inwards by steamers so comparatively small, that, made fast on the off-side of the leviathan vessels, they make no appearance, it may be the funnel excepted, or the smoke therefrom escaping.

Of the ancient castle of Dunoon little remains, lumps of masonry alone being found here and there near the top of the hill, which is indented by the footmarks of the thousands of people who climb to its summit for the view there obtained. On the east of the Castle-hill is the mansion known as Dunoon Castle, and vastly more comfortable it appears to be than could have been the feudal fortress, even when royalty dwelt there. From the west bay of Dunoon a footpath leads along the shore to the pier; but inland runs the carriage way, by a street section of the town, hid from the view of the passing steamer. The beach is good for sea-bathing purposes along the whole shore; while the water is saline, and deepens so gradually that loss of life rarely occurs. The row-boats, at anchor or hauled ashore, from Hunter's Quay to Dunoon, which may be counted by hundreds, are indicative of the pleasures the youngsters find there.

EDINBURGH, the Metropolis of Scotland—'mine own romantic town' of Scott—has much to attract the tourist; and few are the strangers who cross the Tweed, or land on the shores of North Britain, who fail to visit the ancient capital of Caledonia.

The site of Edinburgh is magnificent, having the Craggs of Salisbury, Arthur's seat above them, the Calton hill, with its crowd of monuments, its modern ruin, churn-like tower, statues, institutions, buildings new and old—in good taste and otherwise. The frith of

Forth in the foreground, the shores of Fife beyond, the docks of Leith, the piers of Granton; the new town, so finely designed, so handsomely built; Princes-street, with its gardens, the Scott Monument, and the National Institution; the steep ascent of the old town, from the vale of Holyrood up the Castle ridge; the wynds, closes, bridges of the old town; the Meadows on the south, the villa-like suburbs of Newington and Morningside, the track of the railway westward, the Pentlands, the Braid hills, and the warm nooks below them, as seen from the battlements of the ancient Castle of Edinburgh, exhibit a horizon in range and interest of which the citizens may well be proud—there being some warrant for their assertion, that it cannot be paralleled anywhere in Europe.

To a city of such picturesque claims, historic interest, and national importance, the means of access are many and varied. The railway lines from England, and all Scotland, are directly or indirectly connected with it, and there are few first-class stations on either side the Tweed, at which 'through tickets' can not be had. Coaches are few now, but some there are to Dunfermline, and towns in the district, which ply chiefly for the accommodation of parties domiciled near the highway. From Granton, a short way off, steamers run regularly for the Thames, the north-east of Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetland; and from Leith, the ancient seaport of Edinburgh, steamers are on the berth for the Tyne, the Humber, the Thames, the Baltic, and the Rhine.

The trap rock which crowns the ridge running westward, from the base of Arthur's Seat, and ending in abrupt precipices to the west, must have attracted the notice of the tribes, when they ceased to roam as savages, and were made to own allegiance to the stoutest of their race; and when the idea of a fortress was conceived, there was a site of Nature's own making. The

aboriginal tribes are said to have called the rock Magh-dun—'the fort of the plain'. There was a plain below; and within a century, water filled the ravine now traversed by the railway, and part of which is also so useful as a railway station. Magh-dun, the monkish historians choose to render as *Castellum puellarum*—castle of the girls—a boarding-school for the daughters of the chiefs! But these monks knowing nothing of matrimony, could have known little of girls—moreover it was not the fashion of that age to educate the sex.

Edwin, king of Northumberland, having sway far north of the Tweed, held court on the Castle-hill, more than likely added to its defences, and from him it was named Edwinburgh, the town of Edwin; in Gaelic, Dun-Edin; in poetry, Edina. Dun-Monaidh, 'hill of the moor,' was another Celtic title, when all plains in the Highlands may have been 'moors.' Edinburgh became the acknowledged capital of the south of Scotland in 1020; in the Castle Queen Margaret died in 1093; and David I., who founded the Abbey of Holyrood, did much to improve the fortress, the protection it yielded inducing the servitors of the monks to build their houses in the Canongate, the street on the lower end of the ridge leading to the Castle-hill.

Edinburgh became a royal burgh, and a mint was established in it by William the Lion. The Castle fell into the hands of the English in 1174; was repossessed by the Scots in 1186; in 1214-5, Alexander II. held a Parliament there; in 1239, a council of the bishops was convened in the Castle; in 1291 it was held by Edward of England, but retaken by Randolph for Bruce in 1312, and besieged by Edward II. in 1322. Bruce held his Parliament there in 1326-7, and Edward Baliol in 1333-4, when it was given up to Edward III. who fortified it in 1355, but it was taken by the 'Black Douglas' in 1341. Robert II. held court there. Edin-

burgh was burned, and the Castle besieged by Henry IV. in 1385. James I. held court there, and it was the birthplace of James II., his son, who was crowned there in 1437—Edinburgh thereafter becoming the undisputed capital of Scotland. Being walled in by James II. in 1450, it gave shelter to Henry VI. after the battle of Towton. Mary of Gueldres was married there in 1449 to James II., and Margaret of Denmark in 1469 to James III. James IV. held his first Parliament in 1488; and in 1503 when he married Margaret the daughter of Henry VII.

The city was visited by the plague in 1513. Its defences were strengthened in 1514, after the slaughter of Flodden field, when the town-guard was formed. The streets were lighted, and the College of Justice founded, in 1532. Edinburgh was burned in 1544 by the Protector Somerset; garrisoned in 1548 by the French; 'stirred up' by Knox in 1556–7, and occupied by his party, the 'Lords of the Congregation,' in 1558—the adherents of the royal or catholic party, aided by French troops, holding Leith. The first Assembly of the Reformed Church was held in Edinburgh in 1560. Mary, on her return from France, was received there in 1561, and married to Darnley in 1565. James VI. was born there in 1566; Rizzio was murdered, Darnley destroyed, a Parliament held, and Mary united to Bothwell, but defeated at Carberry hill in 1567, when the Castle was held in her interest by Kirkaldy of Grange, but captured by the Earls Lennox and Morton, Regents of Scotland.

James VI. held his first parliament in Edinburgh. Morton was beheaded by 'the Maiden'—the guillotine of his introduction. The town suffered from the plague in 1586, and was entered by Bothwell in 1591 in his raid to seize the king. Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia, daughter of James VI., and grandmother of George I., was born in Edinburgh in 1596. In 1599 a Parlia-

ment was held there, when the year was made to run from January—March having been the old rule.

James VI. left Edinburgh in 1603, when he became James I. of England, but he visited it in 1617. Charles I. was crowned there in 1633; he brought in Episcopacy in 1637, which was repudiated by the General Assembly of Glasgow in 1638. General Leslie captured the Castle in 1640; the town was the residence of Charles in 1641; where, in 1643, he signed the Solemn League and Covenant; and there Montrose, the gallant partisan of the Stuarts, was executed in 1650.

Charles II. was proclaimed in Edinburgh, which was taken by Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar in 1650. James II., when Duke of York, was in Edinburgh in 1679, and treated the nobility to 'tea'—then a luxury. Episcopacy was displaced and Presbyterianism established in 1689; but the Castle was held by the Duke of Gordon for James II. until 1690. In 1699 the citizens witnessed the formation of the Darien scheme. In 1707 the Union between England and Scotland was accomplished, the councillors of the city subscribing the deed in a tavern in Hunter's-square, known afterwards as the Union Tavern. In 1736 occurred the hanging of Porteous by the mob, so graphically told in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' In 1745 Charles Edward, the Pretender, stayed three weeks at Holyrood, the palace of his fathers; while the clans who followed him lay encamped at Hunter's Bog. After Culloden, Edinburgh was visited by the Duke of Cumberland; and in August 1822 George IV. entered the city—the programme of his national reception, a magnificent one, being drawn out by Sir Walter Scott, who had been knighted by him in 1821. In 1842 Queen Victoria was in Edinburgh, her first visit to Scotland.

The city improvement scheme made the Corporation of Edinburgh bankrupt in 1833—the debts were but

£425,195, the assets £271,658—small sums in 1866. The British Association first met in Edinburgh in 1834; and the 'Free' Church Assembly there declared themselves to be disestablished in 1843.

Edinburgh returns two Members to Parliament—voters at general election of 1865 being 10,343, from a population of 168,121. The national Courts of jurisprudence, the University, and the numerous public institutions in Edinburgh, as the capital of Scotland, make society select, and produce congregations of such classes as minister to the wants of the aristocracy. The shops are therefore good; but manufactures, in their ordinary sense, have no seat in Edinburgh, if the vast breweries for ales be excepted, and the establishments for book printing, and the trades connected therewith, which are carried on extensively.

As a city, Edinburgh is divided into the old and the new town, the former including the streets, closes, and wynds, from the palace of Holyrood to the Castle on the west, inclusive of the Grassmarket, and its approaches, the Cowgate, and the ancient wynds leading northward for Leith. Beyond what was known as the 'Nor' (North) Loch, a small stagnant sheet of water below the Castle rock—is Prince's-street, running westward from near the Calton Hill, the promenade of the city, adorned with the Scott Monument, the National Gallery, and the finely kept gardens, open to the public, which cover the slope between Prince's-street and the Castle—the railway from the west coming in there, to the station known as the 'Waverley Bridge.'

Parallel with Prince's-street is George-street, from St. Andrew-square on the east to Charlotte-square on the west; with statues, equestrian, on pillars and otherwise, on the wide line of street. Below George-street is Queen-street, with enclosed grounds or gardens between it and the fine houses lower down the hill.

The crescents and the streets forming the new town of Edinburgh are of magnificent architecture, form fit abodes for the aristocracy of North Britain, and are well occupied.

In length and breadth the city of Edinburgh extends about two miles, and is within that distance from the frith of Forth; and her residents affirm that the resemblance between Athens and Edinburgh is striking—their town being the finer placed of the two! The beauties of the site, the city, and the district, are magnificently seen from the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, or the Castle. The houses, those especially above the railway, are ten to twelve storeys in height, and, when lighted up by the occupants, have a picturesque appearance from Prince's-street. The southern sections of the city, between Arthur's Seat and by Blackford towards the Braid Hills, Newington, Morningside, and like districts built over, are open and look well, as do the more modern extension westward by the water of Leith, and the older line eastward for Portobello.

In Waterloo-place, Prince's-street, Queen-street, Cockburn-street, and elsewhere, hotel accommodation is ample and excellent, as are the means of locomotion by cab or 'bus; and little difficulty will be found by the tourist in getting proper parties to map out the city for him, and show him how to 'do it'—inspect all that is attractive or noteworthy; but, to accomplish this, time must be allowed, as the old town is rife with historic incidents, and the new one full of monuments raised to the brave and the good. The institutions also are very numerous, and many are the guide or hand books to be had which undertake fully to describe all that may instruct or interest. Some of these brochures are good ventures for the publishers; one of date 1853, has 66 pages of information, and 80 pages of advertisements—the latter useful literature.

On ascending the Calton Hill from Waterloo-place, is a finely designed monument to Dugald Stewart, by W. H. Playfair; near it the Royal Observatory, and a monument to Professor Playfair. The old Observatory on the west may be unsightly, but compare it with the modern one closely, and the advance of science will be seen. On the summit of the hill is the pillar, erected to do honour to the memory of Nelson; it is occupied as a restaurant at the base, with liberty for those patronising the keeper, to ascend and enjoy the view from above. Eastward of this monument are twelve columns, known as 'the National Monument,' meant to commemorate the victory of Waterloo, and to be a reproduction of the Parthenon of Athens; but they are likely to remain a modern ruin—an unfinished pile.

On the southern slope of the Calton Hill, and overlooking the Canongate, is the High School, a fine structure, with ample accommodation for classes, which are well filled, and where most of the branches of knowledge are taught; nor is the intellect only cared for, as fencing and gymnastics form part of the course; the play-ground is large, and the views range over the old town, Arthur's Seat, eastward on to the south. Opposite the High School is a monument to Robert Burns, which for some time contained a statue of the poet, by Flaxman, but it has been placed in the University Library. In front of the Register-office is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington; near the National Gallery is the statue of the Queen; and between them, in Prince's-street, is the Scott Monument, the most conspicuous erection in the city.

The design of the Scott Monument was by George M. Kemp, a self-taught architect, who died before this effort of his genius was completed. The foundation-stone was laid on August 15, 1840, and the building was finished in 1844; the height being 200 feet,

and the cost £15,650. A stair of 287 steps conducts to a gallery at the top, whence the view around is grand. On the monument are 32 niches, places for statues or impersonations of the characters portrayed by the pen of the author of *Waverley*. Charles Edward, from *Waverley*, appears drawing his sword; Meg Merrilees, from *Guy Mannering*; George Heriot, from the *Fortunes of Nigel*; the Lady of the Lake; the last Minstrel, with his harp, and other figures enrich the pile. The plate laid under the foundation-stone, and never likely to see light again till 'all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust,' testifies that the admirable writings of Sir Walter Scott give more delight, and suggest better feelings, than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare. Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, 15th August 1771, and died at Abbotsford, 21st September 1832. The marble statue of the author of *Waverley*, by Steel, was placed in the monument on the 15th August 1846.

In St. Andrew's-square, a pillar, 136 feet in height, surmounted by a statue 14 feet high, has been raised in honour of Lord Melville; and in front of the Royal Bank, to the eastward, is a statue to the Earl of Hopetoun, standing beside his charger. Where Hanover-street intersects George-street is a statue of George IV.; and one to William Pitt where Frederick-street comes in further west—neither admired. Behind the old church of St. Giles is the equestrian statue of Charles II.; and on the esplanade near the Castle is one of the Duke of York—the friend of the soldier. In the churchyards and cemeteries of the city, the monuments, pillars, and statues in honour of the dead are numerous, and many of them of historic interest.

The National Gallery and the Royal Institution, west of the Scott Monument, and above the Prince's-street Gardens, are magnificent structures. They might

have been built to better advantage on higher sites, but on no other could they be more accessible to the resident or the visitor. The College of the Free Church occupies a commanding site; and behind and above it rises the tall spire of the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. The Register-office, the range of buildings erected for the safe keeping of the records of the nation, are at the east end of Prince's-street, facing the North Bridge; they are of great extent, having recently been considerably enlarged. Opposite is the Post-office, just finished, of great size, fine architecture, perfect arrangement, and most imposing site. The Inland Revenue and other offices of like character range eastwards along Waterloo-place, the bridge of which spans the ravine by which the citizens of old found their route from the Castle to the port of Leith. Hotels around numerous.

The North Bridge—few of the bridges of Edinburgh have water under them—leads across the hollow, in which are the railway stations, to the High-street; and being the thoroughfare between the old and new town, the street architecture is good, and the shops superior. The North Bridge, begun in 1763, was completed in 1769; and the year after three of the vaults under it gave way, killing five persons. Although the South Bridge looks from above as of one arch, it is a series of many, spanning the valley through which the 'cows' were of old driven to grass. From Prince's-street to High-street, by the North Bridge, is but a short way, and onwards is the South Bridge, under which may be seen the Cowgate, leading from near Holyrood to the Grassmarket, below the Castle—of old a reputable district, now the poorest within the city, and offering scope for the efforts of those philanthropists who believe it to be their mission to excavate the masses from heathenism and savageism. On the west side of the

South Bridge are the buildings of the University, nearly on the site where Kirkfield stood, the country house of Darnley, husband of Mary, who was destroyed by conspirators, led on by Bothwell.

On 24th April 1582, the charter of the University of Edinburgh was granted by James VI. of Scotland, I. of England, and son of the murdered Darnley. In 1583 the first professor was appointed; but it was nearly a century later before the College was so endowed as to take rank with the older foundations of St. Andrews, Glasgow, or Aberdeen. It was half-a-century later ere it won the name of being, what it has since been acknowledged, a school of medicine of high repute—Dr. A. Munroe, in 1720, being professor of anatomy; and Black, Ferguson, M'Laurin, Robertson, Stewart, and others, occupying chairs, did much to increase the fame of the University of Edinburgh.

The buildings became insufficient for the educational demands of the metropolis; and, in 1789, the foundation of structures more extensive and suitable was laid—the plan by R. Adam; which was followed in part, the pile as now seen being completed from a design by W. H. Playfair. In form it is a parallelogram, the principal entrance being on the east by a portico, supported with Doric columns, the arch cut out of one stone. The Professorships are 34 in number; the faculties—arts, law, medicine, divinity; and the patrons—the Crown and the legal Corporations. The bursaries, 34 in number, yield £1,172 per annum to 80 students, the number of whom average 800, half to arts and divinity, 300 medicine, 100 to law; the session begins 1st November and closes end of April; in summer, from 1st Monday in June till the end of the month, the latter term being for botany, natural history, medical jurisprudence, and lectures on medicine and surgery.

On the south side of the University buildings is the

Library, containing about 100,000 volumes, and supported by a fund of one pound from each student, five pounds from each professor, and a share of the fees exacted from the graduates in the arts and medicine—the claim the library held on a copy of each work produced in ‘Great Britain’ having been commuted for an annual grant of £575. The library hall is a magnificent apartment, 198 feet in length by 50 in width. The museum of science and art, open to the public, contains illustrations of industrial art and the natural history collection formed by the college. The building is little more than a third part completed; when finished, it will be 400 feet in length and 200 in breadth, with an average height of 90 feet. A little eastwards of the University, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Royal College of Surgeons, a building, the architecture of which is much admired, and within it are anatomical and surgical preparations worthy of the fame of the schools of Edinburgh. The Phrenological Museum is in the neighbourhood; it is open to the public on the Saturday afternoons; and the collection of skulls and busts is extensive and interesting to those who have faith in the science. The street line southward, leads to the Newington suburb of Edinburgh.

The spire—or ‘steeple,’ as the Scotch call it—of the church of Newington is tall and handsome; and a preacher, unable to gather a congregation in that church, has since become a popular minister in the city of Glasgow, the men of the city in the east, it may be, being harder to please than are the hard-working denizens of the city in the west. Near to the church of Newington are ‘the Meadows,’ the parks of Edinburgh, and though neither ornate nor of great extent, they form ‘the lungs’ of the southern section of the city of Edinburgh. A short way north of the Meadows is George-square, generations ago the fashionable locality

of modern Athens—the house No. 25 being memorable as the one occupied by Walter Scott, W. S., the father of the author of the *Waverley* novels.

Proceeding from George-square, the bridge of George IV. is soon reached; it crosses the western end of the Cowgate, leads on to the High-street, and there the hall of the Highland & Agricultural Society of Scotland is found—an institution excellent in its influence, a model one to all nations, and open to the public. On the east of the George IV. Bridge are the pile of buildings known as the Parliament House, the Advocate's Library, and other institutions of the class. They are built on the slope of the hill, from the Cowgate to High-street, the site affording great height, good light, and all needful space. The buildings referred to being of national importance, will be briefly noticed.

The range of offices under the colonnade, and behind St. Giles's church, would need the guide proper to explain all about them. Where the Parliament House now stands was of old occupied as a cemetery; and the site on which stands the statue of Charles II. is above the grave of John Knox! But it surely cannot be; else would the Reformer of abuses in the Kirk not sleep under one whom the Covenanters believed did so much to unsettle the foundations of all that was religious.

The great hall of the Parliament House, 122 feet by 49, with a fine lofty roof of carved oak, was built in 1639, and used by the Scottish Parliament until the Union; it is now the waiting-room of the Advocates, and during the session is the promenade of all the 'waiters on upon justice'—a weary lot. The statues of Forbes of Culloden, 1752; Melville, 1811; Dundas, 1819; Boyle, 1841; and Cockburn, 1854, add dignity to the fine room. Portraits also of Dundas, 1787, Robertson, Hope, and others, adorn the walls. The Advocates' Library is one of the five entitled to a

copy (often a costly one to the author) of each book produced in Great Britain; it enters from the Parliament House, has 150,000 volumes, manuscripts of great number and value, and is, as might be expected, the most valuable collection in Scotland. The Signet Library, forming part of the Parliament House buildings, contains 50,000 volumes, and is rich in historical works. A branch of a Glasgow bank, and the Police-office for the city of Edinburgh, occupy that wing of Parliament-square which is near the High-street.

Opposite the Parliament House are the buildings of the Royal Exchange, not imposing over much, modern Athens eschewing commerce, but interesting to the tourist, as at offices there he must apply for orders to admit him to the Crown-room in the Castle, and to Heriot's Hospital, should he desire to visit them.

Turning sharp to the left, after leaving the court, behind St. Giles's, is the Lawnmarket, where the drapers of old used to exhibit their muslins. On the south, a short way up, is the West-bow, the descent to the Grassmarket, where Montrose and Argyll met their fate, and to which the populace hurried Porteous to meet his. Nor was it noted for executions only, as up its narrow slope James I. Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II. and James VII. journeyed. Weir, the warlock, and his sister, put to death in 1670, lived there.

The Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland occupies a prominent site on the ascent to the Castle—the spire, 241 feet high, showing high above the Free Church College on the north. The latter, as before alluded to, occupies one of the best sites in the ancient city; and antiquarians may regret it, as, to find room for the modern building, the palace of Mary of Guise was removed. The High-street of Edinburgh, from the Cross and the Tron Church westward, was, but it must have been a century ago, considered one of the finest

streets in Europe. To Scotsmen it is one of the most interesting, as containing memorabilia of his country's history; and it is well that due notice of such has been faithfully put on record by Chambers, Cockburn, Scott, and Wilson, in their volumes of high literary merit, and which are of great historic interest.

Ascending the hill, the esplanade of the Castle is reached, on which a monumental cross has been erected in memory of those of the 78th regiment, that of Havelock, who fell in the battles consequent on the Indian mutiny. Traitors were beheaded on the esplanade centuries ago; and later it was the spot where witches were burned; now it is used as the site where the recruit is taught the 'goose step.' Above the portcullis-gate, but across the moat, is the state prison where Montrose, for adhering to the Stuarts, and Argyll, for opposition to them, were confined before their execution.

In the Castle the 'Regalia' of Scotland, long lost, but recovered in 1818, are deposited in the Crown-room, to which access is had by order. They consist of a sword of state, a sceptre, and a crown, with the Lord Treasurer's rod of office, and are carefully preserved. A room, small and in no way handsome, is known as Queen Mary's room, and that in which James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was born, 'H. and M. 1566' being carved over the door. A chapel, restored in 1853, is pointed out as that of Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1093, and as such may be the oldest of its class in Scotland.

A gun, of small power compared with the Armstrong productions of 1866, is known as 'Mons Meg,' cast in 1476, of thick iron, well hooped together, 20 inches in bore, dismounted now, but employed in 1513 at the siege of Norham Castle, was half destroyed in 1683, when made use of to fire a salute in honour of the Duke of York, who removed it to London; but having

a place in the traditional recollections of the Scots, it was sent back to the Castle in 1829 by George IV.—it may be in recognition of the warm welcome which was given him in 1822, when, as the first Prince of the Hanoverian line, he appeared among them. Reference has been already made to the sieges and captures of the old fortress; and in the gable or end wall of a house S.E. of the esplanade may be seen a ball embedded there since 1745. The house is an old one, as on the attic window are seen ‘A.M. M.M. 1630.’

The houses north of the Castle-hill, and above the railway access to the city, are known as Ramsay Gardens—Allan Ramsay having died there in 1757. On the north side of the Lawnmarket, David Hume resided, and also Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. Below Bank-street, on the north, is Dunbar-close, so named from Cromwell’s soldiers being quartered there in 1650, after the Scots were routed at Dunbar; and a house near by still shows the date of 1567. On the south side of the High-street is the cathedral of St. Giles, the parish church of the ancient city of Edinburgh, renovated in 1829, but at the sacrifice of most of its original and characteristic features. Within the western chapel is a pillar with the shields of the Duke of Albany and Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, supposed to have been placed there as an expiatory sacrifice for the destruction, by starvation, at Falkland, in 1401, of the Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III. and son-in-law of Douglas. A charter, 1359, of David II. is extant in reference to St. Giles; in 1466 it was a collegiate charge, with forty altars within its walls; and Gavin Douglas, the poet, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, was before that provost of St. Giles. At the Reformation, the cathedral was partitioned off to contain four congregations, and the church plate seized to pay the cost of doing so. In 1603 James VI.

attended divine service, and gave a lecture to his subjects before leaving them to mount the throne of England. On October 13, 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed at St. Giles's by the magnates of church and state, commissioners from England included. The 'good Earl' of Murray, shot down at Linlithgow, and the gallant Marquis of Montrose, beheaded in the Grassmarket, were interred near the south transept of the church; and on the north wall is a monument to Napier of Merchiston, the mathematician. Until 1817 the spaces between the buttresses of this ancient church were occupied as stalls by the hucksters of the city, the smoke from these wretched 'krames,' or luckenbooths, as they were called, begrimming the walls of ancient St. Giles.

At the north-west corner of the cathedral of St. Giles stood the 'Heart of Midlothian'—the jail of Edinburgh—so notable from the tale of that name, depicting the heroism of Jeanie Deans, and detailing the sacrifice of Porteous; and the entrance-door, the padlock and key of the gloomy building, are at Abbotsford among the relics hoarded up by the novelist. The 'Anchor-close' in the High-street is notable as the printing place of William Smellie, from whose press emanated the most valued of the works of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and the Douglas tavern, at the head of the close, was one of the haunts or 'howfs' of Robert Burns when residing in Edinburgh.

The Tron Church, where the North and South Bridges intersect the High-street, was so named, as the weighing-house beam was erected there, and, to it were nailed the ears of 'notour malefactors.' The chapel in Carrubber's close was built there in 1688 by the Episcopalian party, when they lost the ascendance in Scotland they had striven for; and poor as the locality now appears to be, it is not a century since the nobility of

Scotland had their town houses there; while the Whitfield Chapel in the close was at one time a theatre, built by Allan Ramsay, the poet, who lived at the head of a wynd across the street.

From the Lawnmarket eastwards the High-street is broad; at the top of Canongate—the Netherbow Port—it contracts to half the width; and at the north corner is the house of John Knox—one of the sights of the city. The house, which is open to the public, consists of a sitting-room, study, and bed-room, and is a fair specimen of dwelling-houses of the sixteenth century, the more so that the oak panelling, as now seen, has been taken from the walls of other dwellings more characteristic of that age. When John Knox became minister in Edinburgh, in 1559, this home was provided for and occupied by him until his death, in 1572. Above the door, in antique carving, is the admonition—‘lufe. God. above. all. and. your. neighbours. as. yourself;’ and under the window, where the energetic Reformer used to address the people, is a rude effigy of the minister in the act of speaking. Near this locality is a handsome building—the John Knox Free Church.

The Canongate was the approach from the palace of Holyrood to the Castle, and as such was lined with the city dwellings of the aristocracy, few of which remain. Moray House, on the south, built in 1618, was occupied by Cromwell in 1648, and by the Marquis of Argyle, who saw from the windows Montrose led to the prison it was his own fate to occupy soon afterwards—both being executed. St. John-street was the germ of the improvements of the city, the houses there being the best in Edinburgh when Burns visited it. Smollett the novelist lived there in 1766. The court-house of the Canongate has over the archway, 1591; the arms of the old burgh, with the motto ‘Sic itur adastra;’ and on the inner doorway that of ‘esto fidus.’ At the

lower end of the building is the pillory, an old stone cross, and the iron staple to which the 'jougs' were made fast. In the Canongate kirk-yard lie the remains of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Ferguson the poet. The stone over the latter was erected by Robert Burns, who inscribed on it—'This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way to pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.' Robert Ferguson was born 5th September 1751, and died 16th October 1774.

Across the street is the house of Huntly, who burned the Earl of Moray in 1591 in his home at Donibristle; and his son, the second Marquis of Huntly, was brought to the block at Edinburgh in 1649. In the court near by, the Duchess of Gordon dwelt in 1753. Queensberry House, which was the abode of the noble family of that name, now serves as a 'House of Refuge for the Destitute.' In the 'White-Horse close,' near Galloway's entry, was the oldest hostelry in Edinburgh, where Dr. Johnson found quarters in 1773. At the Abbey Court-house, debtors seeking refuge in the precincts behind obtain letters of protection; and near it is the approach to the court-yard of the palace of Holyrood.

Holyrood Palace, which is open to the visitor, is of quadrangular form, the court within being 94 feet square, and the front flanked with double towers, those on the N.W. erected by James V. The picture gallery is 150 feet long by 27 broad, the walls displaying portraits, by one De Witt, of 106 kings of Scotland! The portrait of Mary Queen Scots is good; and there is a painting, 1484, of James III. and his queen, with other figures, which was executed as an altar-piece for the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity, Edinburgh, and has recently been sent to Holyrood Palace from the royal gallery at Hampton Court. Queen Mary's apartments remain nearly as they were left by that unfortunate princess: the small audience chamber, the

bed-room, with its ancient furniture, and on one side the door by which Darnley and Earl Morton entered, and reached the cabinet where Rizzio fell under their daggers, the queen vainly trying to shield him.

The Abbey of Holyrood House was founded in 1128 by David I., and bestowed on canons regular of St. Augustine from St. Andrews—hence the name Canon-gate. The west front is finely sculptured, and of ancient date; but the windows above are of Charles I.'s time, that prince having fitted up his 'chapel royal' there, which was meant as a model for those he sought to establish throughout Scotland. Charles was crowned in it in 1633; and his son James II. adapted the chapel for Catholic worship in 'his' attempt to make 'that' the religion of his people. The roof fell in 1768, and has not been replaced. On the N.E. is a marble monument, 1639, to Lord Belhaven, with many other tombs of the nobility; and in the S.E. corner is the royal vault, where the bodies of David II., James II., James V., his queen, Darnley, and other magnates of Scotland, were interred. The grave of Rizzio is in the passage leading from the quadrangle. The Abbey, Arthur's Seat, and about a hundred yards townward from the palace, give a sanctuary to debtors. In front of the palace of Holyrood a fountain, like that at Linlithgow, was erected under the direct superintendence, and at the cost of the late Prince-Consort, whose taste in all things artistic was excellent.

Behind the palace of Holyrood, on the S.W., is Arthur's Seat, 823 feet high, and one of the features in the landscape of Edinburgh. It is traditionary that Arthur, a prince of the Britons, defeated the Saxons here 1300 years ago, and hence the name; while the Craigs below the western slope of the hill were called Salisbury, an earl of that name having been a leader in the English army which invaded Scotland under

Edward III. A carriage drive, 'the Queen's,' formed some years ago, leads round Arthur's Seat, and affords views of the Frith of Forth, East-Lothian, and the city under all its aspects. Overlooking the palace, are the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, where a hermitage once stood; but the locality, as having been depicted in the pages of the 'Heart of Midlothian'—Jeanie Deans and her trials, and the associations thereof, are now familiar to those who visit Edinburgh.

In the church of the 'Greyfriars,' S.W. of George IV. Bridge, were interred George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Black, Blair, M'Laurin, M'Crie, Tytler, and other 'men of their time,' but the spot most venerated is the lower part of the cemetery, where are inscriptions relating that 'from May 27, 1661, the most noble Marquis of Argyll suffered, to February 17, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were executed at Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ; the most part of them lie here.' The first signatures to the National Covenant of 1663 were appended in Greyfriars' Church, which was built in 1612; its spire was blown up in 1718, the magistrates having lodged 'their powder there;' and in 1845 the church was destroyed by fire, but has been re-erected. The cemeteries of Edinburgh are finely placed; in that of the Dean, to the N.W., lie buried Lords Cockburn, Jeffrey, Murray, Rutherford, and Professor Wilson.—Christopher North. In the Grange cemetery, on the south, are interred Dr. Chalmers and Hugh Miller.

The institutions of Edinburgh are numerous. That of George Heriot, who, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' is represented as saying 'The wealth God has sent me, it shall not want inheritors while there are orphan lads in Auld Reekie,' is one of the oldest, and may be also the finest. It was founded in 1628, completed in 1660, and cost

£27,000, a large sum in those days. The architectural design is attributed to Inigo Jones, and the building is quadrangular, 162 feet each way, the court within 92 feet square. The lads on the foundation, and maintained in the Hospital, number about 180, and, in addition, there are ten bursaries, open to strangers, those obtaining them having £20 per annum for four years. The objects of the institution are, the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, 'who must be the sons of freemen of the town of Edinburgh,' and such are the advantages that the boys now sent there are chiefly from the middle classes. South of Heriot's is the Hospital of George Watson, placed there for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed merchants of the city of Edinburgh, where accommodation is provided for 80 or 90 boys. Other institutions there are in Edinburgh for like objects; but the largest is that founded by Mr. Donaldson, a printer of Edinburgh, who, bestowing upon his relations a pittance to live upon, invested £200,000 in this effort to be remembered, the hospital being for the maintenance of deaf, dumb, and poor children. The building, designed by Playfair, is one of the finest in or near the city, and the site magnificent; but it has not been improved by the mass of erections at the railway, which throws the hospital into the shade.

That portion of the new town of Edinburgh which lies west of Queen-street, being on the estate of the Earl of Moray, has been built over according to feuing plans prepared by Gillespie Graham, one of the most eminent of the architects of the last generation—hence all is magnificent and massive, yet chaste, the buildings showing the better that the stone of which they are constructed is clear in colour, and enduring. The house, No. 24 Ainslie-street, was the one occupied by Lord Jeffrey; and No. 39 Castle-street, by Queen-street, left side, and near George-street, was the abode of Sir Walter Scott.

The banks and insurance-offices in Edinburgh are, many of them, of palatial architecture. The church of St. George's in Charlotte-square cost £33,000; while the Commercial Bank in George-street, and those of the British Linen Company and the Royal in St. Andrew's-square, have been reared regardless of outlay. The Scotch banking element in Edinburgh is a strong one; the Bank of Scotland, British Linen Company, Commercial, National, and Royal having their head-quarters there;—the first is in Bank-street, off High-street, and shows largely from the railway stations; and the other four are within hail of each other, and near to Prince's-street. The Insurance-offices are many, and seem all to prosper, if any inference may be drawn from the costly character of the structures in which they do business;—the lawyers predominate in the directorate of many, and, in the west, folks do not overwell like that element.

The environs and places in the vicinity of Edinburgh merit notice, as the district has many claims on those who admire the picturesque. Roslin and Hawthornden will be afterwards noticed; and Granton will have due attention when Leith comes under review, as will Portobello and the shore eastward. Habbie's Howe, the scenery of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' a pastoral poem by Allan Ramsay, and one in high favour with the Scottish peasantry, is about 9 miles south of Edinburgh, and is the favourite resort of pic-nic parties from that city. Leaving Edinburgh by Morningside, the plain extending to the west is the Borough-moor, where the levies of James IV. were encamped before marching for the bloody field of Flodden, fought in 1513, as described in the tale of 'Marmion;' and a relic of the age is shown in the 'Harestone' built into the wall, near the gate of Blackford House, as that in which the royal standard was fixed. The Braid hills are beautiful, and command the finest views to be had on this side the

city, that from Blackford hill being pointed to as where 'still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed, for fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.' On the southern slope of the Pentland hills is Woodhouslee, long the abode of Tytler, the historian of Scotland; and in a glen further off stood the house once owned by Bothwellhaugh, who, at Linlithgow, shot down the Regent Murray.

Beyond upper Howgate is Glencorse House, once the seat of the Earl of Bothwell, now that of the Lord Justice-Clerk; and in the small glen through which the Logan burn runs is scenery of great beauty. Near House of Muir, now noted as a cattle market, the Cameronians were utterly defeated, November 28, 1666, by Dalziel; the battle is known as Rullion Green by the royalists, and as that of the Pentlands by the Camerons. In the present day the fight would but rate as a skirmish, the loss being 50 slain, and as many captured, nearly all of whom were executed for the faith they held—and thus became martyrs. Beyond Silver burn, near the north Esk, is found 'Habbie's Howe, where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow.' Three miles further south is Penicuik House, the seat of Sir George Clerk, the pleasure grounds around which are beautiful, and in the mansion are fine paintings, Roman antiquities found in Britain, and the buff coat worn by Claverhouse when he fell at Killiecrankie. Hopetoun House, by Craig Leith; Ravelstone, Craigcrook, Barton, Lauriston Castle, Cramond, the Almond, Dalmeny Park, Dundas Castle, and other mansions near south Queensferry, is a route much visited by the tourist, and in favour with the citizens of Edinburgh; the road to Cramond having a coach daily. To Dirleton, North-Berwick, the Bass Rock, and Tantallan Castle; to Dalkeith, the Esk, Hawthornden and Roslin Castle, are routes of easy access, and much availed by visitor or resident in the pleasure-loving city of Edinburgh.

ELGIN, the capital of the district of Moray, known now as the shire of Elgin, is a burgh with a charter dating from William I., and is the returning one of the Parliamentary group. The district around is fertile, cultivated, enclosed, and about five miles from Burghhead on the N.E., where steamers running from the Forth to Inverness call; and in the summer a steamer plies on that station for Little-ferry, at the mouth of the Dornoch frith. Being on the route, by Aberdeen to Inverness, Elgin has ample railway connections—to Burghhead also, and a local line to Lossiemouth, on the coast eastward, which is the sea-bathing resort for the district. As a town, Elgin has many attractions, and a fair extent of local trade; but is notable chiefly as the site of one of the largest, most ancient, and best endowed of the ecclesiastical establishments in North Britain, the Cathedral of Elgin, ‘the lanthorn of the north’—now in ruins.

The diocese of Moray was made such by Alexander I. in 1115, and the foundation-stone of the cathedral laid in July 19, 1222, by Bishop Andrew de Moravia, nephew of St. Gilbert, who built the old cathedral of Dornoch. To aid the good work, thus begun, collections were made among the faithful in Europe, the Pope sending workmen from Rome to assist in the building. In 1390, Stewart, the ‘Wolf of Badenoch,’ destroyed the towns of Forres and Elgin, and burned the cathedral, the latter described as being ‘the pride of the land, the glory of the realm—lofty in its tower without, splendid in its appointments—its countless jewels, and rich vestments, and the multitude of its priests.’ In 1402 the tower of Elgin and the cathedral were again destroyed by a son of the Lord of the Isles in a raid he made into the district; but Stewart and Macdonald had both to do penance for these foul deeds, and to avert the wrath of the outraged priests by costly presents.

The cathedral, re-built in 1407, was completed in 1420; but in 1506 the great tower fell, and was not re-erected till 1538. When the Reformation era was imminent, as it was in 1568, the Regent and Council of Scotland gave orders that the roofs of the cathedrals of Aberdeen and Elgin should be stripped of their lead; but the vessel freighted with that sacrilegious cargo foundered at sea soon after leaving the port of Aberdeen. The ruins of the cathedral of Elgin were long uncared for, but of late years some effort has been made to preserve them; and of the grand old building the two towers on the west, 84 feet high each, but without their spires, remain, the large doorway between them and part of the window above being entire. The choir and its cloisters, the grand altar, and double-oriol windows above, with the two eastern terminal turrets and chapter-houses, are also preserved.

The cathedral was 282 feet in length, by 86 feet over the walls, the transept 115 feet in length, and the tower in the centre, supported by massive pillars, rose to the height of 198 feet. A flight of spacious steps leads to the great western entrance, on the floor of which was the basement level of the building. The chapter-house was octagonal, with windows rich with tracery, and the flat stone roof supported by a clustered pillar, nine feet in circumference, rising from the centre of the chamber below, with light groined arches running round, and uniting with those composing the windows. It was erected in 1480, was rich in architectural adornment, and has been much admired. The cathedral stands at the east end of Elgin, and was enclosed within a wall 1000 yards in circuit, and had four gates; the officials having each a manse and a garden within the precinct, and a glebe in the adjoining field. The great tower fell in 1711.

The towers of the ruined cathedral are still con-

spicuous in the landscape of Elgin, a town which has more of the ecclesiastical aspect than any other in Scotland, St. Andrews excepted. The Main-street is broad and long, something of a square in appearance near the centre, and that space being in part occupied by the parish church, the town-hall, and the jail. Others of the streets are narrow here and there. Some of the houses have piazzas, as of old most of them had; many stand gable-end on to the street; but the city, as it would be called, being at one time the see of a bishop and site of a cathedral, is clean in aspect, the older houses having the date of erection, and the name of the owner carved upon them. Society in Elgin is said to possess an unusual proportion of persons in easy circumstances, as might be looked for in the capital of a large and fertile district, and at such a distance from Aberdeen on the south, and Inverness on the north. Moreover, the educational advantages of Elgin are great; that of the 'Elgin Institution,' built and endowed by General Andrew Anderson, and opened in 1833, being of great value to the town, as, besides providing for the accommodation of 60 children and 10 aged pensioners, it has a free school for the instruction of upwards of 200 children. The munificent donor was the child of a poor woman, who occupied a small house near the cathedral. The railway is a short way west of the town, and the hotel built there is imposing in appearance; but Elgin has always been well provided with good accommodation for tourist or traveller.

FORRES, one of the prettiest of the inland towns in Scotland, is by railway 12 miles N. of Elgin, and 25 S. of Inverness. It is, like Elgin, a burgh of William I.'s creation, is the second in importance in the shire of Moray, and compares favourably with Elgin, the population, constituency, and corporation revenue being,

for Elgin, 7,543, 323, and £710; and for Forres 3,508, 171, and £1,131. As a parish, Forres is of small extent, being only 4 miles long, by an average breadth of 2 miles; but the acres are fertile and highly cultivated, while the climate is noted as the best and driest in Scotland; hence, it may be, it has been selected as the site of one of the most extensive hydropathic institutions of the north. The scenery along the Findhorn is of more than ordinary attraction; and the Highland railway, westward by Strathspey for Blair-Athole, leaves the coast line at Forres, where the station is superior—item the refreshment-rooms placed there.

In the town, which is half-a-mile south of the railway, much will be found to interest the tourist, the antiquarian, and the passing traveller. Trade for the latter is ordinarily safe; for the antiquarian the Runic pillar, on the road to Elgin, is one of the most remarkable to be seen in North Britain; and for the tourist the panoramic view, from the Nelson Monument on the Clovenhills above the town, will well reward the visit. Conveyances to explore the district can be had at Fraser's hotel—one which has been favourably known in Forres for a generation past.

As a town Forres is built on a dry and finely-terraced bank, sloping gently to south and north, with one main street, broad and long, but numerous minor ones dividing it to east and west, with low Saxon archways leading to closes off them, not a few of the houses being built gable-end to the street. Neatness is a characteristic of the place, even to the fishwomen who crowd the streets on the market days. The public buildings are good, and the schools superior. Forres was the birth-place of James Dick, who, in 1828, bequeathed £140,000 for the benefit of the parochial schoolmasters of the counties of Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen—the interest of the sum adding from £20 to £30 to the income

of each schoolmaster in these counties, thus ministering to the comfort of a class of men the most useful and the worst paid in the community; and James Dick should rank as a true philanthropist. The houses in the town of Forres, whether the stone be white or blue, look clean always externally, and within they are warm with 'hospitable fires.'

FORT-WILLIAM and BEN-NEVIS.—Fort-William is a village of neither size nor pretension; and, like most of its class in the Highlands, it is scarce a hundred years since its formation, the clans before that date living in the glens or by the waters, and little inclined to herd. At the time of the massacre of Glencoe, when the clans of the west had strong reasons for preferring the Stuart claims to those of the Prince of Orange, it was held needful to erect a fort on Loch-Eil. The fort, which still stands, is not overregular in construction—a ditch, glacis, ravelin, and parapets for twelve-pounder guns, form its defences, and they were found strong enough to brave the siege laid to it in 1745–6, by the Camerons of Loch-Eil. Maryburgh was at first the name of the village of Fort-William—Camerontown it may be called, the chief of that name being lord of all.

One street, running from west to east, with little appearance of a footpath, and no great display of prosperity, is the aspect of Fort-William, the steam pier on the loch being at some distance from the Caledonian Hotel, 'the inn' of the place; although there are minor houses for poorer travellers, and lodgings also for the wayfarer. The parish school is at the west end of the village, and it may be characteristic of the place and the people, that when the classes for the day are about to open, a string of lads may be seen, breechless, and with head and feet bare, marching in file behind the 'big boy' of the school, who beats a drum at their head!

Modern as the place is, the castle of INVERLOCHY, on the east, is of unknown antiquity; it was large, is quadrangular in shape, and forms a courtyard—of late years useful for the farmer to pen his cattle in. Celtic antiquarians allege that on Loch-Eil, at one time, flourished a city with large trade—‘coracles’ were frigates; and that at his castle of Inverlochy, Achaius, one of the 106 princes of Scotland, whose veritable portraits cover the walls of the picture gallery at Holyrood, signed a treaty with Charlemagne; and when Edward I. of England strove to subdue Scotland, Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, was an ally of his, one of the towers being called Comyn’s. Inverlochy is known in history, as before it was the battle ground where, on February 2, 1645, the Campbell clans under Argyle were utterly routed by the Marquis of Montrose—when Dugald Dalgetty won his spurs, as told in the ‘Legend of Montrose.’

BEN-NEVIS forms the attraction to the tourist who tarries at Fort-William, or at the Banavie Hotel, three miles eastward, and on the Caledonian Canal.

On an autumn day, some years ago, ‘we’—a dealer in colours in Glasgow, a vendor of sweets there, and an artist from the Bristol channel—‘foregathered’ in an inn on Loch-Eil, the subject of discussion after supper being an expedition on the morrow ‘over’ Ben-Nevis. The party got off betimes, ‘we,’ being in favour with ‘mine host,’ got upon a pony’s back, not much either to our comfort or advantage, the road being rough and the pace slow. Getting clear of Fort-William, past the fortress of that name, also the castle of more ancient repute, the bridge on the river Nevis was crossed, the fields to the right invaded, and ere long the S.W. flank of the mountain was turned. The ascent on horseback is practicable for about half the distance; there the steed was turned adrift, and the party essayed to climb the mountain, and, as it turned

out, the task was one of no great difficulty, a path or track, pretty well trodden, leading upwards, 'the gradients' not severe, the resting-places frequent, and some of them acceptable—that one in particular where a spring of water, cool and clear, welled out from the mountain side, not many hundred feet below the summit, and where the 'black bottle,' full of 'Long John's' best, was produced—and emptied.

On gaining the top of the mountain, a lady—tall and bony, but neither 'bonny' nor young—was before us, alpen-stock in hand, botanising on the highest land within the seas of Great Britain! The bulk of Ben-Nevis and the precise height the Ordnance surveyors have reported; but what may not be popularly known is that on the top there is a very considerable space, nearly level as a bowling-green, with here and there masses of granite cropping out, many of them not too large to be rolled about; and it was 'the delight' of Donald, the guide, to dislodge these, trundle them eastwards, and with a long-drawn 'hough' launch them into the corry—the vast abyss where, in a cleft of the mountain, it may be a thousand feet deep, the stones went downwards, raising something like smoke, certainly a smell like that of sulphur, as they bounded and rebounded from crag to crag. Snow is said to lie on Ben-Nevis all the year round, which it certainly does in the vast chasm referred to, but not on the mountain because of its height, as popularly understood.

Starting not long before noon, and loitering by the way, the day was well spent before the summit of Ben-Nevis was reached; and no haste was displayed, as being at the autumnal equinox, and the moon full, the party desired to see the sun set, knowing that the moon would light them home. The day was clear, the weather genial, and when the orb of day went down in the west, it was a sight to be remembered for a life time. The view

was magnificent—the panorama wide as the imagination could picture. To the south lay a sea of mountains but a little lower than Ben-Nevis, and apparently so equal in elevation as to look like mole-hills; westward, 4,000 feet below, the spectator beheld the river Nevis; away by Ardgour, the Linnhe Loch, and towards Mull, the water seemed thread-like in size, as did the strath by Loch-Eil and Glenfinnan for Moidart and Skye; while the dark moss of Lochaber lay below; and eastward stretched ‘Glenmore-nan-Albyn,’ the line of lochs and glens through which lay the Canal, for Fort-Augustus, the Falls of Foyers, and Inverness.

The descent to the south tried the limbs to the full as much as did the ascent on the north; and when the party reached the bank of the river Nevis, the guide waded the stream, and came back loaded with a can of milk and a handful of oat-cake—grateful both to the hungry. The walk homewards by the glen of the Nevis, was one of singular beauty; the stream at times deep, contracted, and bridged over with masses of rock dislodged from the precipice, which rises 2000 feet high, and is of sheer descent from the western shoulder of the mountain. Eight hours is given to ascend Ben-Nevis; but it may take double that time, and should not be undertaken without a guide, as the mist gathers on the mountain, and strangers may walk over a precipice—get lost in the moss—or lose their lives.

GALLOWAY, the south-west division of Scotland, may be described as the district westward of the range of hills which run from Loch-Ryan on the Clyde to the Solway frith. In early times, both sides of the range above Ayrshire—west, and Nithsdale, were comprehended; but latterly the water-shed of the Nith and its affluents, the Girvan and the Doon, were resigned to the shire of Dumfries and Ayr. The stewardry of Kirkcud-

bright and the shire of Wigtown form now the district of Galloway; and much of it is almost a 'land unknown' to the tourist, though why it should be so is hard to tell, seeing that it is of large extent, has mountains many, streams not a few, a coast line opposite that of Ireland, and its castles, abbeys, and places are of 'storied interest' in the annals of Scotland. 'Ellan-gowan' of 'Guy Mannering' is placed in Galloway, and had Sir Walter Scott localised more of his tales there, Galloway might have been popular with the tourist.

Maxwelltown, the 'Gorbals' of Dumfries, is across the Nith, and connected with that town by a bridge built six centuries ago by Devorgilla, a lady of Galloway; it is in Kirkcudbright, the southern division of Galloway; and the entire district westward to Portpatrick, on the Irish channel, is now opened out to the public by the railway from Nithsdale, worked by the Caledonian, and where the 'aggressive' North British is not likely to disturb them. From Dumfries to Portpatrick, the distance by railway is 80 miles, and the chief towns on the route are Castle-Douglas, Newton-Stewart, and Stranraer; Kirkcudbright being connected by a branch line from Castle-Douglas; Gatehouse by 'bus from the station; and Wigtown by coaches from Newton-Stewart.

To the tourist who has the inclination, and can afford time, the route by the coast, although one which demands walking or driving, is commended. New-Abbey is within 8 miles of Dumfries, where the ruins of the monastery, founded by the mother of John Baliol, will interest the antiquary, while the scenery around is beautiful. Westward by Kirkbean and Colvend is the Solway shore, one frequented by the smuggler, and the presumed haunt of the 'Dirk Hattericks' of the last century. The water of Urr is navigable for small vessels to Dalbeattie, a thriving village, within 5 miles of Castle-Douglas; and the district has many mansions

well placed, and belonging to families of repute in the story of Scotland. The 'moat of Urr' is a Roman camp, large, and with an outline still well marked.

Following the coast line, the view across the Solway to the Cumberland mountains is fine; and travelling on the road towards the parish of Berwick the secluded vale of Dundrennan is reached, where the Abbey stood which, on 15th May 1568, gave shelter to Mary, Queen of Scots when fleeing from 'the rout of Langside'—to 'the block at Fotheringham.' From Dundrennan Abbey to the shore is about a mile and a half; and the little creek whence Mary departed, in an open boat, for Workington in Cumberland, is known as 'Port-Mary;' and the rock she embarked from, the last spot of the land her fathers had ruled over, is still dear in the memory of the peasantry of Galloway, whose lords were ever ardent partisans of the Stuart cause. St. Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright, the seat of the Earls of Selkirk, is a beautiful place, and notable in the district as where Paul Jones (who had been employed there) sent ashore a party, who carried off plate which he sent back at his own cost. This seaman, held as a pirate at home, was regarded as a gallant admiral abroad.

Kirkcudbright will have a special notice afterwards; but reference may here be made to the straths of the Dee and the Tarff, which, from the Ken, by Glenkens to new Galloway, are of great beauty, while the rivers and lochs in the district yield good sport to the angler. The scenery of the Dee at Tongland is fine; and on its right bank, not far from Newton-Stewart, stood the castle of Threave, the strongest of the feudal abodes of the 'black Douglasses,' when their power was nearly coequal with that of those Stuart princes, who claimed their allegiance. A tall, square, roofless tower, of great extent, guarded by a strong barbican, which had turrets at the four angles, remains to mark

the spot, where many a deed of blood took place. Threave Castle surrendered in 1453, when the power of the Douglas family was broken, and their lands passed into the hands of the Maxwells, the last of whom, as Earl of Nithsdale, was attainted in 1716.

Kenmure Castle is another historic site in Galloway. The old keep is in ruins, but the mansion near by is tenanted; and although the lands were forfeited in 1715, the title was restored to the Gordon family in 1824. From Kenmure to Gatehouse there is a mountain track through the moorland parishes, which it was the duty of Robert Burns to supervise as an exciseman; and the locality is said to be that in which the poet produced the noblest of his lyrics—the national one of ‘Scots wha ha’e wi’ Wallace bled.’ The night, July 1793, was one of elemental warfare; and, on the morning after, the lines were produced to the friend who was travelling over the bleak district with him.

Dalry in Kirkcudbright, and Dalry in Ayrshire, are far apart; but ‘dal’ meaning place, and ‘ry’ king, royalty may have had to do with both. Carsphairn is the wildest of the mountain parishes of Kirkcudbright; and on the confines of Ayrshire is Loch-Doon, whence issues the stream made so classic by the muse of Burns. On an island in Loch-Doon stood a castle notable in the Bruce struggles, and which was one of the few places held out successfully against Edward III.

Gatehouse, on Fleet bay, is a town of recent erection, but prosperous and pleasant, the noble domain of Cally house being near it, while the water-power of the Fleet is made useful by a cotton-mill, one of the earliest in the district, the one at Catrine in Ayrshire being far off in the east. The rocky shore near the old ruin of Cardoness Castle is another locality supposed to be described as a haunt of ‘Dirk Hatterick.’

Anwoth, the parochial hamlet near Gatehouse, was

where Rutherford, the divine, was settled. Near Creetown, within 7 miles by railway of Newton-Stewart, there is a ferry to Wigtown, and not far from the village are the quarries, of great extent, whence the granite forming the docks at Liverpool was taken.

Wigtown will have its due notice in these pages, when the district near it comes under review. Newton-Stewart, like Castle-Douglas and Gatehouse, is a town of modern erection, and being at a considerable distance from Stranraer on the west and Dumfries on the east, it has attracted to itself a local trade of fair extent and profit, there being 'four banks' in the place, with customers to support them; and at the 'Grapes' Inn the traveller has ever found attentive landlords, the house being on the old mail-coach road between Ireland and England—Portpatrick and Dumfries.

Glenluce, which is in a pleasant locality at the head of the bay of Luce, was a stage on the road. It has not been famed for trade; the attraction to the visitor being the old Abbey of Luce, which was founded in 1190, and suffered little at the Reformation, but has now fallen into decay, although masses of the cloisters remain, and the chapter house, the finest part of the building, is nearly entire. Northward and westward the district is known as the 'Rhins of Galloway,' on the extreme south of which is the 'Mull of Galloway,' a rocky portion of the coast, and well known to those passing between the Clyde and the Mersey; but that section of the Galloway district will be noticed under the article Stranraer.

GARELOCH, the Gareloch-head.—The Gareloch in Dumbartonshire, and Gairloch in Rosshire—west, are far apart; in both, the word 'gare' or 'gair,' the Celt explains to mean 'short,' that on the west coast being a mere arm of the sea, little more than three miles in length; while the Gareloch on the Clyde is short com-

pared with Loch-Long, across the ridge of Roseneath. Accepting the Gareloch as beginning from a place on the Helensburgh shore opposite to the Castle point of Roseneath, the length is about 8 miles, the breadth on the south about 2 miles, on the N.W. is little more than one-third that distance; and so still are these land-locked waters, that steamers, those in particular meant for long voyages, go to the Gareloch to get what seamen term 'swung'—*i. e.*, to have their compasses adjusted.

A short way above Helensburgh is the point of Rhue, modernised into Row, the name of the point on the east, and so called from the gravelly up-turned beach-like spot which narrows the loch by half, and is the ferry for the parish of Roseneath on the west. The manse of Row is in a sweet locality; and in the kirk-yard is the grave of Henry Bell, long keeper of the Baths Inn at Helensburgh, but famous as the originator of steam navigation on the Clyde. The rising town of Helensburgh is ecclesiastically in the parish of Row.

Steamers from Greenock and Helensburgh traverse the Gareloch frequently in the season, and the breadth is such that from the deck of the steamer the beauties of the shore are fully seen. The castle of Ardincaple, on the right, was built in the 12th century, and is so comfortable as to have lately been the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Argyle. The hill-side westward is occupied by villas, most of them with domains—a large extent of land about them all well wooded and highly cultivated. The castellated mansion of Robert Napier at Shandon, on the right, will attract attention, and the treasures of art within it are many. At Garelochhead, a comfortable hotel has been for many years established; and the villas built around the 'turning of the loch' are numerous, well occupied, and have the advantage of a 'quoad sacra' and a 'Free Church' at hand, with schools in connection.

Loch-Long is within two miles of the Gareloch; and at Portincaple, on the Row shore, is a ferry to Loch-Goil, understood to be where the 'chieftain to the Highlands bound, cried Boatman do not tarry'—but 'perished there with his bride.' The drive by carriage road to Arrochar is one of much beauty.

GIRVAN, MAYBOLE, and BALLANTRAE, are in the south-west angle of the shire of Ayr, on the lower frith of the Clyde, opposite to the Craig of Ailsa, near the entrance to Loch-Ryan; and Girvan is the present termination of railway locomotion in this district of Scotland.

The course of the Girvan 'water'—rivers of secondary size being so called in Scotland—is one of much beauty throughout, rising among the wild hills which form the march or boundary between Galloway and Carrick, and the upper course of 'Girvan's fairy-haunted stream,' so called by Burns, and such it is, as it winds north and west by Genoch and Straiton, Crosshill and Dailly. The strath or vale through which the Girvan flows into the frith of Clyde is broad, fertile, and rich in seams of excellent coal; and on its banks are many fine sites occupied by the magnates of fertile Ayrshire.

Girvan was erected into a burgh of barony in 1691, and is populous, but increasing slowly, in that the loom was the main occupation of its people, and to earn bread by throwing the shuttle is now hard. The town being on the high road from the north of Ireland to the west of Scotland, the crowds of immigrants from Connaught and Ulster, finding a passage at Donaghadee, and winding their weary way eastwards, now and again settled down in Girvan. The houses occupying the larger part of the town are consequently poor, of one storey, with a room to live in and another to work in, and they are in striking contrast to the handsome, large, and costly buildings which have recently sprung up, in the shape of

banks, shops, and hotel; while the Free Church there will bear comparison with that of any body whose clergy seem to hold the purse-strings of their flocks.

Maybole, about midway towards Ayr, is chiefly built on the slope of a hill, above a strath, southward of which is Dalmellington, and the lower course of the 'bonny Doon.' The main street of Maybole has some good erections in it; but the lower part of the town, like Girvan, is occupied by weavers, and poor enough. In the neighbourhood, on the coast, is the castle of Culzean, the abode of the noble family of Ailsa, and the locality is one of great beauty. In the district, also, is the old Abbey of Crossraguel, a ruin in fair preservation.

Ballantrae, on the south shore, has a small harbour; fishing is the main occupation of its people; and there the road to Loch-Ryan runs inland by Glenap. A topographer of thirty years ago, reports that 'till the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was neither doctor, lawyer, minister, nor justice of the peace in the district.' The natives were then smugglers.

GLASGOW, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, may not have so much to attract or interest the tourist as the city of Edinburgh, but there is enough in its rise and progress, former state and present condition, to warrant a fair space being assigned to it in these pages; the Guides emanating from the eastern press giving but scant attention to any matter connected with Glasgow, the chief city in the shire of Lanark, on the upper Clyde, and in the west of Scotland.

If Edinburgh savans invite comparison between their city and Athens, the frith of Forth and the bay of Naples, the citizens of Glasgow may not disturb them, having neither a Castle-rock nor an Arthur's Seat to refer to; but the site of Glasgow is a pleasant one, and, despite all the smoke emanating from her furnaces

—her manufacturers gain wealth thence—it is a healthy city, the population being fairly employed, full fed, nor over dissipated—the whisky statistics of the press organs of the east to the contrary notwithstanding.

The size and prosperity of Glasgow have brought it into travelling connection with all the places of trade or travel on either side the Tweed, the channel, or the ocean, railways reticulating the whole district near Glasgow; and on the Clyde, at the Broomielaw, are ships and flags of all the nations of commercial importance in either hemisphere. The railways to the coast, on south or north side the river, carry their passengers at fares low indeed, and kept so by the healthy competition the fleet of steamers induces. In steamers—floating palaces many of them are well called—no river in Britain, or it may be beyond it, can compare with the Clyde for the number, appearance, accommodation, or speed of her steam craft, and well are they patronised by the half million of people located in or near the city of Glasgow.

Antiquarians attempt to elicit some topographic meaning from the orthography of the word ‘Glasgow,’ but their efforts seem futile, even puerile, as few of the explanations offered are either instructive or descriptive. Glas—‘grey,’ ‘gow,’ ‘smith;’—a smithy, these men say, once stood near the palace of the bishop, but where was the latter when the wattled huts were raised by St. Mungo on the banks of the Molendinar burn? ‘Water,’ the Molendinar may have been called in those ages when it had a current strong enough to turn the mills of the monks—hence Molendinar, its name. Others assert that ‘dark glen’ was the import of the early name of Glasgow, and point to the ravine below the Cathedral as the reason of its being so called!

The Romans had a station—a castle at Dunglass, near to Dumbarton, as has been noticed in the article

on the Clyde, and the wall of Antoninus running near where the Forth & Clyde Canal now is, at no great distance from Glasgow, a camp may have been pitched on the Molendinar. At Paisley, where the aboriginal tribes might be more troublesome, was a station for the Roman legions established there.

Kentigern, or St. Mungo, is by monkish chroniclers alleged to have been born near Culross, in 516, educated in Orkney, spent his youth in Wales, and his latter years in Glasgow, where he founded a 'stately church,' and was buried on 13th January 601. Baldrid, who succeeded Kentigern, built a chapel at Inchinnan, Renfrew; but for five centuries onwards there is a gap in the story—it may have been that the Norsemen, heathens, had found their way up the Clyde, and dispersed the Culdee religious community on the Molendinar.

Circa 1115 the see of Glasgow was re-founded by David, Prince of Cumberland, that province of England being under Scottish rule; and from that date the history of Glasgow, ecclesiastical or civil, can be traced.

In 1124, Prince David succeeded to the throne of Scotland; and, in 1129, he made John Achaius, his chaplain, bishop of Glasgow. When the Cathedral was renovated, and consecrated on July 9, 1136, the King assisted at the ceremony, and gave the bishop a grant of lands near to Partick. The bishopric of Glasgow at that time held ecclesiastical influence in Teviotdale; and Achaius dying there in 1147, was buried at Jedburgh. Joceline, abbot of Melrose, is found to be bishop of Glasgow in 1174, when he extended the edifice Achaius had founded. To Joceline the citizens of Glasgow owe their charter as a royal burgh, such being obtained by him in 1190 from William the Lion, the privilege being 'to hold a fair every year, from the 8th of the Apostle Peter (29th June), and for the space of eight days complete.' That fair continues to be held

at the same period of the year, and is known in the west of Scotland as the 'Glasgow fair week,' and is the excursionist holiday-time for the artizans.

In 1272 Robert Wishart, archdeacon of St. Andrews in Lothian, was consecrated at Aberdeen to the see of Glasgow, and this prelate was one of the regents appointed to look to the interests of Scotland when, in 1286, Alexander III. was killed. These were days of peril, the struggle between Baliol and Bruce beginning soon afterwards. Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, was one of the magnates of Scotland summoned to meet Edward I. of England at Norham; and was the statesman who replied to that prince when he preferred his claim of superiority, proclaiming 'that Scotland was a free and independent kingdom, and not subject to any other power whatsoever,' closing with the declaration that 'all true-hearted Scotsmen will stand up for the liberty of their country to their deaths.' When war broke out between Edward, 'the hammer of Scotland,' the patriotic bishop of Glasgow boldly withstood him, was imprisoned, and was not released until Robert the Bruce 'set his country free' on the field of Bannockburn. Soon after, in 1316, this true-hearted Scotsman died; but when a captive he became blind, his aliment being 6d. a day for his own table, 3d. for his chief servant, 1½d. for his chaplain, and 1d. for his boy!

Anthony Beck, a fighting prelate, was appointed to the see of Glasgow by Edward of England, when Earl Percy was governor of Ayrshire and the west—the town of Ayr being then of more political and social importance than Glasgow. The southron noble was a frequent visitor of Anthony Beck's; and one of the most daring deeds of 'the Wallace Wight' was the battle of Glasgow; when, leaving Ayr at 10 p.m., he reached Glasgow at 9 a.m., crossed the Clyde by the bridge, then of wood, and marshalled his men where the

Bridgagate now is. Forming his troops into two columns, his lieutenant, the laird of Auchinleck, proceeding by the Drygate, assailed Percy on the flank; while Sir William Wallace marched up the High-street, and at 'the Bell of the Brae,' above where the old College stands, encountered the English men-at-arms, 1,000 strong, and slew their leader; the bishop, with 400 men, led by Aymer de Valance, escaping by the Rottenrow-port on the west. In some details the incidents of this battle are historically incorrect, Percy being then in England—but the peasantry of Scotland believe in it!

When Wishart was bishop of Glasgow, the banks of the Molendinar were clothed with wood; and below where the College now is, and the monastery of the Blackfriars afterwards was, there grew a thick forest.

In 1387, when Glendinning was bishop, the spire of the Cathedral was struck by lightning and burned, being then of wood; in 1408, Bishop Lauder rebuilt the spire, making the lower part of the tower of stone. In 1484, Robert Blackadder became bishop of Glasgow, having been translated from the see of Aberdeen; he did much for his church; became Archbishop of Glasgow, and was one of the ambassadors sent in 1505 to England to negotiate the marriage of James IV. of Scotland, with Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England—on which was founded the claim of James VI., son of Queen Mary, to the crown of England.

In 1508, James Beaton became Archbishop of Glasgow; he enclosed the palace with a wall, and strengthened it with a bastioned tower. In 1522, Dunbar, tutor to James V., and Chancellor of Scotland, became Archbishop of Glasgow, when the Reformation tenets were gaining favour with the people; and means to crush such being deemed necessary, Lauder, Oliphant, and Maltman were sent from Edinburgh to urge Dunbar on to the work of bringing the Reformers to the

stake. Jeremiah Russell, a man of learning, and one of the Grey Friars of Glasgow, and John Kennedy, a mere youth from Ayr, were arraigned, convicted, and suffered as martyrs at the east end of the Cathedral of Glasgow. James Beaton, nephew of the former Archbishop of that name, in 1542, succeeded to the see of Glasgow; but the blood of the martyrs had borne its fruit; the populace of Glasgow, tainted with Protestantism, were so unruly that Beaton, under an escort of French troops, then in Scotland, escaped to France, carrying with him the documents, plate, relics, and all that was valuable in his see or within his reach.

Beaton became ambassador of Queen Mary of Scotland at the Court of France, continued such under James VI. until 1588, when that prince restored to him the temporalities of the see of Glasgow. He died in Paris in 1603, bequeathing to the Scots college there the treasures he had carried off from his native country; the condition of Beaton's bequest being that they should be sent back to Glasgow when the citizens of that burgh returned to the bosom of the church of Rome! These Scottish treasures remained in Paris until 1839, when most of them were sent to the Catholic college of St. Mary, at Blairs, near Aberdeen.

Cameron, Bishop of Glasgow, is described as holding a court resorted to by his vassals, visited by knight and noble, and wielding authority scarcely below that of any in Scotland, his retinue being splendid as that of royalty itself. Near the Bishop's palace were resident 32 rectors, each in his own manse; and the commissary courts of Campsie, Glasgow, and Hamilton met three times a week in the Consistory at the west end of the Cathedral. The parson of Campsie, the chancellor of the see, was lodged in Limmerfield in the Drygate; and there Darnley, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, lodged, when on a visit to Glasgow. The Bishop of

Glasgow was lord of the baronies and royalties of Glasgow; had 18 baronies of land in the shires of Ayr, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Lanark, Peebles, Renfrew, Roxburgh, and Selkirk, and a large domain in Cumberland, termed the 'spiritual dukedom'—these possessions comprising 240 parishes. In 1579, the Lords of the Congregation, the Protestant party, resolved that the Cathedral of Glasgow should be pulled down, the church being 'too large' and 'an idolatrous monument,' the only one in Scotland left undestroyed. Masons and workmen were assembled, by beat of drum, to commence the sacrilegious labour; when the craftsmen of Glasgow flew to arms, in protection of the Cathedral they were justly proud of, and prevented Melville, the Presbyterian president of the College, from executing the plans formed by him for razing the ancient Cathedral.

The manners and customs of the natives of Glasgow in those reforming days were curious, and their church discipline severe. Harlots were carted through the town, ducked in the Clyde, and placed in the 'jougs' at the Cross. Adulterers were placed for six Sabbaths on the cock-stool at the pillar, in sackcloth, barefooted, carted through the town, and ducked in the river. The drum was sent through the town informing the people that there must be no plays on the Sabbath, and enjoining them 'not to go to Ru'glen to see such!'

On 21st Nov. 1638, under presidency of the Marquis of Hamilton, there was convened an Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which was also attended by the nobles, barons, and most influential persons of North Britain. After a session of seven days, Hamilton, as Lord High Commissioner for his sovereign Charles I., dissolved this ecclesiastical parliament, producing the royal warrant for so doing; but the 'preachers and their adherents' refused to separate, decreed the abrogation of Episcopacy, excommunicated the Bishops

of Aberdeen, Argyle, Brechin, Dunblane, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Galloway, Ross, and St. Andrews, declaring them guilty of avarice, simony, and other infamous crimes. The whole Episcopalian fabric, which James and Charles had laboured so long to rear, was demolished; a Solemn League and Covenant signed by all classes of the people; and churchmen were declared ineligible to sit in Parliament. This remarkable Assembly continued its session until the 26th of December, the last sitting being a 'blithe day to all'—they having destroyed Prelacy and established Presbyterianism!

The history of Glasgow, in its earlier centuries, was that of its Cathedral; and the power of the Bishops waned before that of the Bailies began to show itself. In 1581, the Confession of Faith was signed in Glasgow by 2,250 persons, male and female—the deed being carried from house to house. When the civil war, which resulted in the decapitation of Charles I., broke out, Montrose encountered the Covenanters at Kilsyth, destroying them utterly—nearly 7,000 men perishing. The Magistrates of Glasgow made peace with the victor, inviting him to their city, and heaping honours upon him. In 1645, when misfortune overtook Montrose at Philiphaugh, Sept. 13, three of the most distinguished of his party were sent to, and executed in, Glasgow, October 28, 29—the Presbyterian professor of divinity in the College of Glasgow declaring that 'the guid work goes bonnily on!'

Later in the civil war, when the English Independents gained ascendancy, the Scotch Presbyterians took alarm, and mustered strongly in defence of the crown, Glasgow contributing to the levies which, under the Marquis of Hamilton, invaded England, and were defeated at Preston; and on 3d September 1650, the Scotch were crushed by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar. Cromwell in this campaign spent some time at Glasgow,

residing in a house in the Saltmarket, east side, which was removed within the present generation. The visit of the Protector resulted in good to Glasgow, as many of his soldiers settled in the city, and, being tradesmen, did not a little to foster its industry.

On June 17, 1652, Glasgow was nearly destroyed by fire—Saltmarket, Trongate, and High-street, the town of that day, being burned; and to aid the city in her distress, money was raised throughout the country. The streets of Glasgow, compared with those of other towns of the same age and size, are wide, and regularly built, much of which may be due to the visitation of 1652. With the Restoration of 1660 came trouble and trial to the citizens of Glasgow. The population being deeply tainted with the Cameronian element, the attempt to reinstate Episcopacy resulted in years of religious persecution, the full penalties of which Glasgow endured. In 1662, Lord Middleton, a committee of the Privy Council, and W. Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, visited Glasgow, and attempted so to regulate matters ecclesiastical, that 400 ministers were ejected from their parishes; Principal Gillespie, Donald Cargill of the Barony Parish, and thirteen other clergymen of the Presbytery of Glasgow, being of the number.

In 1678, Glasgow was again visited by a committee of the Privy Council, who stayed ten days, and made the provost, bailies, and many of the chief citizens subscribe a bond, which did violence to their consciences; and, to enforce their ends, the Commissioners brought into the west the 'Highland host'—10,000 caterans—all hostile to Presbyterians, thirsting for plunder, and permitted to waste the country they invaded. These Celtic marauders having levied heavy mail, in Ayrshire especially, where the Covenanters were numerous, took their route for the Highlands, loaded with plunder; but 2,000 of them were stopped at

the bridge of Glasgow—the river Clyde being in flood—by the students of the College and the youth of the town, who relieved this detachment of the ‘Highland host’ of their baggage, and marched them onwards by the West-port—the street for Argyleshire, Argyle-street—not permitting them to enter the city.

After the victory over Claverhouse at Drumclog, a party of the Covenanters came to Glasgow, and endeavoured to drive the royal troops out of the town, but could not. The battle of Bothwell Bridge soon followed, when many of the ‘Hill folk,’ as the captured Cameronians were called, were brought to Glasgow, executed, their heads stuck on pikes on the east side of the jail, and their bodies buried on the north side of the Cathedral. The stone erected afterwards to keep in remembrance the sad tragedy is preserved, and had inscribed on it the names of the sufferers. ‘These nine martyrs, with others in this yard, whose heads and bodies were not spared, their testimonies foes to bury, caused beat the drums them in great fury; they’ll know at resurrection-day, to murder saints was no sweet play.’ In the wall of the canal basin embankment, at the foot of Garngad-hill, near St. Rollox, a reproduction of ‘the Martyrs’ Stone’ may be seen; and the church on the west, a recent erection, is named ‘the Martyrs’ Church.’ Mindful of such scenes, the citizens of Glasgow became earnest partisans of William and Mary, when James was driven from England; and proved their zeal in the cause by raising, tradition alleges, in one day, a battalion, to guard the Convention of Estates, assembled in Edinburgh, to settle the change of dynasty.

The citizens of Glasgow had so deep a stake in the Darien Scheme, that its failure for some years paralysed the commerce of the upper Clyde; nor did prosperity shine upon them till the Act of Union with England,

and the rising trade with the Colonies in America, stirred them up to energy. In the Rebellion of 1715 the magistrates of Glasgow caused a trench, 12 feet wide and 6 deep, to be drawn round the city as a defence against the Stuart adherents, who, on marching south, were disposed of at the battle of Preston.

The riot of midsummer 1725 was a notable incident in the annals of Glasgow. It arose from the provost, Campbell of Shawfield, whose residence was where Glassford-street now is, having rendered himself so unpopular with the citizens by his vote on the malt-tax, that they gutted his house and created such disturbance that the military were called out, and fired on the populace, killing 9 and wounding 17, but had to retreat to Dumbarton Castle. General Wade, so famous as the maker of the military roads in Scotland, accompanied by Duncan Forbes, the Lord-Advocate, better known as of Culloiden, with horse, foot, and artillery, took military possession of Glasgow, put the 'bailies into durance in their own tolbooth,' transferred them to Dumbarton Castle, and thence to the jail in Edinburgh, where, after some days' incarceration, they were liberated on bail, but escaped further penalties. The citizens who attacked the soldiers were more severely dealt with, 19 being tried in Edinburgh for the riot, some of whom were banished, and others whipped through the streets. Captain Bushnell who commanded the troops to fire on the people was tried, convicted, condemned to death, pardoned—and obtained military promotion!

In the Rebellion of 1745, the citizens of Glasgow raised two regiments of 600 men each, one of which fought so stoutly against the rebels at Falkirk, and so exasperated the Stuart clans who won that battle, that the city narrowly escaped being given up to pillage—Charles Edward letting the magistrates off by their promising to pay a ransom of £15,000, yielding up the

arms in their city, and handing over to him the arrears of taxes due to the Government. Sir John Cope, who failed so sadly at Prestonpans, was in the field; and the magistrates relying on his ability to stay the rebel progress, demurred at the demand of Charles Edward, which was speedily enforced by a detachment under Macgregor of Glengyle, (the present laird of Glengyle is 'mine host' of the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow!) who settled the claim by the bailies paying £5,000 in cash and £5,000 in goods. On the return of the Highland army from their unhappy expedition into England, they appeared in force in Glasgow, en route for Culloden; and were so urgent in their demands, and such dangerous guests to have in the city, that their speedy exit was purchased by a contribution of 12,000 shirts (all linen then), and 6,000 cloth bonnets, cloth coats, and pairs of hose and shoes. These exactions by the rebels cost Glasgow £15,000; and in 1749 the magistrates obtained from Parliament £10,000 in relief of the loss.

The 'Tobacco Lords' were the commercial magnates of Glasgow; and, when the Americans struck for independence, the Virginian interests of these traders was so perilled, that a corps of 1,000 men was raised at the cost of the city, and their services offered for the Colonial war—leading merchants of Glasgow becoming the recruiting party—Finlay piper, Wardrop drummer, and the flag-bearers and swordsmen, heads of families whose names grace the civic annals.

In 1779–80, when the Gordon anti-Catholic outbreak threatened to convulse Great Britain, the citizens of Glasgow stood heartily by the Protestant side, 85 clubs (12,000 members) banding themselves together for that end, and maintaining a correspondence with Lord George Gordon in London. The wild incidents of that era are vividly drawn by Dickens, in the pages of 'Barnaby Rudge.' In 1780 the 'fervid' Protestants

proved their zeal by a riot, resulting in the sacking of the shop of a Catholic dealer in King-street, and of his pottery in Tureen-street, Calton, for which acts of insubordination the magistrates were made to pay.

In 1787, a strike against reduction of wages took place in Glasgow, the weavers cutting the webs from their looms, burning them on the streets, and so conducting themselves that the military were called out, the Riot Act read, the people fired upon, and three men killed and many wounded. It is instructive as to the distribution of the population of that day, that the mob mustered in the Drygate; and the dead were buried in Calton, 6,000 being at the funeral.

In the wars, 1791 to 1815, consequent on the Revolution in France—the rise and fall of Napoleon the Great—Glasgow came prominently forward as a loyal city, her citizens mustering for the volunteer corps of the time, when invasion was anticipated, and Britain on both sides the Tweed stood armed to repel it.

In 1819–20, when famine was in the land, employment hard to find, and the artisans of the last generation waking up to take an interest in the affairs of the nation—‘Radicals’ they were called—a rising took place, which resulted in a yeomanry fight at Bonnymuir, near Kilsyth, with a troop of famished weavers, and on August 20, 1820, in the decapitation of James Wilson, who had left his loom in Strathaven to become ‘head centre’ of the public movement. It is still a moot question in Glasgow whether or not the Radical rising referred to was excited for party political objects, and a late member of the press in Glasgow ‘turned the penny’ by the discussion of the abstruse subject!

In 1832, Glasgow felt severely the visitation of cholera, upwards of 3,000 persons falling under the pestilence. Since then cholera has been in the city, but with less virulence at each appearance; and Glasgow

is now so superabundantly supplied with the finest of water from Loch-Katrine, that the approach of the pestilence is less dreaded. The danger of decimation by fever and plague will also be largely abated when the City Improvement Scheme Act, passed June 1866, is brought into operation—the wynds and closes of the city being cleared away, dwelling-houses for the labouring classes erected, and air let into the over-populated districts. The water scheme cost £1,000,000, and the improvement will cost one-half more, but the assessments to meet them will be cheerfully borne.

To give figures for the rise and progress of the commerce, manufactures, and trade of Glasgow, is beyond the scope of these pages. It may suffice to state that, from being a mere collection of hovels on the Molendinar, the streets of Glasgow and its suburbs extend for miles along the Clyde—Parkhead to Partick, east to west, being nearly a continuous line little short of five miles, and Port-Dundas to Port-Eglinton, north to south, about two miles—and still the city grows. The improvement scheme threatens to play havoc with the ‘craw-step’ roof and quaint-windowed houses which are so very dear to the antiquarian.

Like many other towns of its class, the city of Glasgow has an east and a west end—the former the chief seat of manufactures, spinning mills especially; the latter where the homes of the manufacturers are built; and far as they may be apart, the system of ‘bus accommodation is so admirably developed in Glasgow, that the intervening space is held of small account. To Andrew Menzies, the enterprising owner of the ‘Rob-Roy’ tartan coloured ‘buses, the credit of supplying his fellow-citizens with such frequent, cheap, and excellent means of transit is mainly due; and it is pleasant to know that the speculation has been a good one.

Although the city of Glasgow, compared with that of

Edinburgh, is low in site, yet the ascent on the north, where Glasgow proper is built, has the Garngad, Garnet, and other hills within its bounds, and they are steep enough to make it a hard pull for cab or cart.

Adjacent to the Cathedral, the noble and extensive building of the Infirmary rises on the west; on the esplanade of which a statue has been erected in honour of James Lumsden, Esq., late chief magistrate of the city, who, in his lifetime, took a deep interest in that institution.

The Cathedral, the High Church of the city of Glasgow, is the finest and the best preserved specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. Eastern critics pronounce the pile to be more massive than elegant; but it well suits the dark ravine below, the city of the dead beyond, and the smoke-laden atmosphere around. Founded by Bishop Achaius, chaplain in 1133 to David I., to shield from baronial violence the influence of the priesthood partially obtained, it soon gathered around it those who desired to live at peace.

The floor of the choir is 100 feet above the level of the Clyde; from east to west it is 320 feet; the breadth, 63 feet; height of the nave 85 feet; of the choir, 90 feet; the spire is 325 feet; and the building has a circumference of about 1100 feet. The pillars supporting the pile are 147, windows 157, various in size, of exquisite masonry, some of them 40 feet high by 20 in breadth; and since 1856 the beauty of this ancient Cathedral has been greatly added to by the windows being filled in with painted glass, chiefly executed by the best artists of Munich. In this laudable effort to adorn their 'High Church,' the citizens of Glasgow were liberally aided by Parliament, the finest of the series of windows, that on the east, having been so provided for. The first window was erected in 1859. Since then the 'good work has gone bravely on,' and to enumerate the names of the donors, would be to go over

the names of the nobility of the west of Scotland, the merchant princes of the city, and those who have risen to station by the development of the industrial energies and mineral resources of the country. A guide-book, with views by Bower, can be had within the walls, and for all details the tourist is referred to it.

It is years since the nave of the western division of the Cathedral was occupied on Sabbaths as the Outer High Church; and for the congregation meeting there, St. Paul's in John-street was built, the internal erections removed, and the fine old Cathedral restored to most of its former grandeur. In the tale of 'Rob Roy,' that outlaw meets with Francis Osbaldistone in the 'Laigh Kirk,' the vault or basement floor being then preached in as the Barony Kirk, that congregation now assembling in a building of their own, hard by—a house neither attractive without nor ornate within, but crowded on Sundays by those who love 'good words.' In 1588, the Reformation era, the ash trees growing round the Cathedral were cut down to form benches for the male members of the congregation, their better halves being expected to bring stools with them to sit upon; and thus it may have been that the notable Jenny Geddes of St. Giles' flung her stool at the priest, and led off the riot which raged so furiously in the east and north of Scotland. If the ladies went thus armed to church, their lords were also provided with weapons of offence, carrying swords under their cloaks, and even the minister had his sword by his side—but the Presbyterian priests of that age were stout soldiers.

The renovation of the Cathedral of Glasgow was under Government supervision, the restoration being intrusted to Edward Blore, Esq., an architect and antiquarian, who took care that the character and style of the repairs should be in keeping with the original design. Mouldings, finely executed, were found when

excavating, leading to the idea that the present church had been preceded by one older.

The kirk-yard, where generations have been interred, is large, and so thickly laid with grave-stones that grass can scarcely find room to grow. It is now closed to the public, the cemetery across the ravine being the chief burial-place of the north-quarter of Glasgow and of the more wealthy of the citizens in the district. On the rocky eminence, high as the spire of the Cathedral, are placed the pillars and monuments of the dead, numerous and finely designed; and from the walks through the Necropolis, an extensive view is obtained of the city of Glasgow, its populous suburbs, and the course of the Clyde from the south downwards.

The rocky hill having been covered with firs was called the 'Fir Park;' and, although of rock, galleries now pierce it at various places, where vaults are formed for the burial of the dead. The approach from the west is by 'the Bridge of Sighs' (a rather fanciful name), which spans the Molendinar, where the small stream in the depth below is dammed up, and thence forms a cascade, which is useful for impelling the machinery of the mills and works further down the ravine. As for the Cathedral, a guide-book, specially descriptive of the Necropolis and the monuments there, can be had by those desirous of cherishing recollections of their visit.

Further south, in the small open space, are a row of one-storeyed houses, traditionally reported to be where the unfortunate Darnley lived while in Glasgow. Southward runs the High-street, in which a few 'old' dwellings remain, the upper or steeper portion of which is known as 'the Bell of the Brae'—where Wallace met Percy and beat him—as the Scottish peasants believe. At top of the 'brae' referred to, and westward, is a narrow street, the Rottenrow, fashionable of old, when priests were powerful; and some houses there are ancient,

but few seem old enough to date back even to the Knox era. A little below the Rottenrow, but across the 'brae,' is the Drygate, where the élite of the city abode of old; and it is but of late years that an ancient pile, known as 'the Duke's Lodging,' was taken down, and replaced by a barrack-like erection, meant as houses for the workmen, ground being valuable, and employment abundant. The Drygate consists chiefly of small houses, few of them of this century's erection.

Duke-street and George-street lead east and west, neither of them old, and both wide. In Duke-street, the Bridewell and North Prison are built on the north side, and on the south is an extensive thread factory, stone-built, flat-roofed, and with reservoirs there for water to quench possible fire. Further south are the Cattle markets, and farther on the Annfield row, and behind these, the villa-like suburb of Dennistoun, so named as occupying the feuable acres of Dennistoun of Golfhill, the mansion so called being eastward of the feus.

For nearly a mile square, the land on the south was of strong clay, dug up, milled, moulded, dried, baked, and utilised in the mills and stalks which crowd the locality; and the pits thus formed were filled in by the loads of earth excavated elsewhere for the basement of houses. Freestone being as abundant in Lanarkshire as slates are in Lorn, Argyleshire, the street architecture of Glasgow is fair, the houses being of hewn stone. In the Gallowgate section of the city, however small the rooms for the labouring classes may be to live in, there is open space out of doors, and the fever-rate is less than in the crowded wynds of the town.

Eastward of the Gallowgate, stretch the suburbs of Camlachie, Parkhead, and Tollcross, and southward are those of Calton and Bridgeton—the latter so named, as across the Clyde runs the highway to Rutherglen, a burgh and small town south of the river, and 2 miles

from Glasgow. Until the Reformation, it was co-equal in political importance with Glasgow, and in the Bruce era, the greater place of the two—the castle of Rutherglen being garrisoned and strong, while that of the Bishop's Castle of Glasgow could not stand a siege.

The Green of Glasgow, the park of the people living and labouring in the eastern suburbs, extends along the north bank of the Clyde. The trees in it are old but getting fast blighted; and the carriage drives, of more than 2 miles in extent, were, a generation ago, frequented by the middle and upper classes. Now the Green is used chiefly for 'mass meetings of the people,' volunteer reviews, military displays, gymnastic exercises, &c. To the memory of Nelson, a pillar 143 feet in height has been raised, the top of which was shattered by lightning, but it is now wholly repaired.

Southward, from below the Rutherglen bridge to that near the Court-houses, flows the Clyde, deep and broad enough to give excellent bathing facilities for the youngsters of the city, and used by the youth of the middle classes as the rowing-course for their regattas—the Isthmian games of the citizens of Glasgow; trotting matches coming off near Airdrie, and what are called horse-races at Paisley on the west. Glasgow is a place of commerce, and her youth have naval aspirations; consequently, in the summer the river is crowded with crews, in slim, canoe-like creations, straining their muscles, expanding their chests, and brightening their complexions with this healthful exercise. In mid-summer, cups of gold and silver, and prizes of value, are competed for—these aquatic amusements having been ruled over for years past by a gentleman, energetic, enthusiastic, and liberal, but surely he might be called 'admiral' or 'commodore,' and not 'major'—volunteer honour won to the contrary notwithstanding.

Northward from the Court-house building leads the

Saltmarket, notable in the pages of 'Rob Roy,' as there lived 'the Bailie, and his faither the deacon afore him.' But the street is now one where 'decent folks' could scarcely abide. 'In hell or Dublin city,' Robert Burns, the poet, alleged the devil was to be found! Now, had the Saltmarket of Glasgow been in his day what it now appears to be upon a Saturday night, the 'devil need not have been banished furth of Scotland.'

Where the Saltmarket intersects the Trongate, stood of old the Tolbooth of Glasgow, the Cross of the city, there executions took place, and public flagellations were administered. Eastward runs the Gallowgate, not very many years since so steep and narrow, that it was told by people then, when the 71st or Glasgow regiment were in action at Vittoria—'Charge them up the Gallowgate' was the order given by Cadoogan, their gallant Colonel, who fell there in the arms of victory. His death was avenged, and a monument has been raised to him in the Cathedral of Glasgow.

The High-street upwards is, year by year, becoming less ancient in look, and, what with city improvement schemes and Union Railway operations, threatens soon to pass wholly away, and to the advantage of those who now live in it. Well up High-street stands the College or University of Glasgow, established in 1450 by William Turnbull, bishop of the diocese. Its charter was obtained from James II. in 1453; and a bull from Nicholas V. recognised it as a school of theology, canon and civil law, the arts, and faculties, with power to confer degrees, which were valid throughout Christendom.

The College was opened in 1451, but was unendowed, as the first patron who bestowed lands on the learned corporation was Lord James Hamilton; and the noble example thus set was soon followed by others. In 1560, Queen Mary founded five bursaries for poor youths, with 13 acres of land adjacent to the College;

and in 1577, James VI. bestowed on the University the vicarage and rectory of Govan. Charles II., in his effort to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, largely impoverished the College of Glasgow, by alienating from it the revenue of the bishopric of Galloway; but in 1693, these lands were partially restored. In 1702, the students attending numbered 402, and since then the University continues to progress.

The buildings were erected in 1656, are imposing and massive, but soon to pass away, the place having been sold for railway purposes, and the lands of Gilmorehill, above the west-end of Glasgow, acquired on which to build the new University. The situation is commanding, and the funds considerable; while no doubt exists that the merchants and manufacturers of the west of Scotland will subscribe all that may be needful to carry out the architectural plans, and thus confer on the city one of its noblest and most useful piles. The professorial roll of the College of Glasgow has on it many names high in arts, literature, and science, but too long to recapitulate here. The Hunterian Museum, in rear of the College buildings, is a chaste structure, and the collection there of books, coins, paintings, and anatomical preparations, are of great value, and being added to yearly. The founder was William Hunter, M.D., an alumnus of the College.

Returning to the Trongate, an equestrian statue of William III. is before the Cross steeple, the latter a remnant of the old Tolbooth; on the north is the Tontine, the old Exchange of the city. The Trongate westward was, fifty years ago, held to be one of the finest streets in Europe. It is broad, long, the houses pretty regular in outline, of fair height, and the shops below fully and respectably tenanted; but even in Glasgow there are handsomer streets now. Westward of Trongate, and in a continuous line, runs Argyle-street, and on-

wards by Anderston-walk. In Queen-street, off Argyle-street, is the Royal Exchange, built in 1829 at a cost of £50,000, and in extent, accommodation, and architectural beauty, worthy of the commercial metropolis of Scotland. The News-room is 130 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and lofty in ceiling, the latter supported by columns. In front of the Exchange is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Marochetti, and placed there at a cost of £10,000, which was raised by subscription. Across the street is the British Linen Company's Bank; eastward, in Ingram-street, is that of the Union, with statues on the walls; and opposite to it is the Athenæum, Reading-rooms at present but of old the Assembly-rooms of the city.

Proceeding up Queen-street, George-square—the 'square' of Glasgow—is entered. Formerly railed in and kept somewhat like a garden, it is now open to the public, with ornate plots at the corners, and walks to each point of the compass. A tall pillar is in the centre, surmounted with a colossal figure of Sir Walter Scott; an equestrian statue of the Queen is near it, and that of her lamented consort to be placed close by. Monuments to Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, 'with his martial cloak around him;' to James Watt, the engineer, long resident in the city; and to Sir Robert Peel, who was a 'burgess,' are all in this place or square.

On the south side of George-square is the Post-office, plain enough, and not over large. On the north are the Crown, Royal, Queen's, and Imperial Hotels; and near by are the exit gates of the railway from Edinburgh and the north. On the west side are the Globe, Clarence, and Crow Hotels, with a costly pile in course of erection for the Bank of Scotland. Westward is St. Vincent-place; and onwards extends St. Vincent-street, where not many years since the wealthy traders of Glasgow were domiciled; now the buildings are

being altered, heightened, and occupied by insurance companies, or merchants whose transactions demand office space, and warrant princely premises.

Crossing St. Vincent-street, and running north and south, is Buchanan-street, where the fair sex promenade, and the shops ('establishments' they are called) are most attractive, the highest rents for such being obtained, as it is a thoroughfare of the city, where the features of Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, and Regent-street, London, are combined. Below Buchanan-street, and across Argyle-street, is St. Enoch-square, with a church at bottom, an open space in front, and where farmers and tradesmen meet on Wednesday, the market-day; but the square will soon be otherwise occupied, as the terminal station of the City Union Railway will be placed on the eastern side of it,—the property already being bought up at 'railway compensation rates.'

On the west side of the square is the office of the 'Evening Citizen,' produced by the Queen's printers, and its sale pushed by a legion of 'city arabs,' shoeless, and of both sexes, but labouring in this way for their bread; and the occupation, it is believed, keeps them honest, there being a marked diminution of juvenile offenders brought before the 'bailies' since the Messrs. Hedderwick offered to the public daily papers for 'one halfpenny each'—a successful undertaking.

South of St. Enoch-square is Clyde-street, running along the river side, but above the Broomielaw bridge. The latter is a granite structure, of recent erection, 500 feet in length, wider than London bridge, but still over-crowded. In the city of Glasgow there are bridges across the river—at the Court-houses, the Stockwell, and the head of the navigable waters of the Clyde—the Broomielaw. Opposite Maxwell-street there is a suspension bridge, which, having pontage exacted, is not much used. The bridge at Stockwell-street replaced

one built there centuries ago, which was long the only one leading into the city from the west of Scotland for the north and the east. The view from the Broomielaw bridge is one of the finest to be had in Glasgow or elsewhere, as the forest of masts and crowds of steamers give character and animation to the scene, which extends far down the river; but to that full reference has been made in the article 'Clyde.'

Across the bridges are the southern suburbs of Glasgow; that of Hutchesontown on the east is so named as having been built on lands feued from Hutchesons' Hospital, one of the charitable and educational institutions of the city, which are few compared with those in Edinburgh. Gorbals, west of Hutchesontown, was until lately an independent burgh, in so far as matters civil went; now it has been absorbed in Glasgow;—the district is one of the poorest and most over-populated, but the latter evil will soon be remedied. Adjacent to Gorbals is Laurieston, so called as the houses and streets (handsome and spacious then) were chiefly erected by the late James Laurie, a merchant in the city. Westward of Laurieston is Tradeston, inland of the Clyde, and largely occupied by artisans connected with ships and steamers. The street southward from the Broomielaw is broad, long, well-built, occupied, and leads on to 'the Queen's Park,' a large extent of land recently acquired by the Corporation of Glasgow, tastefully laid out, and excellent in situation,—its neighbourhood being rapidly covered over with villa-like abodes, is in favour with the economical, as being beyond reach of the heavier municipal taxes.

The street northward from the Broomielaw bridge is Jamaica-street, short, but, as a leading thoroughfare, it is crowded, and has some fine buildings to show; that recently raised on the west side by Messrs. Burns, of the Irish, English, Continental, and Atlantic steamers,

being one of the finest, as might have been looked for from the extent and character of the business so long maintained by them. Crossing Argyle-street, the thoroughfare holds up Union-street, an improving one, and not the less so that it leads direct from the shipping on the Clyde to the shipping on the deep canal at Port-Dundas—the passenger station of the railways from Greenock, Ayrshire, and the west, being contiguous to the Broomielaw bridge; and that of the Caledonian Railway for the south, being nearly on the line of Union-street; while that of the North British Company, for the east, north, and west, is but a short way off to the right. Above Stockwell-street the Union Railway is carried across the Clyde, thence through Bridgegate, by Stockwell-street, to St. Enoch-square, for the passenger traffic; that for goods leads north by Saltmarket and High-street, the station about to be formed being where the old College of Glasgow stands.

Half a mile northward, by Union-street, from the Broomielaw, the long line of Sauchiehall-street leads westward, and for the greater part of its length the shops are the handsomest in the city, the pavement wide, and the promenade a favourite one, as the 'belles' living in the palatial abodes westward find it an eligible route for the city; and when the young gentlemen stream homeward from business there runs a strong counter 'crinoline current,' and one here and there hard to stem—and dangerous to cross.

On the right of Sauchiehall-street are the Garnethill series of streets, the space between occupied by isolated dwellings, but doomed soon to give way to continuous ranges. The Corporation Galleries, where assemblies of the élite of Glasgow society are held, are in Sauchiehall-street; and directly opposite lived Pritchard, so 'infamous' that the very stone-steps of his house were chipped off for relics—if the report of a London

penny-a-liner may be credited. Should a stranger visitor, accustomed to gloat over Madame Tussaud's exhibition in London, place himself in the hands of a Glasgow cabman to see the sights in Glasgow, he will be driven west to where Madeline Smith is said to have offered the poisoned cup to her French lover; to Sauchiehall-street, further west, to the house notable as where Jessie McLachlan butchered her fellow-servant; or to Sauchiehall-street east, where the most heartless of murders was perpetrated by Pritchard, a man of education, but neither born nor bred in Glasgow.

At the termination of Sauchiehall-street is that of Kelvingrove, leading to the West-end Park of Glasgow, a locality known in song—'Will ye go to Kelvingrove, bonnie lassie, o' being long a favourite air in the west. The situation is the finest within reach of the citizens of Glasgow; and their municipal rulers, after acquiring the domain, spared no cost in adorning it to the utmost, the late Sir Joseph Paxton being employed for that purpose. The trees are aged, numerous, finely disposed, umbrageous, and well-cared for; while the walks and drives are extensive, and kept in excellent order. One drawback is, however, hard to overcome, that of the river Kelvin, which forms the western boundary of the Park, is slow of stream, not deep, and, when the weather is warm, 'inodorous,' its upper waters coming down unsweet from the slums of Maryhill.

The ground in and near the West-end Park has been feued off at high rates, the view commanded from the windows of the houses above it being wide and magnificent—such as will bear comparison with any to be had in the East, due allowance being made for the difference in character of the objects surveyed. The lower course of the Clyde, Paisley, 'the braes o' Gleniffer,' the sea of houses all around, and soon the noble pile of the new University rising in the west, are all within scope;

while the town houses of the merchants and manufacturers of the city, as built in the Circuses and Quadrants near the Park, the Claremont Gardens on the south-east, and Woodside-terrace above, all challenge admiration. Lectures, balls, routs occupy and amuse the modern Athenians; but the denizens of the city of the West work hard, enjoy their meat 'before it perisheth,' are amiably social, and not hard to get access to.

The institutions of Glasgow are not many, and teachers allege that, with equal devotion to their duties, they could earn one-third more in Edinburgh; still, means of instruction at school or college are ample. Churches are numerous in Glasgow, and many of the more recently built are fine erections; but it may be doubted if their number keeps pace with the increase of population, in part to be accounted for by the immigration of Catholics from the west and south of Ireland being continuous and great; and though such may go to confession or crowd to mass, few of them are, in the Scotch acceptance of the term, church seat-holders, or subscribers to ecclesiastical 'sustentation funds.'

GLENCOE—GLENORCHY—LOCH-LOMOND.—Under the head 'Ballachulish,' some notice having been taken of the route eastward from Loch-Leven, the subject matter of this article will be the road westward from Loch-Lomond for Ballachulish—that taken by the coaches running in the season with tourists from the south, by trains from Edinburgh or Glasgow, parties en route from the Trossachs, or coming from Strath-Tay.

The tourist leaving Edinburgh by train at 6.15 a.m., Stirling at 6.45 a.m., Glasgow at 7.35 a.m., reaches the steamer at Balloch at 8.45 a.m., which starts up Loch-Lomond at 9 o'clock, picking up at Tarbet (near Loch-Long), or Inversnaid (not far from Loch-Katrine), those who may have tarried by the way.

At Ardlui, near the head of Loch-Lomond, the coach constructed for the Glencoe traffic is in waiting; time being given at Inverarnan for those so disposed to 'touch glasses' at the excellent hotel there, when the horses are put in motion, and the high-wheeled roomy conveyance sweeps onward by Glenfalloch; the rule being to stow in or on the coach as many as will submit to have their persons so disposed of, and where the load is overmuch for four horses, another pair are harnessed ahead of them, and occasionally, when extra conveyances are necessary, the cortege is a pretty long one.

At the mouth of the Arnan water is a cut which had been made to let the steamer up when the loch is full, but now seldom of service, the boats being larger and drawing more water than those on the station some years back. The shires of Perth and Dumbarton meet near Inverarnan, and the tolls in the two counties lie within a hundred yards of each other. From Ardlui pier to some miles upwards in Glenfalloch, the road is fringed with wood, rich and beautiful; while the river Falloch on the right comes down rapidly, the numerous cascades being beautiful and in full view. The rocks in the river channel are water-worn, those by the roadside boulder-like, as if they had rolled or been borne from a distance, and are striated in layers of many colours, as if gold-bearing quartz lay there for the crushing.

The highlands of Arrochar on the S.W., and the mountains on the E., beyond which is the water-shed for Loch-Katrine, show well from Glenfalloch, the southern section of which is richly wooded. In the strath are two farms, that of Glenfalloch on the south and Killater on the north, occupied by brothers, whom it would 'grieve' no one to get acquainted with. The lands they farm are large as a German Principality—their rents great as what may be paid into the electoral exchequer (gaming-table earnings included).

These farmers come from the southern highlands of Scotland—one of them keeps ‘excellent claret.’

As the inn at Crianlarich, near a toll on the road, is reached, the district on the left becomes bare; and the mountain rising to the N.E. is that of Benmore, at the head of the braes of Balquhiddar, and above those of Glengyle, the stream from which flows into Loch-Katrine. At Crianlarich the coach eastward from Killin and Aberfeldy comes into the road for Glencoe, receiving such passengers as may be travelling thence, or from Oban, for the strath of the Tay. The drive through Strathfillan to Tyndrum is a short one; and at the hotel there the Glencoe coaches from east and west meet. The route westward for Inveraray, via Dalmally, leads off here, and on for Oban.

Tyndrum, one of the highest inhabited localities in Perthshire, was one of the old inns, and good of its class, built by General Wade, who, between the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, did so much to lay open the Highlands of Scotland to the progress of civilisation. Mine host of Tyndrum claims to be the representative of those who, generations ago, owned the braes of Glenorchy, and he and his brother are extensive sheep farmers and right good-hearted men. In testimony of which see the magnificent silver candelabra on the sideboard of the coffee-room, inscribed as presented to them by a relation who had prospered in China, and to whom, when friends were few, they had proved ‘friends indeed.’ The census returns give the name of ‘Clifton’ to the collection of huts a short way north of Tyndrum, whose occupants came to find employment in the ‘lead mines’ of Breadalbane. That such works existed may be seen by the broken surface of the mountains to the left, but the mines were unproductive, and the hamlet thrives not.

Turning sharp to the right, and passing the west

toll—for there are none in Argyleshire—the road leads up a rather steep ascent. The river, which comes down so rapidly, and through a channel rocky and deeply cut, is that of the highest feeder of the Tay, a river which brings a greater volume of water to the ocean than does any other in Scotland. It is known here as the Fillan, or the Dochart, from near Crianlarich to Killin, and at Kenmore, ‘the great river head,’ it issues out of Loch-Tay—as the Tay.

Above the ‘braes of Glenorchy,’ Bendouran on the right is magnificent in outline, great in height, smooth and green to the summit. The division between Perthshire and Argyleshire is marked by a stone dyke on the hill-side, and readily seen, as the water runs westward. These streams grow fast; though mere burns in appearance, yet from their breadth of channel, and number and size of water-worn stones, they must at times come down the ‘braes of Glenorchy’ with vast power. A stream comes down from the east, and, following its course upwards, the pedestrian will find himself en route for Glen-Lochy, whence the Lochy flows into Loch-Tay, near Killin—the latter a famous resort for the angler.

Between Bendouran on the west, is the strath of the river Orchy, with a good road along its bank, being the route direct from the Black Mount for Dalmally and Loch-Awe. At the bridge where the Orchy is crossed, and the angle is a sharp one, the coach road turns northwards by the Orchy, which flows deep, rapid, and is full of ‘fish,’ as salmon are called by the natives. Approaching Inverouran, the hill-side has some fir trees to show, dark, but pleasant to look upon—timber of any sort having been nearly lost sight of since Glenfalloch was passed. Looking northward, Loch-Tulla comes in view, of no great extent, but deep, with small islands on its surface. On its northern shore was the lodge of the late Marquis of Breadalbane, the bleak

wild country being locally known as the 'Black Mount'—without verdure, and the fewer the animals, deer excepted—'biped or quadruped'—the better the forest.

Inverouran is a stage on the route, with good quarters for the angler, and a good dram for those who love it. The river Ouran—hence Inverouran—falls into Loch-Tulla above the inn, where the coach road sweeps eastward. The vast extent of treeless, vegetationless land, stretching far by Loch-Lydoch into the Rannoch country, is as uninviting in the distance as could well be looked upon; and to venture upon these fathomless morasses would be not without peril of life. The keeper's cottage seems a snug one, the kennel near by noisy enough, and the display above the door of antlers of deer is attractive. Deer of course there are; and if any simple tourist would like to see one, Roger, the driver, will extemporise one on the nonce—any horned animal, if far enough off, being pronounced such! Stones crop out everywhere on these bleak wastes and steep hill-sides; and could science so advance as to make such combustible, then might the mountain tops of Argyleshire be covered with cabbage gardens—one of the dreams of 'scheme promoters' of the last century! The road is well made, but the character of the land is boggy, as it appears to quake under the heavy load of the coach which rolls over it.

When the summit-level of the district is reached (and the guard or driver will quote the exact feet above sea-level), the descent begins to King's House, the river in the hollow then flowing on to Loch-Etive; the Cruachan-Ben mountains on the west being laved by the waters of Loch-Awe on the south, and those of Loch-Etive on the north. King's House was one of General Wade's erections. It is smaller than those at Tyndrum and Dalmally, but the public room is of fair size, and the bar is crowded when the coach arrives

laden with tourists athirst for milk or whisky, and all the maids in the 'toun,' as such detached houses are termed, turn out to serve them—not gentlemen only, as it is one of the pleasing features of the Glencoe route that tourists come in parties—both sexes, and the road is at times right pleasantly beguiled. In the season, half-a-dozen carriages, from east and west, may be seen there—King's House, by Glencoe, being mid-way between Tyndrum and Ballachulish.

A road leads westward from King's House for the shootings at the head of Loch-Etive, where population is scant, as were deer also some years ago, and the laird of that forest was made to refund heavily for rent exacted for game where game was not. The ascent from King's House is long, but not severe; and on the left is Buachal-Etive (the herdsman of Etive), one of the finest outlined mountains in the west. Sweeping past this great inland landmark, a cluster of huts is reached, and thence northward lies the pedestrian track (the Devil's Staircase), which leads direct for Fort-William, saving the distance by half—as travelled by drovers returning from the south, but not commended to the tourist; the road being rough, there are no houses by the way, and the mountains are more bleak than beautiful.

Descending into Glencoe, the glance onwards is magnificently grand. Some notice of Glencoe, as approached from the west, appears in this work under article 'Ballachulish,' but the route is one of such attraction for the tourist, and so full of interest, that space should be given to scan its beauties from the east. The glen has mountains on both sides; those on the right may be the higher, but it is on the left where they are most imposing; the stream coursing down in frequent cascades along their base, and the wall of rocks rising high and precipitous above it. The lofty and scarcely accessible rocky mountains would be a fitting place for the eyries

of the eagle—the king of birds. That such are found there, we are informed in the glowing pages of Macaulay, but—they are rarely seen. High as these mountains appear to be, there are loftier heights beyond, from whose furrowed sides there stream down, what in the south are called ‘grey mares’ tails’—cascades discharged over the precipitous mountain sides.

The road through Glencoe is well engineered; and heavily laden as the high-wheeled coaches usually are, neither life nor limb are in much peril, as the drivers are experienced, and the powerful drags are worked by careful guards. As the water-laden clouds, when driven across these mountain wastes, are now and again tapped by the sharp peaks, they burst as waterspouts and sweep all downwards in wreck and ruin. Such storms account for the deep water-courses which fissure the mountains on the right, where an elemental outbreak occurred last season, when the road was swept away, and the gentlemen coming down in the coach had to carry the ladies across the flood and the debris, to the sister coach, which was despatched from the west to meet them. It was some weeks before the road was quite safe; and when ‘we’ passed that way—one of a pleasant party, and under cover—a heavy lurch of the coach disturbed us, a stop took place, and all scrambled out as best they could, when we discovered that the flood from the mountains had undermined the roadway, and the off hind wheel had sunk down as deep as the strong frame of the coach would permit! No mishap befel, beyond some little delay, when, applying the strength of all to the work, the wheel was lifted up; but happy it was for the travellers that the accident occurred on the left side of the road, as on the right the glen lay hundreds of feet sheer below.

Near the foot of Glencoe horses are changed, and the small inn there on the left is so uninviting in appear-

ance, that the 'needful' liquors are offered on a table by the roadside. The pair of black bottles contain the 'best' whisky for gentlemen—for others a cheaper fluid,—but both from the same cask! Glencoe is the resort of artists; and on a sign-post by the roadside such are informed that lodgings may be had—trees surround the place, and the locality is a warm one.

GLENCROE.—Tarbert, Loch-Lomond, by Cairndow to Inveraray—The glen of 'Ossianic' fame on Loch-Leven, upon the confines of Inverness-shire, and that of the 'Cobbler' guarded Croe on the confines of Dumbartonshire, are jumbled in the minds of those tourists who are made to believe that 'grilse' is the feminine of 'grouse'—those simple travellers who confound Loch-Leven in Kinross-shire, where Mary Queen of Scots suffered durance, with Loch-Leven at Ballachulish, below Glencoe and near the Linnhe-Loch!

In the season, well-appointed coaches, running in connection with the steamers on Loch-Katrine and Loch-Lomond, start from the magnificent hotel at Tarbet, and cross the isthmus via Ballyhenan toll-bar for Arrochar, at the head of Loch-Long, a distance of a couple of miles. At Arrochar a road leads off to the left for Garelochhead, the Gare-Loch, and Helensburgh, and the drive is a beautiful one. Rounding Loch-Long on the right, the last toll in the county of Dumbartonshire (and there are none in the shire to the west) is passed through, the finely situated mansion of Ard-garten is left behind, the shores of Loch-Long departed from, and the vale of the Croe entered.

This glen is well-sentinelled by the mountain, quaintly named 'the Cobbler,' and drawn as 'at work' or 'at rest,' as it may be viewed under various aspects, the height across the glen being called 'the Cobbler's Wife,' and natives allege they are a sulking pair. The

summit of the Cobbler is crowned with granite rocks; and the task of ascending such, tradition says, was the test of the powers of the sons of the chieftains of old, he best able to climb it being made chief by the clan Macfarlane, who were in Arrochar as the Johnstones in Annandale (the southern Highlands of Scotland), notable thieves, the northern clans living by the prey they could drive in the moonlight from the Levenax.

Glencroe is less savage in grandeur and magnificent in outline than Glencoe on the west; but the solitudes are dreary, and the ascent is long, severe, and continuous, until the stone seat of 'Rest and be thankful' is reached—a place on which it is alleged Earl Russell commended John Bright to place himself; and the latter knows the district, as he is no stranger in the Highlands. This stone, so famous, is inscribed as having been erected by the soldiers of the 22d regiment, the road-makers under General Wade—

'If you had seen these roads before they were made,
You would have blessed God Almighty and thanked General
Wade.'

The summit level being reached, the small tarn of Loch-Restal is in sight, and by it a road leads off for the head of Loch-Goil; that for Cairndow, on Loch-Fyne, keeps onward for a short way, then trends to the left, and approaches the policies of Ardkinglass, where another route leads on to St. Catherine's—the steam-ferry across Loch-Fyne for Inveraray. Approaching Cairndow, the route becomes of increasing beauty; and the locality of the old inn, long known as that of 'Dugald Paul, is one of the quietest and sweetest the pedestrian could desire to tarry in—the coaches changing horses there; while for the sparse population there is a chapel in connection with the parish church at Lochgoilhead, this district being that of Kilmorich, at one time an independent parish.

The shore of Loch-Fyne is but a few hundred yards from the inn, and the pedestrian can be rowed across; but the coach must travel round the head of the loch, the distance to Inveraray being about ten miles—there being few drives within the Highlands or the Lowlands more beautiful. The Fyne, the feedingstream of the loch, is crossed by a bridge of many arches, the farm-houses are large and well placed, the strath stretching southwards far as the eye can reach, the heights on the north lofty, with trees to their base, and the finely-wooded domains of Ardkinglass are second only in district importance to that of Argyle, and show well.

Where the loch widens, the ancient castle of Dunederagh is seen, of old the feudal abode of the clan Macnaughton, a worthy scion of which race perished in command at Cabul. The vicinity of the castle and town of Inveraray is richly beautiful, and will be elsewhere described. The coach from Tarbet runs on to Oban, by Loch-Awe; but time is given to dine at the Argyle Hotel, and to have a turn in the Castle grounds, through which the highway runs.

GRANTOWN—Strathspey, in the north-east of central Scotland—is on the Highland railway, 23 miles west of Forres, 60 miles north of Blair-Athole, and has many attractions for those visitors to the district who can find time to tarry by the way. The river Spey, from its rise in the west to its efflux into the German ocean at Garmouth, near Fochabers, has a course of about 90 miles; the stream runs fast, the rapids are many, and, draining a district so extensive and mountainous, the flood is vast which it carries to the ocean. Its course was marked by the wildest wrecks of the desolation caused by the Moray flood of 1829, and few bridges then escaped being swept seaward.

Now the aspect of the district is greatly altered in

Strathspey, as it is penetrated from the coast by the great Highland railway for Kingussie, Blair-Athole, and Perth; and farther down by a line more nearly following the strath of the river upwards to Abernethy, at no great distance from Grantown. In the annals of Scotland, the chiefs north and east of the Cairngorm mountains were a turbulent race, from 'the Wolf of Badenoch' to the Grants of Castle Grant—the last act of the drama, opened in 1689 by Dundee at Killiecrankie, having been closed at the Haughs of Cromdale, in Strathspey, in 1690, when the clans encamped there were surprised, routed, and slaughtered.

Anderson, an authority in all matters descriptive of the Highlands of Scotland, remarks that 'no village in the north of Scotland can compare with Grantown in interest and regularity, and in beauty of situation.' The hotels are superior; while the houses of the village are small in size, uniform in appearance, and built of the fine clear-grained granite which abounds in the district. The village was founded, towards the close of last century, by the noble family of Seafeld, whose ancient mansion of Castle Grant is in the neighbourhood, and is one of the attractions of upper Strathspey, which were not many years ago explored by our Queen, who crossed the Grampians from Braemar, and made a short stay in the hotel at Grantown.

By railway and road Strathspey is now well opened up to the tourist; and to the angler the river and numerous lochs near the upper Spey afford excellent sport, and ordinarily well rewarded. The woods in which Castle Grant is embowered are extensive, the timber valuable and aged; and the forests on the Spey have been for generations past the most extensive in the north-east of Scotland, the rafts being formed and floated down the Spey to Garmouth and Kingston, or cut and conveyed by railway for use in the south.

The range of mountains which divide the strath of the Dee and the Spey are magnificent in outline, lofty, but accessible. The drive eastward has many attractions for the tourist, and the climb upwards for the geologist, who is rewarded now and again by Cairngorm stones, which are beautiful, falling in his way.

Before the Bruce era, the Comyns were the ruling powers in upper Strathspey, and their ancient castle of Loch-in-Dorb is notable as having withstood the siege of the English invaders. The ruins which exist are of great extent, and wholly cover the square rock which rises as an island, access to the fortress being at one point only, and there the defences were strong.

Loch-an-Eilan is another fortress of repute in national history; but the whole district is marked with such evidences that the time has been when 'the Wolves of Badenoch,' or the 'Caterans of Lochaber,' were wont to sweep the braes of Moray, ravage the Lowlands, and drive the prey to their wild homes, safety in such inroads being found in the embattled abodes of the chiefs.

The district teems with objects of interest, from the fine policies of Kinrara on the west to those of Arndilly on the east; while the straths near Dulnain and the Findhorn are well worth exploring, and means to do so can be had from Grantown or from Forres on the coast. Near Inveravon is the mansion of Ballindalloch, finely placed; and at Aberlour, farther down the strath, the district becomes warmly settled, many well-built houses rising up in the district. The iron bridge of Craigellachie, spanning the Spey, is of great advantage to those settled there; and three miles behind is the small town of Rothes, on the route to Elgin, the capital of the shire of Moray.

The great mail road from Perth, by Blair-Athole, crossed the upper strath of the Spey at Kingussie, and onwards by Aviemore for Carrbridge and the Findhorn.

Kingussie is still a town of local importance, a station on the railway, and whence the mail coach runs daily, by Loch-Laggan, Ardverike, and the parallel roads of Glenroy, to the banks of Loch-Eil, Fort-William, and the west. Aviemore is now a shooting-lodge, there being little traffic on the road northward; but near it is Belleville, where 'Ossian Macpherson' resided; and to him a monument, which is an ornament to the district, has been raised as a Gaelic scholar.

GREENOCK, on the lower Clyde, where the noble river becomes a frith, is, by water and railway, equi-distant from Glasgow 22 miles, and shares with that city the large import and export trade of Scotland; the docks (tidal ones) being extensive, the harbour of easy access and perfectly sheltered. In language of the Celt, Greenock is called 'Gramraig,' the 'sunny bay;' and such it may have been, when, two centuries ago, it became a free barony, having in 1635 obtained right to hold fairs and markets, and such privileges were in 1691 confirmed to the infant town, the lord of the manor having signalised himself at Worcester as a partisan of the royal cause. So slow was the progress of Greenock, that it was at Cartsburn, now its suburb on the east, whence the ships, fitted out in Renfrewshire, sailed on the ill-fated expedition to the isthmus of Darien.

Sir John Shaw sought in vain for aid from Parliament to form a harbour at Greenock; but his feuars agreeing to pay him a tax of one shilling and fourpence for each sack of malt they brewed into ale, construction of a harbour was undertaken in 1707 and completed in 1710, at a cost of £5,000—a large sum when the Darien scheme had brought Scotland to the verge of ruin. In 1740, the harbour trust of Greenock had a surplus of £1,500; and in 1833, the report of the Parliamentary commissioners informs us that 'affairs in Greenock were flourishing,

ably managed, expenditure moderate, remuneration to servants just, and accounts clear and accurate.'

In 1710, a customhouse, subordinate to that of Port-Glasgow, was established at Greenock; and in 1719, the merchants despatched their first ship to the American colonies. The trade of the port is now vast. Greenock has long held a high reputation on the Clyde for its shipbuilding and engineering establishments; Caird, Scott, Steele, and others, dividing the profits of that branch of industry with the Napiers and other eminent firms in Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Renfrew. In 1695, the town is returned as containing under 1,700 souls. The census of 1861 shows the population to be 42,098; corporation revenue £50,730; constituency 1,871. It was made a Parliamentary burgh by the Reform Act of 1833, and sends one Member to Parliament. As a port, Greenock has been distanced in the race for wealth, by its rival (Glasgow), on the upper Clyde.

The burgh of Port-Glasgow, and the ancient village of Gourrock, are—the first some two miles by railway east of Greenock; the latter at present, by road or by water, as far to the west. Lord Brougham gave no small offence when, addressing the 'bodies' of Paisley, he informed them that they occupied a western suburb of Glasgow. The accomplished speaker had gone from attending a meeting of the British Association in the College of Glasgow, was driven west in the carriage of an ex-Provost—a civic baronet; and the aged lawyer may just have waked up from a doze when the carriage rolled over the Cart to the Cross of Paisley. Before a continuous line of street unites Tradeston of Glasgow with Williamsburg of Paisley, the ship-yards and works crowding the shore eastward from Greenock to Port-Glasgow, and the villa-like abodes westward, and a continuation of these toward Gourrock, are likely to make Greenock stretch from the green hills of Kilmalcolm

on the east, to the smooth braes of Inverkip on the west—Port-Glasgow having been cut out of the former, and Gourrock out of the latter parish.

Above and below the town of Greenock the hills are of no great height, but press close on the river Clyde, leaving but small space for house-building purposes. Hence, the well-paid artizans of Greenock are miserably domiciled; and the fever rate in the vennels there is higher than in the wynds of Glasgow or the closes of Edinburgh—the text that ‘cleanliness is next to godliness’ having apparently small weight there, among the labouring classes gathered from the Hebridean isles of Scotland and the ruder parts of Ireland. The rain-fall in Greenock is great, and the complexion of the ladies is fair. ‘Does it rain always in Greenock?’ inquired a visitor—‘Na,’ replied the native, ‘it sometimes snaws.’ The reservoir on the hills on the S.W. gives a fair supply of water; and the frith of Clyde being so near by, the town should be healthy, but it is notoriously otherwise. The seafaring population find too many harpies and crimps in Drummer’s-close to waste their wages, and with whom to melt their advance notes;—to find a remedy for such ills it should ‘grieve’ their chief magistrate until such be discovered.

As a town, Greenock has little to attract the tourist, the Well Park, the Cemetery, and the Customhouse-quay excepted; and to get at the latter by the East-quay lane is, in sight and smell, not over-tempting, the run being a sharp one from train to steamer, or vice versa, and the length too short and the lane too narrow to charter a cab—so that the plan in progress of the Caledonian Railway carrying its tourist traffic to the quay of Gourrock is a move in the right direction.

The town of Greenock is notably prospering in ship-building, sugar-refining, and other maritime connections; and the hotels, although their coffee-rooms widely

differ from those at the Trossachs, Oban, Ballachulish, Braemar, or Blair-Athole; yet the snuggeries within doors are inviting to the wealthy shipmasters who have cast anchor for life in the precincts of Greenock; and they are excellent customers, the keepers of houses for their entertainment making a good thing of it, as at least did the keeper of the good old house over the way, and not far from the railway station—but in a town where liquor is in demand, it does seem a little strange that the second of the hotels should this season have fallen into the hands of a lady teetotaler!

Of the rise, progress, and prospects of the town of Greenock, figures in abundance might be quoted, but not being within the scope of these topographic pages, they are eschewed; and this article may be closed by commending to the notice of the tourist who finds the town on his route—it may be, waiting until the Iona receives the mail-bags from England—to look across the frith to the white houses of Helensburgh; the lofty Ben-Lomond beyond them; the wooded domains of Roseneath on the N.W.; the high hill of Knockfarrel, above Loch-Long, and beyond Ardentinn; the rugged outline of 'Argyle's Bowling-green,' near Loch-Goil; the Finaart hills, above Kilman; the crowd of vessels, steamers and others, lying at the Tail-of-the-Bank outside, and those rounding the Battery Point to the west, the latter in haste to catch the train, and the 'racing and chasing' is sad—as poor Park the poet had it—that takes place between the Customhouse-quay of Greenock and the station, within half-a-mile to the south—and reached by a lane in no respects beautiful.

HAMILTON, BOTHWELL, BLANTYRE, on the river Clyde, are eight, nine, ten miles southward from Glasgow, and in guide-books described as being in the environs—suburbs they are not likely to become, as they lie eastward.

Hamilton is the chief town in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire. The county courts are held there; and it is a burgh of the Reform Bill era, although how it escaped being made such when Charles I. and II. were so liberal in their distribution of these honours seems strange, as the noble family of Hamilton suffered severely in the civil wars, the head of the house suffering on the block for his adherence to their cause.

The population of Hamilton was, in 1861, 10,688; constituency, 404; revenue, £1,176; and when the sewing of muslins was prosperous, the maids of the district were so employed, and profitably. The locality is one of the richest in the west of Scotland, at the foot of Clydesdale proper; the sites for mansions are fine, and well occupied, society being good; cavalry barracks are there; and coal is abundant in the Wishaw district, which lies a little way east, and iron-works where money has of late years been largely made.

To the tourist, the attraction of Hamilton is the Palace of the noble family of that name, the premier dukes of Scotland, the family having been settled there for centuries past, and showing largely in the annals of Scotland. The domain surrounding the Palace is extensive, much admired, and visited that the herd of the wild cattle of Caledonia kept within the preserves may be seen. The antiquarian, literary, and artistic treasures garnered up at the magnificent Palace of the Duke of Hamilton well merit notice; and in the town cheap descriptive guides may be had.

Bothwell, the ancient abode and domain of the Black Douglases, the heroic nobles of the wars of Scottish independence, is within a couple of miles of Hamilton, lower down the Clyde, and reached by the bridge, altered only in being made wider, whereon the final struggle of the Covenanters of Scotland took place, the incidents of which are so vividly depicted in the pages of 'Old

Mortality,' by the author of *Waverley*. A hotel, in all respects superior, has been recently erected here; and for pic-nic parties or honeymoon sojourners it is most cordially recommended.

Blantyre Priory, farther down the river, is another point of interest, and much visited; access by railway to Hamilton and the district near it being at frequent intervals and at moderate fares.

HAWICK, JEDBURGH, KELSO, on the border of the Tweed, and under the Cheviot hills, deserve notice; and, although different in character, are grouped together, as being all on the North British Railway, and near 'the Land of Scott,' the district made famous by the poetic and prose writings of the gifted novelist.

Neither Hawick nor Kelso have risen to the rank of being Parliamentary burghs, although the former has long prospered in the woollen industry of the south of Scotland, and the latter, in the richest strath of the lower course of the Tweed, is one of the most influential of the grain markets of the fertile district.

Jedburgh, in the earlier annals of Scotland, was one of the bulwark fortresses of the eastern border, and figures frequently in the sieges and storms of those days, when it went hard with the North Britons to escape subjugation by their brothers of the South. Jedburgh has a charter from David I.; population, 3,428; constituency, 174; and revenue, £29. What may more interest the stranger is the ruined Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, but tradition says on the site of one placed there two hundred years before. The castle of Jedburgh was one of the strongest in Scotland; and Surrey in 1523 reported to Henry VIII. that 'there are two times more houses than in Berwick, and well builded.' When wars had ceased, and the kingdoms became united, Jedburgh waned in

importance, but, as being the shire town of the county of Roxburgh, and the courts held there, it has still weight on the borders. The site of the ancient castle of Jedburgh is occupied by the jail for the county; the building is an extensive and imposing one, and the view from its castellated walls wide and beautiful.

Hawick, on the Slitrig water, where it flows into the Teviot, is a town of growing importance, the stocking-weavers chiefly, and others employed there, being notable for their advocacy of liberal opinions; while their masters, the manufacturers, are known to be an enterprising and prosperous set of men, who have done much to improve the district. Coal not being found in the neighbourhood was a great bar to manufacturing prosperity, but the railways which now traverse Teviotdale supply the mineral in abundance from the fields of Northumberland, or from those of Eskdale on the west. On the old coach road from Carlisle, Hawick was one stage from Jedburgh and two from Kelso; and the route south by Mossbail, though a bare one, was full of mostrooping anecdotes, which the debateable land lying under the Cheviots, on the straths of Teviotdale and Liddesdale, and the minstrelsy of the Scottish borders, make many of the localities familiar to those who prize the poetry and prose of Sir Walter Scott.

Kelso is on the northern bank of the Tweed, not far from Fleurs Castle, the abode of the Duke of Roxburgh, and is a well-built town, in a situation more healthy in appearance than in reality—the broad river being too near, and the town lying low. The junction of the Teviot and the Tweed is a short way west of Kelso, which, although not the county town, is the most populous in Roxburghshire.

Races take place annually at Kelso—the Caledonian Hunt sometimes meets there; newspapers are published in the town; the district is of the richest; and while

the coach routes to the south by Coldstream for Newcastle, or by Hawick for Carlisle, made it of easy access to the traveller in days of old, it has now its fair share of railway accommodation, the line for Berwick-on-Tweed, by Norham Castle and the 'Field of Flodden,' having its terminus across the Tweed at Kelso.

The Abbey of Kelso was founded in 1128 by David I., who—if a 'sair saint to the crown' in the eyes of James VI., his pedantic successor—did much for the secular advantage of his people, as protection was often better found near the Abbey than under the castle wall, when the anathema of the priest was more feared than the brand of the baron. Of the massive church which stood at Kelso, and the abbot of which was scarce second in power to the bishops of the kingdom, the great centre tower and one of the transepts remain, the arches which support the lantern under the great tower being much admired.

HELENSBURGH—KYLES OF BUTE.—A conjunction of places which, until this season, would not have been thought of; but, for reasons to be given, they are now on the same route for the tourist, and may be fairly booked for one article in this series of topographic sketches, specially meant to aid the tourist in traversing Scotland, and to point out how 'best to do it,' and where he may most agreeably sojourn on the way.

Helensburgh (by railway 24 miles from Glasgow, 69 from Edinburgh, and by water little more than 4 from Greenock) is ecclesiastically in the parish of Row, a district in the shire of Dumbarton, north of the frith of Clyde, east of the Gare-Loch, and with Loch-Long on the west. A century ago Helensburgh had no place in the county map, as it was 1777 before Colquhoun of that ilk bethought himself of turning part of his lands on the Clyde to account by founding a village,

feuing off his acres, and calling it Helensburgh—Helen being the name of Lady Colquhoun.

In 1802, the village had thriven so well that it was constituted a burgh of barony, with a provost, two bailies, eight councillors, a jail, and all the etceteras of municipal management. Moreover, besides the chapel or church subordinate to the parochial one at Row, there are two Free churches, one United Presbyterian congregation, an Episcopalian chapel, with Independent and Baptist meeting-houses. Chambers, in his *Gazetteer*, estimates the population of Helensburgh as 600 in 1821; by the census of 1861, it was reported as 4,749; and may now be estimated as little under 6,000. The Clydesdale and Union Banks have branch offices in the town, which boasts also of a gas company, telegraph office, public cemetery, two libraries, a choral union, an agricultural and a horticultural society, with debating and literary societies, and other means of improvement, showing enterprise and progress on the part of the resident population and rendering the place attractive to summer visitors. There are charming walks and drives westward by the Gare-Loch, eastward by Cardross, and northward to Luss, on Loch-Lomond; while steamers cross the Clyde to Greenock frequently, at very low fares, and also up the Gare-Loch to Roseneath,—the walk thence to Loch-Long is a short one, the view of the frith being alike extensive and varied.

From the promenade, in front of the shops and houses which line the beach, the outlook is interesting, across the Clyde to the busy town of Greenock; while the 'Tail-of-the-Bank,' in the near distance, is the anchorage ground of deep-sea steamers and ships 'waiting a wind,' before proceeding on their long voyages, which, with the crowd of fleet passenger steamers moving up and down the river, make the view one of animation and ever-varying interest.

The Queen's Hotel was long known as the Baths of Helensburgh, the house for many years being kept open by the celebrated Henry Bell, who died in March 1830, and maintained as a hotel for more than twenty years after his death by his widow. Henry Bell was buried in the kirk-yard of Row, where a statue was placed in 1851 to his honour. Here also may be seen a tablet to the memory of Captain Bain, who navigated the *Comet*, the first steam-vessel in Great Britain, built at Port-Glasgow in 1812, and wrecked off the Duris-More, Loch-Crinan, in 1824.

The North British Railway (that 'aggressive company,' as their modest opponent the Caledonian terms them), in acquiring the lines long known as those of the Edinburgh & Glasgow, became proprietors of the extension to Loch-Lomond and to Helensburgh. To develop the resources of the latter line they seem in earnest, having this season placed a fleet of steamers on the station, only a little smaller than the *Iona*, which is of European reputation as being a floating palace. Indeed, the 'Meg Merrilees' and the 'Dandie Dinmont,' on the Rothesay and Ardrishaig and Kyles of Bute station, threaten to hold their own. 'Dinmont' of 'Guy Mannering,' with his dogs 'Pepper' and 'Salt,' kept the 'crown of the causeway' in modern Athens; and if the paddles of Meg 'move merrily' enough, the tourist booked through by the North British system of railways will have no reason to complain of electing to travel westward without change of carriage, moving of luggage, or the other annoyances of travel, the advantage of booking through to Bute or Loch-Fyne being conducive to the comfort and equanimity of the traveller. By the Helensburgh route the tourist gets on from Edinburgh to Oban in one day's travel.

At the first-class stations of the railways in France, a party is to be seen with a cap labelled 'This man

speaks English.' If the handsome and magnificently appointed steamers on the great routes westward, from either side, had an official aboard whose special duty it was to instruct as to the beauties of the sections of the 'land of the mountain and flood' they swept through, it might be an advantage; but as this is not yet the case on the line from Helensburgh to Ardrishaig, the attractions of that route will form the matter of the remainder of this article.

The train arrived and luggage aboard, little time is lost in casting off from the pier—for is not the rival steamer 'blowing away' across the Clyde, waiting the advent of the mail train from the south—that steamer being subsidised for carrying the letters west?

The steamer moving on, one glance may be taken up the Gare-Loch to the right, another on Ben-Lomond in the distance, and it may be a look up the river towards the rock of Dumbarton; for a few minutes brings the steamer abreast of the finely wooded domains of Roseneath Castle, built in the Italian style, 184 feet in length, 121 in breadth, with a tower 90 feet in height, and occupying the site of their 'Eastern House,' an ancient castellated abode of the Dukes of Argyle, which was totally destroyed by fire in 1802.

South of the Clyde are the cemetery and west-end streets of Greenock, the Sailors' Home on the slope of the hill, the Battery below it, the bay and town of Gourrock, with Ashton to the west—the latter a line of villa-like abodes on the shore of the Clyde.

On the north is Kilcreggan, a watering-place rapidly growing, just west of the policies of Roseneath Castle; and the line of buildings extending to Cove is nearly continuous. Roseneath is the parish of which Butler, the husband of Jeanie Deans, is drawn as having been the minister; and Cove (the shore line is full of caves) as the place where the smugglers encountered the hus-

band of Effie Deans, and Whistler, the wild youth who knew not it was his father against whom his gun was pointed. Loch-Long runs upwards to within a couple of miles of Loch-Lomond, the neck of land between Arrochar and Tarbet being within that distance.

A few miles up Loch-Goil is the picturesque hamlet of Ardentinny, 'the sweet lass o' Arenteenie' being a popular song in Scotland. Nearer the frith of Clyde are the rapidly increasing villas on the Blairmore shore; and on the stony point is Strone (such places as the latter are so named in Gaelic), on S. E. point of the Holy-Loch, with handsome houses and a couple of churches. Looking northward is the Holy-Loch, with the village of Kilmun at its head, in the parish churchyard of which is a vault, the burial-place of the Ducal family of Argyle. On the western side of the Holy-Loch is the populous village of Sandbank. On the S.W. horn of the Holy-Loch is the mansion and domain of Hunter of Hafton, the estate not so extensive, as the acres are valuable as feuing ground. Hunter's Quay is close at hand; and a little further is the pier of Kirn, a thriving offshoot of Dunoon, which is soon reached. Dunoon is the most populous of the sea-bathing villages in Argyleshire, and has a place in Scottish story, the ancient Castle, which crowned the green mount near the pier, having been a royal abode in the days of Robert the Bruce. At Dunoon pier, a coach, in all respects well appointed, waits the arrival of the steamer, to convey, by Loch-Eck, Strachur, and Loch-Fyne to Inveraray, such tourists as are booked for that most attractive of routes, which leads onwards to Innistrynich, near Cladich on Loch-Awe; and it may be well to know that tourists, before starting, should 'book through,' that places may be kept for them. The shore, from Dunoon westward to Innellan, is covered with houses and grounds of a character higher than mere sea-side abodes.

Across the frith is the Cloch lighthouse; further west, the policies of Ardgowan and the mansion of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; inland is the ancient village of Inverkip; and westward the fine villas of Wemyss-Bay, with the railway from Glasgow, competing for the traffic of the lower Clyde, with the lines debouching at Greenock and Helensburgh. Westward of Wemyss-Bay is Skelmorlie; farther on, the entrance into the bay of Largs, Fairlie, and Millport on the larger Cumbrae. Seaward runs the fair-way between the isles of Bute and Cumbrae.

Passing the stone pier of Innellan (a free one), Toward point is soon rounded, and the bay of Rothesay entered. On the south are the policies around Mount-Stuart, the mansion of the Marquis of Bute, with the line of houses from Ascog to the ancient town of Rothesay, where the steamer touches. The domain of Toward Castle lies on the right; the hamlet of Kamesburgh or Port-Bannatyne on the left; Loch-Striven leads northward; and the finely placed mansion of Southhall rises on the hill-side, where the Kyles of Bute are entered. This most picturesque of scenery is from east to west little more than ten miles; but the channel, although safe and deep, is in some places so tortuous and narrow that the steamer seems as steered stem on for the islets ahead. The little cluster, scarce rising above the level of the waters, are known as 'the Burnt Isles,' and Colintrave wooden pier being passed, Loch-Ridden opens out on the right, within which are the ruins of the castle of Eilangerig on an islet ahead, and known in the annals of Scotland as the fortress in which the Duke of Argyle placed his stores when, in conjunction with Monmouth, he rose in rebellion against James II. of England. North Bute lies on the right; and on the left are the pier and picturesque villas of Tighnabruich, a locality in high repute for pic-nic parties, and, being secluded, of growing repute as a watering-place.

The extensive powder-mills of Kames are a short way to the west, on the Tighnabruich shore; on the south is the small island of Inchmarnock, off Bute, the sound of Bute, and the Island of Arran, Loch-Ranza, where Bruce, as told in the 'Lord of the Isles,' landed in his progress for the Kirk of St. Bryde, Brodick Castle, Turnberry point, and—for Bannockburn.

On the west is the sound of Kilbrannan, the sea-way for Campbeltown in Cantyre; and on the S. E. horn of Loch-Fyne is the castle of Skipness, on the long peninsula of Cantyre. From Skipness to Ardkinglass, above Inveraray, Loch-Fyne is little short of fifty miles in length; and if any sea be found trying to the stomach of the tourist, rounding the point of Ardlamont and steering into Loch-Fyne, is the place to 'cast up accounts.' The shore from right to left has little to attract until the narrow entrance into Tarbert is reached; and there, across the rocky ridge, less than one mile in width, lies the western sea. Knapdale, as the district above Tarbert is named, improves in appearance* as Ardrishaig is neared—the latter place being where the Crinan Canal opens into Loch-Fyne; and, if an hour or two can be spared, the walk by the banks of the canal, and Loch-Gilp to Loch-Gilphead, is a fine one.

Parties booked for Oban find a coach in waiting for them by the pass at Melfort, a most attractive route; or if more than there is room for, the s. s. Linnet may take them by the canal, Crinan, and Easdale to Oban. At Ardrishaig, another candidate for tourist favour appears in the conveyance to Fordon, Loch-Awe, thence by steamer to Port-Sonachan, the pass of Awe, Taynuilt, and Oban. Another coach also awaits the tourist, conveying by Lochgilphead, Minard, Crarae, Furness, to the northern shore of Loch-Fyne, the Dhuglass water, the town of Inveraray, and the Argyle hotel, at the gate to the castle of Argyle.

INVERARAY, on the upper reaches of Loch-Fyne, is one of the most attractive localities in the inland district of the Western Highlands of Scotland; and that it is so may be inferred from the many ways of approaching it which are open to the tourist in the season,—coaches running through ‘Hell’s glen’ from Lochgoilhead, in connection with the steamer there; from Loch-Lomond by Glencroe and Cairndow; from Dunoon by Strachur; from Ardrishaig and Lochgilphead, by the northern shore of the loch; and from Oban by Dalmally, or by steamer on Loch-Awe, and coach in connection, from Innistrynich, Cladich.

Pennant, in his *Tour through Scotland*, nearly a century ago, gives a view of the castle of Inveraray, then a recent erection; and the frontispiece to his third volume is a representation of the bridge across the river Aray at its confluence with Loch-Fyne, one of General Wade’s structures, narrow, steep, and strong, built there, was swept away by a storm, and replaced by the one represented. Pennant describes Inveraray as ‘seated on a small but beautiful plain.’ The old town stood within the shadow of the old castle of the Dukes of Argyle, on the Inver of the river Aray, which was removed when the present mansion was erected; the modern town being apparently ‘built to order,’ as it mainly consists of one broad street, with houses of a height unusual in a country locality, nothing village-like in character, not even in the architecture, but all made of low-windowed fronts, daubed with lime, with access chiefly by heavy stone stairs in the rear; closes at regular distances give passages, and the humid climate making them greenish-like.

In the centre of the town is a square, half-filled by the church of the parish, the charge being a collegiate one, and the services taking place in Gaelic and in English. Being (a few long-leased holdings excepted) all the property of the noble family of Argyle, matters social

are well looked to in the 'ancient burgh' of Argyle, public-houses being scarcely tolerated, the hotel close by the castle gate, another of more moderate pretensions near the church steeple, and a third adjacent to the jail, supplying ample accommodation for the visitors. Private lodgings may also be had; and the place is one of pleasant resort, the walks being beautiful, and the policies of the castle liberally laid open to the respectable public. From the base of Benbuie, above Glen-shira on the east, to the great granite quarries of Furness, above Loch-Fyne on the west, is a delightful drive of nearly twenty miles, open to the public, and with umbrageous beech trees meeting overhead. The woods on the Inveraray domains are magnificent—beech, oak, elm, lime trees, all in rich profusion in their season; and on the road through the policies from Loch-Awe are some of the largest and finest larch trees to be seen anywhere in Scotland.

The castle of the Duke of Argyle, at Inveraray, the chief point of attraction to the visitor, was built in 1745 by Duke Archibald, a leading statesman of his day. The stone, of a blue shade, was quarried at St. Catherine's, across Loch-Fyne; it is durable, and resists well the action of the weather. Built from a design by the elder Adam, the structure is quadrangular, castellated, with a round tower at each corner, and a pavillion-like cupola rising high above the turrets, throwing light upon the entrance-hall below and the flights of stairs which penetrate the building. In the great hall are ranged, in fine taste, the dirks, claymores, shields, and muskets, borne by the Campbells on the field of Culloden, with many another piece of armour worn in the feudal struggles of earlier dates in the annals of Scotland. The Macallum-More have for centuries past played an important part in the wars of their country—their muster in 1745 having been near one-

tenth of all the clans which the House of Hanover could count upon as being for them—or not against them.

Inveraray Castle is described by a recent topographer as a modern square edifice, with a tower at each corner, erected on an extensive lawn, between the lake and a lofty range of crowded mountains. All travellers speak with rapture of the beauty of the scenery around Inveraray Castle, as well as of the splendour of its interior decorations. The Dukes of Argyle are said to have spent no less than £300,000 in building, planting, improving, making roads, &c.

In the 'Legend of Montrose' the great novelist describes the feudal abode of the Duke of Argyle of that day 'as being a noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, and outer and inner courts'—'with those dark woods which, for many a mile around, surround the strong and princely dwelling;' while 'the picturesque height of Duniuquoich, starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky, with a solitary watch-tower perched on its top like an eagle's nest, gave dignity to the scene, by awakening a sense of possible danger.' As Dalgetty approached this castle, the novelist describes 'a rude gibbet on which hung five dead bodies; two, from their dress, seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses muffled in their Highland plaids'—a spectacle apparently of too ordinary occurrence in those rude ages.

The river Aray, for the three last miles of its course to Loch-Fyne, is through the woods and the domains of Inveraray Castle. On the coach road from Dalmally, the Aray water is seen rapidly gathering volume; and, a short way after it has entered the fine woods near the castle, there is a series of cascades of great beauty, and well seen by a path leading from the highway, and which are commended to the attention of the tourist.

The trees in the park, near the castle, are finely disposed, aged, lofty; and, from the bridge across the Aray, by which the hill of Duniquoich is reached, the prospect is much admired. The river above and below is so partially dammed, that a fine salmon pool is formed, which makes an excellent preserve for the noblest of fish. The wood-crowned summit of Duniquoich may be reached by a winding carriage-way, or scaled by paths traced upwards on its face; but so devious are these that it is unwise for the stranger to climb them alone, as an instance not long since occurred of a gentleman from the south attempting to ascend the hill without a guide—he returned not—was sought for—and found cold and dead in the morass eastward.

Although Duniquoich is little more than 700 feet in height, it rises so abruptly from the level of Loch-Fyne, that it looks more lofty, and the view from its ‘lonely watch tower’ is one of great extent, and for beauty, hard to be rivalled elsewhere. Glenshira glen to the east, Loch-Dubh, and Ben-Bui, are points of attraction to the visitor; and across the Dhuglass water is a bridge which the natives declare to be of Roman architecture, as they do of one on the road to Crarae; but it may be doubted if the legions of Rome penetrated so far into the western wilds of Caledonia.

The charter of Inveraray as a burgh dates from 1648, population, 1,075; constituency, 36; revenue, £450. It is the principal town of Argyleshire, and near the chief residence of the Dukes of that name, it is a place of no small district importance. In the leading street, near the steamboat pier, is erected one of the famous crosses brought from Iona, of which island, and those near it, the Dukes of Argyle are owners.

The chief hotel, the Argyle Arms, which appears to be almost within the policies, has been recently renovated and re-furnished; and ‘mine host’ well knows

how to minister to the wants of the worthy. The George, near the square, is an old house but a good inn. A new route for the tourist has been opened this season, as a well-appointed coach runs by the granite quarries of Furness, Crarae, the policies of Minard, and Lochgilphead for Ardrishaig, in connection with the first-class steamers that ply on the station from the railways at Greenock and at Helensburgh, and by it, the tourist availing himself of the 'royal route' at the Crinan Canal may, within the day, reach Banavie, and the Caledonian Canal for Inverness.

The town of Inveraray is well supplied with water, from a spring which wells out from the mountain-side, a short way to the north-west of the town, and high above the houses. The old burial-ground of the town and parish is well worth a visit; for centuries past, since the practice of carrying the chiefs to the hallowed shores of Iona ceased, they have been laid to rest eastward of the site of the old town of Inveraray, and the ground is full; the natives going forth in the world to push their fortunes, and, if dying far from the shores of their Highland birth-place, are carried back to it when dead—a hundred corpses in the year being thus brought to be interred where their forefathers sleep.

INVERNESS, the capital of the north-east Highlands of Scotland, may have been heard of as such by the tourist. It is the termination of many routes, and has been ever famous in the annals of Scotland.

Inverness holds its charter from William the Lion; has a population of 12,509; constituency, 567; and revenue in 1863–4 of £2,269. In electing a Member of Parliament it is grouped with Forres, Nairn, and Fortrose; it is the returning burgh, its votes being more than half the number on the Parliamentary roll.

Inverness is on the 'Inver' of the 'Ness,' where the

river of that name flows into the Beaully frith, at the head of the Moray frith, and near the eastern termination of the Caledonian Canal, which, for 60 miles westward, traverses Glenmore-nan-Albyn—the great glen of Caledonia. Although there is some shipping connected with the port, and, before railways invaded that district, steamers used to ply between the Ness, the Dee, the Forth, and the Thames, little trade is now carried on beyond the import of sea-borne coal, and export of agricultural produce, the latter being considerable.

'Anderson's Guide to the Highlands' was produced in Inverness, and is eloquent on the district, being the topographic authority on the wide range of northern matters it ably and fully treats of. The fine hill which rises to no great height above the river Ness and on the westward section of the town, has been called the 'crown', and is known in the annals of Scotland as the site of a castle of the 'good king Duncan,' murdered by Macbeth (but not there), and where Malcolm Canmore ('can,' 'head'—'more,' 'great') slew Macbeth. He razed the castle at Inverness, erecting a stronger structure on a lofty eminence on the south. For centuries the castle was a royal fortress, resided in at times by the rulers of Scotland, and was in 1562 visited by Mary, Queen of Scots. When William of Orange came to occupy the throne of the Stuarts, the clans of the north were so hostile to his rule that the castle of Inverness was strengthened at a cost of £50,000. When taken by Charles Edward in 1746 it was destroyed, the wall of an outer rampart alone remaining; and the site is now covered by the County-buildings—a structure finely placed and beautiful.

Of the four intrenched camps or forts which Cromwell erected to curb the Scots, one occupied the space where the Ness flows into the frith; the outline of which is not yet effaced, but the works were destroyed after the

Restoration of Charles II., by the chiefs in the north, then smarting under the stern sway of the English captains. During the Commonwealth, Presbyterianism in the south and west, Episcopalianism in the east and north, and Catholicism in the north and west, all hated the Independents—and loved independence.

As to the scenery in the vicinity of Inverness, M'Culloch declares that 'the frith of Forth must yield the palm to the Moray frith—the mountain screens are finer, more varied, and more near—everything is done that can be effected by wood and cultivation; each outlet is different from the others, and each is beautiful; the characteristics of a rich open Lowland country are combined with those of the wildest Alpine scenery; both are close at hand, and in many places intermixed; while to all is added a series of maritime landscapes not often equalled.' On the southern side of the town there is a terraced bank about 100 feet high, richly wooded, covered with villas, and whence the view seaward is extensive and grand.

In 1685 a stone bridge, seven arches in extent, and a triumph of architecture in its day, crossed the river Ness, uniting the numerous streets, chiefly of small houses, with the town proper. Within one of the arches was a space, five or six feet square, used for the confinement of criminals and lunatics of the district, lighted by one aperture; and this miserable den was only disused at the beginning of this century, when the half-insane prisoner locked in there overnight was in the morning found dead—eaten up by rats. About twenty years ago the old bridge was destroyed by a flood or spate of the Ness, and the site is now occupied by a broad and strong suspension bridge. Farther down the river, and above the harbour, is a broad and long bridge of wood, less liable to be destroyed by the floods, as the river there is wider, the banks lower, and escape for the

waters more ready. Near the latter bridge, that carrying the railway northward for Ross-shire spans the river.

There were no highways in the Inverness district until those constructed by General Wade opened up the Highlands to Lowland civilization; and the first carriage seen in Inverness was that of Earl Seaforth, about 1715; the first stage-coach reached the town in 1806; and it was 1819 before the gentlemen of the counties of Ross and Sutherland could induce the Post-office authorities to run the mail-coach to their district—before the advent of the railway; the mail-coach line from Falmouth to Thurso—near the Land's End and John o' Groat's, was little less than a continuous stretch of 1,100 miles. Railways now reach the upper Moray frith; still only one line runs northwards from Elgin and onward to Bonar Bridge, at the head of the Dornoch frith; thence the mail-coach runs onwards.

The palladium stone of Inverness is not that on which princes were crowned, as at Dunstaffnage on the west, but an oblong, blue, lozenge-shaped stone, which formerly stood in the middle of the High-street, but is now placed in front of the Town-house, set in a circle of sand stones, called Clach-na-cludin, and useful of old for the maidens of the town to rest at, when carrying water from the river, which they did in tubs suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of two. This stone marked the cross of the burgh, where proclamations were made, and other municipal matters transacted.

As a town, some of the streets are broad, handsome, and finely built over; the shops, many of them, do a large business; and a draper trades there who appears to have a thorough belief in the benefits of continued and extensive advertising—and long may 'Mac' prosper. Recently, a street, short but magnificently built, runs from the railway station to Church-street, above the river, and where, in coaching days,

the chief hotel of the town stood. It is still there, but the trade is now largely divided by the 'Station hotel,' where the tourist can leave his cushioned carriage, and walk under cover into the carpeted coffee-room. The 'Union,' in High-street, was specially built some years ago as a hotel, and is largely patronised by the commercial community; while the teetotalers now find refuge at the Waverley. Other houses there are, of all grades and at all scales of charges.

The environs of Inverness are attractive, and in the larger hotels cards may be had showing how best to visit such, the 'moor of Culloden' included, while guides abound in the burgh; and to such our readers are referred.

IONA and STAFFA are accessible to the tourist, in the summer months, by the steamer Mountaineer, one of the best of the Hutcheson line, and for years known as such on Loch-Linnhe in summer, and the Clyde in autumn. The steamer starts early, but those going by her need have no fear that all the 'creature comforts' they may desire will be well found for them, the stewardship arrangements of these steamers having ever been in all details superexcellent.

As the weather may render advisable, the steamer holds westward by the Sound of Mull, or southward by that of Kerrera—the whole day being usually consumed in the run. Selecting the first-named route, the steamer sweeps past the ruined keep of Dunolly, leaving Dunstaffnage, Loch-Etive, Lismore, and Appin astern. The route to the northward is by Loch-Linnhe for the Caledonian Canal, that southward is by Kerrera for the Crinan Canal, the coast being well lighted throughout, and year by year more so, as the stream of travel and trade grows steadily. The Lady Rock, with its legend of 'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream,' lies right ahead, off the N.E. coast

of Mull, and is at no great distance from the southern point of Lismore. The tale of the exposure of the lady of Duart, of her rescue from the tide-covered rock, her removal to the castle of her brother at Inveraray, of the mock funeral ordered by her savage husband, and the apparition of the injured wife to her cruel lord, may be known to the tourist; but the sequel of the tale may be told, as that prompt chastisement by the Campbell chief did not fall upon M'Lean, who lived to his 89th year, but was then murdered in his bed, at Edinburgh, by Sir John Campbell of Calder, brother of his repudiated wife, and founder of the house of Cawdor.

The Sound of Mull, measured from Duart Castle on the east to Bloody Bay, south of Loch-Sunart, on the west, is about twenty miles, varying in breadth from two to three miles, and termed in the 'Lord of the Isles' 'Mull's dark Sound,' as the mountains on either side throw their shadows heavily across; but in the early day, or near the setting sun, the expanse of waters is beautiful, the channel deep throughout, the islands few and small, the shores picturesque, varied in outline, and the sweeping bay-like indentations frequent. The bulk of Benmore—i. e., the 'great mount'—in Mull, is to the left; that of Morven (the Highland parish of 'Good Words') on the right, close on the shore; while many of the bold headlands are crowned with ruined keeps of those chiefs of 'Caledonia, stern and wild,' raised when warfare was the pastime of her princes; and rapine, by sea or land, the means of living pursued by those they ruled over—the former being 'fair array'd, with brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,' for arms, 'the dagger, sword, the bow and spear,' their serfs 'had goatskins or deerhides o'er them cast; their arms, and feet, and hands were bare; matted their heads, unshorn their hair; for arms, the caitiffs bore in hand a club, an axe, a rusty brand.'

Duart Castle, a seat of the M'Leans, lies to the S.W. of the Lady Rock, on the N.E. promontory of the island of Mull, and commands the entrance to the sound. From its ruined walls a picturesque view is gained 'of cliff and shore which breakers lave; of stately tower and ruins grey; of moat and island, glen and bay; Jura's fair bosom, formed and full; the dark and shapeless groups of Mull; and blue Cruachan, bold and riven, in everlasting war with heaven.' The castle stands high, accessible from the sea only, and that approach was guarded well by postern, portcullis, and barbican. The walls are on two sides 14, on the others 10 feet, in the area within 44 feet by 22. Duart may have been as old as Dunolly or Gylen; but additions to the old keep appear to have been made, as a lintel of the door bears the date of 1663, with the crest of the M'Leans, Lords of Mull.

Ardtornish Castle lies a few miles west from Duart, across the sound, and on the Morven shore; but the ruins show little more than a square tower, although the place must have been at one time extensive, as within its walls the 'Lords of the Isles' held their councils of war, which ruled the chiefs there met 'from mainland and from isle—Ross, Arran, Islay, and Argyle;' where they found, 'hewn in the rock, a passage that—so strait, so high, so steep, one valiant hand might well the dizzy pass have mann'd 'gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand.' Dunstaffnage was held by the Macdougals, Duart by the M'Leans, and Ardtornish by the Macdonalds of Islay and Skye.

The northern shores of the sound of Mull, known as Morven, are irregular in surface, poor in soil, and indented by Loch-Aline, which runs inland, nearly opposite to Aros Bay, with scenery beautiful towards the top, and a castle of vast strength, sacked by Colquhoun, who made wild work among these castles.

Aros Castle is another classic site on 'Mull's dark sound,' and 'Morven's swart shores;' it crowns a lofty promontory, but the tower, oblong in form, 40 feet in height, and strong, consists of only one hall on each floor; scant accommodation this for 'Ronald from many a hero sprung—Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name a thousand bards have given to fame, the mate of monarchs, and allied on equal terms with England's pride.' A charter exists, dated from Aros, by Bruce, bestowing on Macdonald broad lands in Ardnamurchan for the aid rendered him at Bannockburn, where the motto of the clan was won—'My faith is steadfast in thee,' as the Scottish prince exclaimed when the clan, 'in plaid all arrayed,' swept down on the English squadrons.

From the classic bay of Aros, Benmore, the mountain of Mull, 3,000 feet high, shows well; it is rugged, but not hard to climb, and yields a splendid view of the Hebridean archipelago, from 'green Islay's fertile shore,' to 'the misty hills of Skye.' As an island, Mull is little inferior in size to Skye and Islay; it has a coast line of 300 miles; inland it is rugged; acreage above 200,000. Seaward the coast line is bold, and northward 'towers steep and battled round o'erlook the dark Mull's mighty sound; and thwarting tides, with mingled roar, part its swart sides from Morven's shore.' The 'tides' are now little cared for by the stout steamer, but 'the mingled roar' is at times such that the track for Iona is held on by the southern shore of Mull outward, and homeward by the sound—in both cases the island being circumnavigated.

Tobermory is the only village in Mull which can aspire to be named a town; it stands at the head of a capacious bay, the entrance sheltered by Calve island, and the anchorage good. The place was selected in 1788 by the British Fishing Society as one of their stations; but in giving off the 2,000 acres of land they had acquired

in crofts to the natives, they made a grand mistake, the latter preferring to vegetate ashore to risking their valuable lives in becoming fishermen; and it is alleged that few parishes in the Highlands can boast a larger list of paupers—certainly the place shows better from the deck of the steamer than when inspected. The Florida, the Admiral's ship of the Spanish Armada, found shelter in the bay, but her magazine exploding all on board perished; and efforts have often been made to seek for treasure in the submerged galleon, but to no profit. The laird of Duart has the credit of destroying the Florida—the inducement being the gold of England.

Loch-Sunart lies north of Tobermory, and runs so far inland as nearly to separate the mainland districts of Ardnamurchan and Morven. The road from Tobermory to Fort-William leads by its shores to the village of Strontian, at its head, 24 miles S.W. from Fort-William, and 20 miles N. E. of Tobermory.

Ardnamurchan, the 'point of the great sea,' is the extreme west of Scotland, 140 miles distant from Montrose, on the German ocean; the parish, 70 miles one way, 48 miles the other, wild in appearance, and rocky.

Mingarry Castle, 7 miles N. from Tobermory, covers a rocky promontory on Ardnamurchan, where it, 'so sternly placed, o'erawed the woodland and the waste.' Although sacked by Colquhoun, it is yet more entire than Aros, Ardtornish, Duart, Dunstaffnage, or Dunolly, the roof being nearly unbroken; the flooring and oaken joists, however, are removed. The castle is of three storeys, of two apartments each, the larger 50 feet in length, and the space within the walls 200 feet; the sides are of unequal length, the form being hexagonal, adapted to the rock the castle covered, and broadest on the landward side, the defences of which were strong, with battlements surmounting the walls, but narrow enough for the days of inland feudal strife.

Few castles were built by the Norse Sea Kings; and in structure they differ from those of the Saxon and Norman of the south, in that they rarely found room for chapel or oratory; war—its pursuit, or protection from its woes—seeming to be all they cared to provide for. Near the headland of Caillach, in Mull, Campbell the poet spent some of the earlier years of his life, his muse being nurtured by the ‘wild diapason of the deep Atlantic,’ and by the ‘roar of Corryvreckan.’ West of Caillach lie ‘the sandy Coll,’ and ‘the wild Tiree’ islands, united as one parish in 1618, but separated by a sound less than two miles in width. Coll is north of Tiree, 7 miles from Mull, 14 long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and nearly two-thirds of its surface consists of hills, morasses, rocks, or shifting sand. Dr. Johnson was the guest of the young laird of Coll; and records ‘while these pages are writing’ his host ‘perished in the passage between the islands of Ulva and Inch-Kenneth.’

Tiree is 15 miles W. of Treshinish point in Mull, and 18 N. of Iona; it is 12 miles long, 4 broad, and so low in level that from the Mull channel the Atlantic wave may be seen breaking on its western shore; yet is the land fertile, the scant soil being richly manured by showers of calcareous manure-like sand, which is swept over by blasts from the west, and raises such crops of white clover as to nourish well the black cattle reared there. Barley and oats are abundant, but the latter so light in weight as to affect the stipend of the minister! Fuel is got from Mull, it being held unsafe to uncover the soil of Tiree, lest the turf being broken what lay under it might be carried seaward, and the rocks alone left behind. Coll and Tiree show sites of fifteen chapels; and while ‘Lismore,’ near Oban, as the ‘garden of the west,’ was claimed by the Bishop of the Isles, the ‘green pastures of Tiree’ were the appanage of ‘the black-stoled brethren’ of Iona.

The Treshinish Isles—Fladda, Linga, Back, Cairn-burg-More, and Cairnburg-Beg—‘the group of islets grey that guard famed Staffa round,’ lie 5 miles N.W. of Staffa, W. of Loch-Tua in Mull, and stretch N.W. to S.E. for nearly 5 miles. Their coast line is marked by cliffs, 40 to 60 feet in height, their slopes are verdant, but there is little on them to induce landing. Back is known as ‘the Dutchman’s cap;’ Fladda rises terrace-like nearly 300 feet in height; Burg is the Norse for ‘castle;’ More and Beg are Celtic for ‘large’ and ‘less.’ Cairnburg-More shows ruins of a fortress known in history as held by the Norwegians in 1249, and was then the place of safety sought for the records and relics of Iona, but which were destroyed when the castle was reduced by the troops of Cromwell. The castle was rebuilt, and figures in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

The Treshinish Isles were of old the dividing line between the Norse domains of Sodorees, south to the Isle of Man, and Nodorees, northwards to the Orkneys. Gometra, Little Colonsay, and Ulva lie in the sound between Loch-Tua and Loch-na-Keal, and in the ‘Lord of the Isles’ are described as ‘Ulva dark and Colonsay,’ from which ‘the shores of Mull on the westward lay.’ Inch-Kenneth is a small island at the entrance to Loch-na-Keal, where Dr. Johnson was received by ‘its only inhabitants, Sir Allan M’Lean, and two young ladies, his daughters, with their servants’—‘a gentleman and two ladies of high birth, polished manners, and elegant conversation, who, in a habitation raised not far above the ground, but furnished with unexpected neatness and conveniences, practised all the kindness of hospitality and refinement of courtiers.’ A chapel is there, entire but unroofed, and the ground around ‘is covered with generations of chiefs and ladies.’ Inch-Kenneth is a proper prelude to Icolm-kill, and Staffa was not known when Dr. Johnson was in the Hebrides.

STAFFA, in the Norwegian dialect 'staffs or pillars,' is 3 miles S. of Gometra, 5 from Mull, and 8 from Iona. Its attractions were first made known to the world by Sir Joshua Banks, who, in August 1772, wrote—'Compared to the scene of magnificence there displayed, what are the cathedrals or palaces built by men? where is now the boast of the architect?—every stone is formed into a certain number of sides and angles; and the cave the most magnificent that has ever been described, supported on each side by ranges of columns, and roofed by the bottoms of those which have been broken off to form it.' Of Staffa, Sir Walter Scott has written—'The stupendous columns which form the sides of the great cave of Fingal—the depth and strength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremity of the vault—the variety of tints formed by white, crimson, and yellow petrifications which occupy the vacancies between the base of the broken pillars which form the roof, and intersect them, with a rich, curious, and variegated chasing occupying each interstice—the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark red violet-covered rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic columns arise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault, are circumstances elsewhere wholly unparalleled. Here, as it is eloquently written in the 'Lord of the Isles'—

'Here, as if to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Nor for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still between each awful pause
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody;

Nor does its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy faen,
That Nature's voice might seem to say—
"Well hast thou done, frail child of clay;
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine."

Staffa is oval-like, somewhat irregular in form, little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, and, viewed from the steamer, seems a verdant expanse of table land, walled in by columnar cliffs, varying in height, broken in upon by receding rocks, or jutting out in basaltic promontories. The sea usually rolls in so heavily from the west that it is generally approached on the east, near 'the Clamshell cave,' off which lies the islet named 'the Headsman;' and nearly opposite to this is the great causeway, intervening between the columnar cliffs and the sea, increasing in width until a projecting mass is rounded, and 'the great cave of Fingal' is reached. Next in order is 'the Boat cave,' accessible by sea only; and further on is 'the Cormorant,' or 'Mackinnon's cave,' but, besides these, the entire island seems perforated with caverns, into which the Atlantic waves break, ever and anon, with a thunder-like sound.

Some years ago, a cadet of the Macdonald family styled himself as 'of Staffa,' non-resident of course; now the isle is uninhabited. Herds of black cattle used to feed on its slopes, but being little disturbed unless in the summer months, they became wild, even dangerous to approach, and hard to catch for removal; sheep only are now kept on these green slopes, but myriads of cormorants and other fowl breed in the caves, and feed on the fish, which may be seen in shoals off the island shore. Messrs. Hutcheson, with the care so characteristic of them to 'do all things well,' have become leaseholders of the island, and the approaches to the caves are now provided for by gangways, by which tourists pass with firm footing to the caverns.

'At the Clamshell cave,' wrote M'Culloch, 'the columns on one side are bent, and form a series of ribs, the opposite wall being honeycombed-like with the ends of columns.' The cave is 30 feet high, 17 broad at entrance, 130 in length, but contracting gradually. The 'Herdsman' rock is a pile of columns about 30 feet high, lying on a bed of curved horizontal ones, visible only at low water. The causeway has an extensive surface, terminating in a projecting point at the western side of the great cave, and appears to be formed of the broken ends of columns, once continuous to the height of the cliffs. The great face is formed of three distinct beds of rock, of unequal thickness, and inclined towards the west at an angle of about nine degrees, conveying the impression of a fabric tottering and about to fall. The lowest bed is a rude trap tufa, the middle one is divided into columns, placed vertically to the plumb of the bed, and the uppermost is an irregular mixture of small columns and shapeless rocks. The thickness of the lowest bed is about 50 feet; the columnar bed is of unequal depth, from 36 to 54 feet; and at entrance to the great cave, the columns are only 18 feet, and gradually reduced to two or three feet, till they disappear, the inequality of the upper bed producing the irregular outline of the island. Although the columns seem parallel, no one is perfectly straight; some have joints; some seem split by deep fissures; two feet is the average dimensions, but some are double that; hexagonal and pentagonal forms predominate, intermixed with figures of 3, 4, or more sides, 8 or 9, but rarely 10.

The steamer seldom reaches Staffa till near noon, although about sunrise is the time when the great face of Staffa may be seen in perfection; the island being undulating in surface, whole masses of light and shade are produced, and relieving that which, in a direct light, seems a flat insipid mass of straight wall. The

broad black shadow, produced by the great size of the entrance into 'the Cormorant's cave,' tends to relieve the minute ornaments of the columns which cover it. The aperture is 50 feet in height, 224 in length, and 48 in breadth throughout. The front is a complicated range of columns, overhanging in part, and forming a sort of geometric ceiling. 'The Boat cave' resembles the gallery of a mine, about 16 feet high, 12 broad, 150 in length; the columns retire in a concave sweep, are irregularly grouped, and overhung by the cliffs.

Fingal's, or the great cave, is at the entrance, perpendicular at the sides, and terminates in a fine contracted arch; the height from top of the arch to the cliff above is 30 feet, and 66 feet above water level, at mean tide. The pillars on the west are 36 feet in height, those on the east 18 feet, though their upper ends seem nearly in the same horizontal lines; the difference arising from the height of the broken columns which form the causeway, and add to the effect of the whole by affording a solid mass of dark foreground. On the west the columns increase in height as they recede from the cave, which is 42 feet broad at the entrance, and continues so till near the extremity, when it is reduced to 22 feet; the length is 288 feet, and the finest view is obtained from the end of the causeway, at low water. The sides of the cave within are columnar throughout; the ceiling is divided by a fissure, varying in different places; towards the outer part of the cave it is formed of irregular rock, in the middle it is composed of the ends of columns, and at the end a portion of each rock seems to enter into its composition. Artists describe and sketch the great cave of Staffa variously, the only floor being the beautiful green water, reflecting tints which vary with the dark colour of the rocks, and throwing flickering lights on the columns.

Little difficulty exists in landing on the island of Staffa, exploring the finer of the caves, and roaming over the green slopes, fair time being given to indulge the tourist in his tastes; but as the steamer plies on the waters for little more than the midsummer months, tourists desirous of visiting Staffa at other seasons, can do so by crossing from Oban to Kerrera, thence to Mull, and by a track westward, well-travelled, and on which no lack of guides for the way are to be found, whose proper rates of remuneration can be ascertained from the hotel-keepers in Oban before starting on the trip.

Dimensions of Fingal's Cave,* &c.:—

From east high-water at entrance,	- -	228 feet long.
From span of arch to end of cave,	- -	212 feet long.
From level of high-water—arch,	- -	59 feet high.
Breadth of cave,	- - - - -	33 feet.
Depth under arch at high-water,	- -	24 feet.
General depth to head of cave,	- - -	27 feet.
Height of island, above high-water,	- -	129 feet.

The caves of Staffa being left astern, the swift steamer soon brings Iona into view, 'that illustrious island,' which was once the 'luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and rough barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' Iona, once the seat of learning and religion, the burial-place of kings, saints, and heroes—is now solitary and in ruins, inhabited by a poor and primitive people, and washed by the ever-murmuring Atlantic, yet possessing most of the elements of romantic and moral beauty, and in interest surpassing most of the other places it may be compared with. I., i.e., Iona, 'the island of the waves;' I., i.e., 'the blessed island;' I-colm-kill, 'the island of the cell of Columba;' are the various meanings

*Figures as above, were kindly given to Mr. Murray by the officer-in-chief of the late Admiralty Survey of the western coasts of Scotland, and they will be found correct.

of the names of the famed spot, which lies 8 miles S.W. of Staffa, within 1 mile of Mull, and about 35 miles west of the shores of Lorn. The narrow sound between Lorn and Mull is deep, dangerous from sunken rocks, and the swell of the sea is often heavy—but no one fears danger aboard the steamer. The island is about 3 miles long, 1 broad, and has an indifferent landing-place.

‘Dun-Y,’ the highest hill in the island, is 550 feet above the level of the sea, and of the 1,800 acres of land, two-thirds might be ploughed, would the crops ripen. Small as is the island and sparse the population, the ground was too hallowed to let the National Church have it all to themselves, and the Free Church have long had a congregation there, the proceeds of the sale of a well-written description of the district having been applied to its benefit. There is no inn on the island, nor can whisky be had, nor lodging, unless for a limited party, and those content to ‘rough it.’

The Dalriad tribes, or Scots of Cantyre, held frequent intercourse with their kindred in Ireland, and through them the first tidings of Christianity may have come; but no record exists on the subject before the advent of St. Columba, who, born in 522, claimed an Irish prince as his parent, and a Scottish one as his paternal grandfather. Being learned in ‘all the wisdom’ of the Christianised Irishman, he travelled long in other countries, and at the age of 42 entered on the task of enlightening the land of his mother’s forefathers. From Brute, monarch of the Picts, or from Conal, king of the Scots, converts of St. Columba, was obtained the gift of the island of Iona; and the College was planted, whence his disciples, the Culdee missionary servants of God, ‘modest, unassuming, dieting with all pure simplicity, and diligent observers of the works of faith and charity,’ as the ‘venerable Bede’ describes them, were as such, excellent pioneers of religion and knowledge.

The 'Annals of Ulster' declare that St. Columba formed 300 congregations, with abbot or prior, and 12 priests, the superintendents settled at a distance from Iona being named bishops, but all of equal rank, holding their goods in common, and marrying and enjoying home life. The duties of the earlier priests of Iona embraced the arts of healing the body, the simpler sciences, and the practice of music; and so amiable and useful did they prove, that ere long they had colleges in operation at Dunkeld and at Abernethy, the latter the capital of the kingdom of the Picts.

The sanctity of these missionaries did not save them from the woes of war, as in 714 they were driven from 'the island of the waves' by the Picts; in 797 and 801, their chapels were razed by the Norsemen; and in 805, eight of the presbyteries were destroyed by the 'savage worshippers of Woden Wild.' In 814, the abbot and his priests visited the mainland to denounce the vices of the king of Scotland; and in 818, the 'holy family,' as the writings of that age affectionately term them, were forced to flee for shelter to Ireland, where they abode for two years. In 985, the abbot and 15 of the 'doctors of Iona' were slaughtered by the Danes, their colleges destroyed, and the priests dispersed. In 1069, the chapels in Iona were given to the flames; and in 1203, the 'wily priests' of the Church of Rome expelled from Iona these simple Christians.

The revenues of the priesthood of Iona were at one time great, and their possessions on island and mainland extensive. In the 'Lord of the Isles' we read—

'The Abbot comes!—

A sainted man from sainted isle,
Hath sainted visions known,
And by Columba's stone,
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed Martyrs' bay.
His monks have heard their hymnings high,
Sound from the summit of Dun-Y.

When at each cross on girth and wold,
(Their number thrice a hundred fold)
His prayer he made, his beads he told,
With aves many a one.'

Of 'the crosses,' four only remain, one of which is well preserved, a second is in good condition, and the third is broken at about 10 feet from the ground, but of the fourth the pediment or base alone remains. At Campbeltown, and at Inveraray, crosses are found which have been transported from Iona; and in many a burial-place in the Western Highlands, as at Dunstaffnage for example, sculptured stones which may have covered great 'Lords of the Isles' have been carried off, that humble chiefs of the mainland might repose under them; and of the numerous lettered stones which still throng the burial-ground of Iona, the crowds of tourists who, season after season, tread over them, are fast obliterating these 'records of the past.' Would that this evil could be abated, were it but in setting erect the memorials of the dead which lie around!

The tower of the ancient Cathedral, being 70 feet in height, shows well when approaching the island. The Cathedral or Abbey was built in the form of a cross; is in length 160 feet, breadth 24, the transept 70, the choir 60, and the tower of 3 storeys. To prevent further mutilation, and describe the monuments of Iona, a guide has been appointed by the Duke of Argyle who is proprietor of the island. The Cathedral was named St. Mary's Church, whence the 'savage clans' drew 'the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion.' The aisle or chapel is separated from the body of the church by some plain columns, with capitals quaintly sculptured, and not a few of them have been injured by relic enthusiasts.

The 'bay of Martyrs' is a little to the south of the landing-place, and where the bier of the dead was rested on a green mound, still there, whence the followers of

the dead were formed in array, the 'coronach,' the wail for the departed, raised, the coffin borne through the 'street of the dead,' and 'along the narrow way' to its place in the consecrated soil of Releig Oran, in which chiefs and princes sought to be laid—a Gaelic prophecy being believed in, that, 'seven years before the end of the world, a deluge would drown the nations, the sea at one tide would cover Ireland and the green Western Isles, but Columba's isle shall swim above the flood.' Hence it is alleged that forty kings of Scotland lie in the sacred burial-place of St. Oran.

In 1688 the principal altar, 6 feet by 4, was entire, made of marble, and in 1772 Pennant describes it, but no vestige of it now remains. On the north side of the altar is the tomb of Abbot MacKinnon of Iona, who died in 1500; his figure was richly sculptured on it, but is now nearly defaced. In the centre of the chancel is the tomb of Macleod of Macleod, being the largest monument in Iona. The great eastern window was beautiful, but has been built up in wretched taste; and few relics of the past, apart from the ruins, now exist in the island. The village has been built out of the chapels of old, and in the ruins not an inch of wood can be found, that material being too precious to be spared in an island where none was grown. In southern Scotland, a farm-steading is called a 'town,' in Iona the natives name their row of some forty cottages, 'Baila Mor,' the great town, and the space between them and the beach is 'Straide,' the street! The boats Messrs. Hutcheson provide for landing the passengers are good and well manned; but there is no pier, if the large masses of gniess the tourist has to scramble over be excepted; and there the visitor will be assailed by a flock of urchins, importunate in pushing their small trade in the vending of shells, for which they look for value—offering such as relics of Iona.

The rocks which form the rough landing-place at Iona, those 'in situ,' fast in the deep sound, and those forming the bold promontory of the Ross—the mainland of Mull, are of the same geological formation. Steering to the S.E., the steamer soon rounds the southern shores of Mull, which are as bold, rocky, and attractive as any of the coast scenery in these western seas—in some places showing columnar basalt formations little inferior to those of Staffa; and the granite quarries inland are worked extensively and to profit. South of Mull are seen the islands of Colonsay, Oronsay, Islay, and Jura, and the steamer route, in calm weather a pleasant one, is a wild one before close of the season; but no mishap need be feared, except it may be an inability to do justice to what the steward may provide. The Corsaig arches, on the shore of Mull and west of Loch-Buy, are of singular interest, the cliff they form part of being about 400 feet high; the larger arch, the 'perforated cave,' is about 60 feet in height, 50 to 60 broad, and runs east and west for 150 feet; the sea washes through the arch, and they show best at low water. Eastward, the coast line improves in grandeur; southward are the Slate isles and the steamer route for Crinan Canal—the shores of Lorn on the right, the island of Kerrera on the left, and the bay of Oban—which brings to a conclusion a route of travel not to be in one day paralleled elsewhere.

ISLAY, JURA, SCARBA, MULL, and the other islands in the shire of Argyle, off the peninsula of Cantyre and the shores of Nether-Lorn, attract the attention of the tourist, who makes the passage in the deep-sea steamers by the Mull of Cantyre; and, whether by the Clansman, Clydesdale, or Islay, all comfort aboard will be found, the trips being frequent, the fare moderate, and the numbers going that way considerable.

The steamer *Clydesdale* or *Clansman* usually departs from Greenock in the afternoon; and the run down the frith of Clyde, by the isle of Arran, Ailsa Craig, and the Sanda and Mull lights off Cantyre, is beautiful; especially so if the harvest moon be shining overhead and the waters still, when a silvery light is shed all around. The lights of the iron-works near the low shore inland of Ardrossan, the shadow of the Holy Isle off Lamlash, Pladda, and the south-end of Arran, are all well seen; as are the rocks of Sanda, and the precipitous and bare heights of the Mull of Cantyre. The sea is at times heavy enough as the channel is entered, and the steamer steers round by the small islands of Gigha and Cara, off the S.W. of Cantyre, which are seldom visited, the population being small, and little there to tempt calling, their rocky shores rising almost 'sharp as a knife' from the deep waters around them.

ISLAY, 'green Islay,' in language of the native and of the poet, is of considerable extent, fertile, and noted for the excellence and quantity of the whisky produced there. The harbour, where most of the traffic with the Clyde is carried on, is that of Port-Ellen, rather difficult of entry, but sheltered by the rocks which appear to bar the passage. The small town is a neat one, and fair entertainment may be had in the inns above the harbour, a smart trade going on in consumpt of whisky; the stay the steamer makes, seldom a long one, being 'improved' by the voyagers going ashore, getting under cover, and making themselves comfortable.

Port-Askaig, off the sound of Jura, is a place of call for the steamer *Islay*. It is a small harbour, well sheltered, and has a considerable traffic inland; the inn is a fair one, the roads westward seem good, and there is some extent of wood above the shore, but beyond that screen the land is low, hills of small elevation, fences not numerous, and the features of the district unimpressive.

At Bowmore and Bridgend on the west, are the chief seats of the population; and the policies around Islay House are warm, extensive, and attractive. Hotel accommodation is good, and the angler will find much to tempt him to linger among the lochs and streams of 'Green Islay.' In days of old, when the 'Lord of the Isles' held sway in the Hebridean seas, the Macdonald chief was crowned in Islay, a rock being still pointed out as where the Bishop of Argyle anointed him; and in that large square stone are places hollowed out to receive the feet of the rude chiefs—to be crowned standing appearing to have been the rule there.

JURA, an island, at Port-Askaig, separated by a very narrow sound from Islay, is nearly as long as the latter, but narrow, rugged, sparse of population, and notable in these seas by its mountain heights called the 'Paps of Jura,' which rise high above the wild district, and are well seen from the sound of Kilbrannan, near Arran, and above the low island of Bute; and farther up the frith of Clyde the higher of the two Paps, 'Ben-an-Noir'—'Golden mountain,' is but 2,240 feet.

The course of the steamer for Oban has Knapdale in Cantyre on the right, Jura on the left, Craignish on the Lorn shore, Crinan south of it, the 'gulf of Corryvreckan,' with its turmoil of waters, to the west; rugged Scarba on the north, and the low islands of Colonsay and Oronsay westward, and on the Atlantic. These isles lie 7 miles west of Jura, and when the tide is full form but one island about ten miles in length, and have little to attract the tourist. The traffic of the westward isles is maintained by screw steamers of the smaller class, and which, week by week, keep up the intercourse with the mainland, their places of call from Skye to Islay being numerous, their cargo miscellaneous, and the cabin accommodation fair, not great, the natives herding in bulk in the fore-end of the ship, Gaelic their dialect,

their dress a mixture of Highland penury and Lowland finery, and teetotalism a creed little believed in.

Colonsay and Oronsay being in the Iona seas, like that noted isle, were, centuries ago, the abode of the priests of the age, and remains to prove such abound in the islands. A ruined priory is found in Oronsay, the church measuring 60 feet by 18; the cloister 40 feet by 28; and in a side chapel exists the monument of Abbot Macduffie, date 1539, with sculptured figures of the chase, a ship, etc. Other curious monuments are found—a tall cross and relics of the past which have been drawn and described by the antiquarian. Kildonan, seat of the proprietor—the MacNeils are lords of Colonsay—is so named, Kil or Cell, ‘church’ or ‘grave’ of St. Oran, who, monkish records allege, was buried alive by St. Columba for heresy: if so, it seems strange he should be called a saint.

Mull, as an island, is greater in length than Islay or Jura, lies further north, is off the mainland shores of Morven, in the track of the tourist for Iona, Staffa, or Skye, has been already described in part, and has little ashore to tempt the tourist to linger there. Tobermory, its chief town, has been also noticed, with the excellence of its land-locked harbour; and the ‘castles grey’ which rise above ‘Mull’s dark sound’ have had due attention paid to them.

In outline the island of Mull is rugged, the height of the mountains great, and well are they seen in the course of the steamer rounding these stormy shores, which are beacons by light-houses, the seas being on the fair way of the tourist traffic—in summer a large one. Loch-Spelvie on the S.E., and Loch-Buy on the S.W., penetrate the island; and on the west are Loch-Scriden and Loch-na-Keal. By the latter the tourist, when steamers are off the station, finds his route, by Kerrera and Mull, to Staffa and Iona. A topographer

of the last generation declared that, 'Besides the houses of a few Highland lairds, there is nothing but huts to be seen over the whole island—the pig-styes of England are palaces to the huts of Mull!' The development of steam navigation, emigration to the lowlands, suppression of the crofting system, and other causes, have improved the district, the lands being largely owned by His Grace of Argyle, who is known to be an excellent landlord, anxious to promote the interests of his tenantry.

KENMORE, LOCH-TAY, and KILLIN are on the tourist route from Aberfeldy to Loch-Lomond, Inveraray, Oban, or Glencoe; and the district is traversed in the season by well-appointed coaches, fairly patronised, and deservedly, as there is much to attract, while hotels by the way are good and well looked to.

Besides the coaches referred to, 'buses run to the station on the railway at Aberfeldy, to Kenmore, little more than six miles west, on the north bank of the broad Tay; and for greater part the distance is through the richly timbered and finely situated domains of Taymouth Castle, chief seat of the noble family of Breadalbane, where our Queen paid one of the earlier of her visits to the Highlands.

Taymouth Castle is open at certain hours, and under care of appointed guides, to be had at the hotel; and the grounds around, the deer, the wild cattle, the princely hall, and costly paintings are objects of interest which few tourists who go that way but desire to inspect, the temptation to linger being great, and local guide-books low in price can be had.

The village of Kenmore is small, and necessarily neat, lying so near the Castle gates. Loch-Tay laves the gardens behind, and the river Tay, in all its breadth and depth of flood, is seen issuing from its parent lake—Ken-more, 'head, great'—head of the great river

of Scotland. The bridge under which the Tay flows as it runs eastward affords a fine view; and in the grounds near Taymouth Castle, another and a lighter bridge is thrown across the broad river.

The hills are richly timbered; all is ornate around—the most being made of the singular richness of wood and water, hill and dale, mountain and glen. On the south side of the Tay, and little more than two miles from Kenmore, are the falls of Acharn, much visited by the tourist, and only a little inferior in attraction to those of Moness at Aberfeldy. By the north side of the Tay a road runs eastward for Weem Hotel, near Aberfeldy, and the drive affords views varied and beautiful. The coach road westward for Killin is on the north bank of Loch-Tay; and there is one also on the south bank, used for local traffic. For some miles beyond Kenmore the road has the mountain heights on the right richly wooded; on the left, and close at hand, is the loch, about 16 miles in extent, 2 to 3 in breadth, can be ferried across at various points, is deep, has few rocks ‘in situ,’ and for many years past it has been the desire of the district that this inland sea be opened up by steam navigation, as the heights of Ben-Lawers, the mountain district of Perthshire, could be so well viewed from the deck; while, as at the Falls of Foyers above Loch-Ness, time might be given to view those of Acharn here, and nearing Killin, where the rivers Lochay and Dochart pour their floods into Loch-Tay, the view would be beautiful indeed. It is only half seen from the road, but is well worth exploring, as are the wooded heights near the ruins of Finlarig Castle, the feudal home of the Breadalbane chiefs, before their palatial abode was raised at Taymouth.

At the base of Ben-Lawers, and nearly equi-distant between Kenmore and Killin, is an inn, where fresh horses are got for the coach, and, by a sign-board above

the door, 'guides and ponies' can be had to scale the heights of Ben-Lawers, where the botanist and geologist will find much to attract and interest them. A short mile from Killin, where the Lochay, a large river, comes into Loch-Tay, has long been an inn, well kept, and in excellent favour with the angler. At the parochial village of Killin the hotel is excellent, well built, well placed, well managed, and where the tourist who can tarry a while will find all comfort. The scenery is richly varied, the hills high, not hard to climb, and fish (salmon) abundant. The parish of Killin extends from Loch-Tay to Loch-Lomond, the kirk being at Killin, which has shops, banks, and sites for villas of the most attractive sort, and being occupied, as the shelter is good and the scenery magnificent.

The coach road crosses the river Dochart a short way above Killin; and on a rocky island-like spot is the burial-place of the clan Macnab, centuries ago of great influence on upper Strath-Tay—now 'they have passed away.' The course of the river is over a rocky channel, rapids, almost cascades, but not deep enough to hinder the salmon ascending the stream. A few miles onwards, at Lix toll-bar, the road on the left diverges for Glen-Ogle, Loch-Earnhead, and Callander; and through that mountain pass is to run the railway, meant to connect central Scotland, on the upper Forth, with the shores of Lorn, Oban, and the Sound of Mull. Heavy excursion trains—'Cook's crowds from the south'—may give traffic; but—the people in the district—where are they? And as for minerals, the lead mines of Breadalbane show well only on tourist maps or tourist description books—their commercial valuation is nil!

Following the course of the Dochart, the snug wayside inn of Luib is reached, a quiet place to stop at, well looked to, and angling in river and loch is most tempting. The small loch above Luib is named Loch-

Ewre, some ewe trees being there; and the stream and strath onward is called Strathfillan. The mountain rising high on the left is that of Benmore, with the braes of Balquhiddy beyond, and the basin of Loch-Katrine on the south. A ruined cottage on an eminence to the left is pointed out as one of the homes of Rob Roy Macgregor, and the birth-place of his masculine wife. The warm, well sheltered farm-steading on the left is tenanted by a native of Perthshire, a 'captain bold' of volunteers in Lanarkshire, who lives well on the earnings of some of the best-managed of the gin palaces in the city of Glasgow.

At Crianlarich toll-bar the road to the westward leads on by Tyndrum for Dalmally, Oban, or the Black Mount on Glencoe, and passengers from Killin change coaches there. The inn at Crianlarich is of moderate size; but the liquors served there are good, as is the lunch, ordinarily on the table, as it may happen that the one coach awaits arrival of the other. The attractions of Glenfalloch have been already fairly described. The mansion of that name, near to Inverarnan on Loch-Lomond, was the patrimonial residence of the Campbell chief, to whom has recently been given the broad lands of Breadalbane, with all the honours thereto annexed. At Inverarnan, where the shires of Perth, Dumbarton, and Argyle converge, is the well known hotel of that name; and a short way onward is the pier of Ard-Lui, where the steamer on Loch-Lomond awaits her passengers from Aberfeldy, Oban, or Glencoe; and the Highlands of Arrochar rise high on the right. Ben-Lomond is across the loch and further south.

KILMUN and the HOLY-LOCH is one of the sweetest localities on the Frith of Clyde, lying between the shore of Loch-Long on the east, the strath of the Eck on the north, and the Dunoon district of Cowal on the west.

It is but a little way off the stream of the Clyde passenger traffic, and so accessible that there is scarcely an acre of unfeued ground within a fair distance of the loch, or near the shore line, to be had.

Ecclesiastically, Kilmun and Dunoon are one parish, the minister of old having done duty, in Gaelic or English, in each church alternately; but the occupation of the green hill-sides on either shore of the Holy-Loch, and above the Clyde from Hunter's Quay to Toward Point, has 'altered all that;' the church-going habits of the residents, native or visiting, demanding the ministerial services of a score of clergymen, and as many churches, many of them with steeples overhead although of no great size, from Ardentinny to Toward, pointing upwards to the way in which the people should walk, and attesting the excellence of the habits of the Scottish people.

The parish church, of recent erection, and the ancient kirk-yard of Kilmun, are near the head of the Loch. The ground is 'full of the dead,' having been a burial-place in Argyleshire 'time out of mind;' and the more resorted to, as in a vault there 'are laid to rest' the remains of the Dukes of Argyle. The burying-place was open to the public, but is closed because of the vile habits of certain excursionists, misnamed tourists, who neither respect the living nor reverence the dead.

The loch, ordinarily called 'Holy,' because of a religious community having been in Catholic times settled at Kilmun, is by others named 'hilly,' as the Finnart range of hills on the east is high and near the shore; and those on the north, Ben-More—'hill, great,' is chief hill of the vale between Loch-Eck, the river Echaig, and the top of the loch. The S.E. extremity is known as Strone—i. e., stony point, and in the last generation, stones only marked where Loch-Long and the Holy-Loch nearly met, when merged into the upper frith of Clyde. Now, the space or point is built over

with villa-like houses on the east, but house and shop-like erections as the point is rounded. To the N. W., are a couple of churches rising to the view.

The wooden pier at Strone, on the Holy-Loch, is not a 'free one,' as none are in the district; and the 'property' is a valuable one to those who, owning the shore line, exact a penny from all whom pleasure or necessity may cause to land there. At Strone, there is a couple of inns where 'creature comforts' can be had—hotels being where something more may be found. The houses above the beach are in single line, no two in architecture alike, and few with even an apology for an enclosure about them. On the hill-side above is a 'belt of planting,' a small wood of firs, with a pedestrian path along the lower shoulder of the hill to the Loch-Long shore, and the view thence is beautiful, as it ranges from Ailsa Craig southwards to the hill of Tinto, embracing the frith, Dumbarton Castle, the river, and the 'dale' of the noble Clyde.

Leaving Strone proper, the villas built between the beach and the carriage road have fair space of ground about them, with a view seaward, until a sharp angle and descent of the highway leads down to the beach, when the houses rise on the right hand, and the shore line is closely kept. One of the handsomest of the erections is that of Finnartmore, built by a late cotton-broker in Glasgow, occupied by a relative of the last elected 'Member' for that city, and with grounds more extensive and ornate than any other on the Holy-Loch. Finnart is understood to have some reference to Fingal, and the hills of such nomenclature abound in the West Highlands, changes rung on the name being without number, as, to keep within the record, the hills are called those of Finnart, Finnart-'more,' Finnart-'beg,' more, 'great,'—beg, 'less,' Finnart-bank, and so on.

Near the gate of Finnartmore, from a point of land

narrowing the loch somewhat, but scarcely enough to be called a promontory, is a 'row-boat' ferry for the gravelly spit of land on the west, known of old as the 'Lazarette,' and where, within the last generation, vessels coming from infected ports had to ride quarantine, lie at anchor for a season, and send their 'cotton bales' ashore to be aired and rolled about.

As Kilmun proper is approached, there is another wooden erection at which coppers are levied; with an inn on the bank above it, of long standing, and a snug 'booth' it is for the angler to find quarters in. To David Napier, the precursor as a marine engineer of his cousin, Mr. Robert Napier of Shandon, is due the credit of opening out the Kilmun shores to the sea-side-resorting public, he having, about forty years ago, fenced off the lands on the east side of the loch, and placed steamers on the station, and a four-horse coach on the route to Inveraray by Strachur. A short way from Kilmun pier is a row of six houses, erected at the cost of D. Napier, since sold by him, built to pattern all alike, scant of accommodation, being narrow, but snug and cheap abodes for the economical coast visitor, as they are furnished, and so let, by a speculator in that line of trade.

North of the row of houses referred to is one of a different class, erected by a late Member for Greenock, now owned and occupied by a Magistrate of Glasgow; and were the short range of one-storeyed hut-like dwellings between that house and the Free Church cleared off, the site and surroundings would be enviable—as is that of the snug manse and neat garden of the Free Church minister, so commandingly placed on the hill-side near by.

Approaching the ancient kirk-yard is a line of beech trees, aged, umbrageous, and more beautiful than is usually found in western Scotland. Below them generations have been carried to lie where their forefathers

sleep; and in testimony that centuries ago such was the home of the priests, rises the ruin of the square tower of a building, abbey or priory, and near it is the modern church, of fair appearance without, and comfortable accommodation within.

The lands near Kilmun were, some years since, acquired by a merchant who had become rich on the banks of the Hudson river, New-York; and lavishly but wisely has he expended his wealth on the improvement of the district, building a palatial-like abode at the base of Benmore, and being kind to all who do not thwart him. The carriage-way by the east bank of the river Echaig is beautiful, but falls to be noticed under another article (Strachur) in this book.

The house of Ballochyle, N. W., but near to the head of Loch-Eck, is the patrimonial abode of a cadet of the clan Campbell, who seeks honour and wealth in India. The strath or glen on the right leads west by what are known as the 'Powder-mills,' erections, large and costly, having been established there for that branch of manufactures. Westward there is a fair road running behind the green hills which shelter Dunoon, and onwards to Balylemore, on the head waters of Loch-Striven, above the bay of Rothesay, and after a steep ascent north of South-hall, descending into Glendaruel, at the head of Loch-Ridden, on the Kyles of Bute, and near the domain of the Campbells of Ormidale.

On the N. W. shore of the Holy-Loch is the village of Sandbank. Not many years ago it was but a collection of crofters' houses; it is now thickly built over with houses for coast residents, smaller in size and less pretentious in appearance than are those across the loch and near to Kilmun. Where no church is, the place may be called a hamlet; but where chapels, Established and Free are built, the locality may aspire to the dignity of a village, although topographic pedants might restrict

that title to where the church of the parish rises. There is a long wooden pier at Sandbank named Arnadam, the burial-place of a Danish chief of that name being near by. The carriage-way to Dunoon leaves the shore of the loch at Sandbank, crosses the shoulder of the hill under Dunloskin—'hill of the frogs,' has the policies of Hafton House on the S. E., and descends to the frith of Clyde at the town of Dunoon.

KINGUSSIE, ARDVERIKIE, GLEN-ROY, FORT-WILLIAM. —Kingussie is the chief town on upper Strathspey. It was a stage on the great road from Perth to Inverness, and is a first-class station on the Highland railway. It is of local importance, and brought into daily and direct communication with Loch-Aber, Loch-Eil, and the west coast of Scotland by a mail-coach, well appointed, and by which passengers are booked through from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Perth to Fort-William, the new route for the tourist having been opened up in 1864 by the enterprise of the coach proprietor, whose name has been so long well known on the Glencoe route, backed by a postal subsidy, and aided liberally by the county gentlemen of the north-west of Scotland.

The coach leaves Kingussie about one p.m., on arrival of the trains from the south, and crosses the Spey by a bridge there. When the subjugation of the clans was attempted, by making roads and bridges through the moors and straths, a barrack was formed at Ruthven, which was held for a time, in 1746, by a sergeants' guard, against the Highland host; and there, after the fatal field of Culloden, 8,000 of the adherents of Charles Edward met, in the faith that he would place himself at their head. He was a fugitive, and continued to be so till his romantic wanderings ended in his escape to France and Italy, and the extinction of the Stuart line.

It was in the hope that, wool being abundant in

Badenoch and Strathspey, manufactures might be established there, that one of the Dukes of Gordon founded the village of Kingussie. The effort was a vain one; and the people are and have been poor, their numbers in the district being thinned by emigration and enlistment in the wars of last century. Near, there are many battle-grounds noted in the history of the clans, as where the Camerons, Macphersons, and Mackintoshes met; now nearly all is abandoned by men,—the solitudes being occupied as sheep farms or deer forests.

The course of the upper Spey has much to attract the tourist, who passes on his route Cluny Castle, the ancient seat of the clan Macpherson; Newton-more, a place noted in the district for the fairs held there; and soon approaches Loch-Laggan, on whose banks is the Lodge of Ardverikie, where the Queen spent part of the summer of 1847, the year preceding that in which the Court found a Highland home in Braemar.

Loch-Laggan is about 10 miles in length and 1 to 2 in breadth, and tradition alleges that in this district, a thousand years ago, were the hunting grounds of the Kings of Scotland, and the Celt proves such by the names of places in the district. At the village there is an inn, where the wayfarer or angler can have accommodation, the sport for the latter being abundant.

The parish of Laggan is about 20 miles square, in the shire of Inverness; and its drainage, that of Loch-Laggan flows west into Glenspean, which runs into the Lochy in Lochaber, and near to Banavie. The strath of the Spean is narrow, with Loch-Treig on the S.W.; but on the route are the parallel roads of Glen-Roy, a district singular in feature, much visited by the tourist, and most interesting to the geologist; and at the bridge of Roy fair accommodation will be found.

The parallel roads of Glen-Roy, a well-known authority describes as ‘the shores of an ancient loch, occupying

successively different levels, subsiding first by a vertical depth of 82 feet, forming the first terrace, and again by a subsidence of 212 feet producing the second line, and the third drainage left the valley as we now see it.' The Celt has his own explanation of the phenomena, alleging that these terraces were formed for the hunting conveniences of the Fingalian sovereigns! They are the most striking and magnificent phenomena of the universe, singular, unexampled, and no less interesting to philosophy than splendid in their effects, and captivating by their grandeur and beauty. Agassiz reports: 'Near the foot of Ben-Nevis, and in the principal valleys, I discovered the vast district morains and polished rocky surfaces, just as in the valley of the Swiss Alps, in the region of existing glaciers. The parallel roads of Glen-Roy are intimately connected with this former occurrence of glaciers, and have been caused by a glacier from Ben-Nevis.' These terraces, the lowest of which is 11 feet above the valley, are 968 feet above the sea level on Loch-Eil; they are about 60 feet broad, composed of sand and gravel, and the line on one side of the valley is parallel with that which appears on the opposite side, the few eminences at bottom of the valley being terraced alike.

At the high level bridge of Spean, the road runs eastward to Fort-Augustus; that to the left leads on by the base of Ben-Nevis, by the ancient castle of Inverlochy, and the modern fort, to the village of Fort-William, and the Caledonian Hotel there—the distance from Kingussie being gone in about seven hours, and by a route of varied attraction, gaining favour with the public, and valuable at those seasons of the year when steamers are few on the station.

KINROSS, LOCH-LEVEN, THE RUMBLING BRIDGE, AND THE DEVON.—Kinross is between the Forth and the

Tay, west of the kingdom of Fife, on the old mail road from Edinburgh by Queensferry for Perth, and now approached by lines of railway, the manufacturing town of Dunfermline, the coal-fields of Fife and Clackmannan, making the district a valuable one.

Kinross, by the old road, was 26 miles from Edinburgh, and 18 from Perth by railway, the distance is greater as the track runs east by Granton, Kirkcaldy, then westward by Thornton Junction.

Kinross, as chief town of the small shire, although not a burgh, is of local importance, neat in appearance, the district being fertile, populous, and the hotel of old standing and in good repute. The locality is an attractive one for the angler, from being on the shore of Loch-Leven, the trout fishing in which is excellent, and 'mine host' will find the means of enjoying such to his customers, adding the cost thereof to the bill.

Loch-Leven is about 11 miles in circumference, and famous in Scottish story, as in its castle on the island, which is two acres in extent, was confined Mary, the beautiful but hapless Queen of Scots; the incidents of her escape from which have been graphically told in the 'Abbot,' one of the Waverley novels. The tower of the old castle remains, and the site is of storied interest in the annals of Scotland, from the Pictish era downwards. In 1335 it was besieged by the forces of Edward III., who attempted to submerge the island by damming up the river Leven; but the garrison found means to pierce the dyke, and thus destroy the works of the besiegers, they retreating to England.

On June 16, 1567, Queen Mary, having fallen into the hands of the lords banded together against her rule, was placed in durance, under charge of William, eldest son of Sir Robert Douglas of Loch-Leven, whose lady was mother of the Regent Murray; and a small recess in the uppermost floor of the tower is pointed out as

having been the bed-room of the imprisoned Queen. George Douglas, a younger son of the Lord of Loch-Leven, was won over to her cause by Queen Mary, and on the evening of Sunday, May 2, 1568, she escaped from the castle, fled westward for aid from the Hamiltons, was followed by Murray—and the sad sequel is known, of the fight at Langside, the flight to Kirkcudbright, the refuge sought in England, and the release found on the block at Fotheringham!

About 7 miles by railway, west from Kinross, by the Crook of Devon, is Rumbling Bridge, a locality much visited by the tourist, and where all proper provision will be found made for his wants. The river, 'the winding Devon' of Burns, flows past the northern slopes of the Ochil hills, and, by a 'crook in its course,' at an angle of near 60 degrees, turns sharply to water their southern base. The Rumbling Bridge has been so named from the noise of the cascade which pours down below it; the chasm is narrow, the depth great, and the view from the arch which spans it is fine, the noise which the confined waters make being known to the natives as that of 'the Devil's Mill,' as week-day and Sunday it labours alike, and on the Sunday the Scotch peasant says the devil only would work! A bridge, 22 feet in span, 12 feet in width, and 86 feet above the torrent, was built in 1713, and, although without parapets, was the only means of crossing the Devon until 1816, when the present bridge, 40 feet higher, was built—the old one remaining.

The scenery at the Crook of Devon is magnificent, and means are taken to show it to advantage that tourists may be tempted to visit the district. The point from which the charms of the Devon and its cascades are best seen is from the southern bank of the river, and an eminence opposite the bridge, where the dark chasm below can be viewed to full advantage. From the Rumbling

Bridge to the linn or cascades below, the course of the Devon is quiet; but at the Cauldron linn the channel contracts, and the river boils downward from 'cauldron to cauldron'—hollows, water-worn, in the rocks—the eddying stream being topped with froth, and the noise made 'described as striking and impressive.' The cascade at the Cauldron is 44 feet in height, and far below the first fall of the series; the sheet comes down, at the larger fall, in full torrent, its force being shown by the rugged rocks which are riven in its course.

The strath of the Devon, onwards by Dollar and Alloa to Stirling, is beautiful throughout, and much visited; the Ochil hills on the right being green, and their lower slopes richly wooded, while from the summit of Damyat, the highest of the range, and to the west, the view commanded is wide in range, and beautiful.

KIRKWALL—LERWICK.—The Orkneys and Shetland, on the extreme N.E. of Scotland, the 'Ultima Thule' of travel, and beyond the house of 'John-o'-Groat,' may be rarely explored by the tourist, but are extensive, and of too historic note to be wholly ignored.

The line of steamers which from Granton pier, Edinburgh, maintain the seaward traffic to Aberdeen and Caithness, extend their route beyond the Pentland frith from Thurso to Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkney, and to Lerwick, chief town of the Shetland isles.

The sea kings of Scandinavia held high state in Kirkwall when the sovereigns of Scotland made attempt to rule near the Pictish round towers of Abernethy, in Strathearn, or the Dalriad princes in their strongholds in the south end of Cantyre; the Caledonian hordes essaying to hold their own against the Roman invaders; or later, when southern Scotland onward to Cumberland was held by the Scots, and eastern Scotland northward from Northumberland was under sway of the Saxon.

Kirkwall, far north as it is, and wild as the seas between the mainland and the Orkney isles are reported to be, is safely reached by the strongly-built and well-manned steamers which, under one Company, have maintained the goods and passenger traffic of the north-west and extreme north of Scotland and its isles.

As a burgh, Kirkwall holds its charter from James III. 1486; population in 1861, 3,519; constituency, 157; revenue, 1863-4, £165; and is grouped with Wick, Cromarty, Dingwall, Dornoch, and Tain, in returning a Member, its quota of voters being about one-fifth of those on the roll. As a town, the place is of unknown antiquity; but its name is said to arise from its being the site of the Cathedral of St. Magnus, the tutelar saint of these islands—Kirkwall, 'Kirk-great.' The town and the point it gives name to is on a peninsular-like section of the Orkney isles, rather quaintly named the mainland.

The town of Kirkwall chiefly consists of one main street, from the harbour upwards to the ancient Cathedral, narrow, paved with flags, unequal in surface, and with houses cold-like without, and most of them built gable-end to the highway, it has an aspect unusual in Scotland—north or south.

As the county town of the Orkney isles, the local trade is considerable, and the courts being held there, makes society all the better. The hotel is an old one, the rooms fair enough, but fires are in request throughout the season. To antiquarians the Cathedral of St. Magnus is interesting, in good repair, the church of the parish, fitted up with arm wooden stall-like enclosures, seldom seen in Presbyterian Scotland; and the pavement of the large nave being filled with gravestones, brasses here, and effigies there, with legends and inscriptions, is a study for the tourist.

The Cathedral is unusually large for the town and

islands, and is said to have been founded in 1138 by a Count of Orkney, to which Bishop Stewart, in time of James IV. added three arches on the east, and a window, superior in architecture to the rest of the pile. Bishop Reid, who held the see of the Orkneys in the Reformation time, built three arches on the west, but they are unequal in beauty to those on the east. The Cathedral admeasures 216 feet in length, 56 in breadth, 71 to main roof, and 133 to top of the steeple or tower. The pillars which support the roof are 15 feet in circumference, those on which the tower stands 24 feet, and they give the place within a sombre look; but the houses in the old town are heavy also, windows small, and stones slaty-like. The east window of the Cathedral is 36 feet high by 12 broad, with a circular rose window above 12 feet in diameter. The choir is said to be the only remnant of choral architecture which has survived the Reformation in Scotland; it is very carefully looked to, and occupied on Sundays.

In the street or square in which the Cathedral is built, stood of old the King's Castle, now in ruins, but in feudal ages the abode of the Bishops of Orkney; the walls are thick, and the cement still so strong, that it is more hard to bring down that masonry than to dig stone from the quarry. Stewart, Earl of Orkney, a natural son of James V., and of 'the Wolf of Badenoch' breed, held for some time the Castle against the royal troops, but it was captured and destroyed. To this bold chieftain is attributed the erection, in 1607, of one of the largest houses in the town, known as the Earl's Palace, and having a main hall 58 feet in length, 20 in breadth, and 14 in height. The building was of two storeys, but is now roofless. Near by is a ruin known as the Bishop's Palace, where Haco, King of Norway, returning from the rout of Largs, in 1263, sickened under his ruined fortunes, turned his face to

the wall, and died. He lies buried in the Cathedral, near the steps which lead to the shrine of St. Magnus. The Town Hall shows well, has a piazza in front, the prisons on the ground floor, the assembly-rooms above, and the courts of justice in an adjoining room.

Lerwick, chief town of the Shetland isles, like Kirkwall, and said to be 'on the mainland,' is on Bressay sound, little more than one-third the size of Kirkwall, and is the terminal port of the mail steamers which navigate these seas. Although little more than two centuries since the town was founded, it is more ancient in appearance, the masonry of these northern isles soon becoming so. Lerwick, as the rendezvous of the whale-fishing fleet, crews being mainly obtained there, is of much importance in these seas, and its society has influence as being the seat of the local courts of law. Some fair share of trade it will also have, there being a branch of the Union Bank in the town—in Kirkwall there are three banks. Near the north end of Lerwick is Port-Charlotte, built by Cromwell to command the entry into Bressay sound.

The remains of Danish strongholds abound in the Orkney and Shetland isles; and the standing stones of Stennis, on the road from Kirkwall to Stromness, are objects of interest to the antiquarian, as they denote where the rites of Odin were celebrated, before the light of Christianity was shed on these isles of the north. In this district the scene of the 'Pirate,' by the author of Waverley, is laid; and the locality may be the more interesting to the tourist on that account.

Stromness, 12 miles from Kirkwall, and to which a post-gig carrying passengers runs, is little more than a century old, but a burgh of barony, prospering as the head-quarters of the herring fleet of these isles, which have a couple of banks to look to their earnings. The population is double that of Lerwick, and although

the harbour is indifferent, the shelter of the bay is excellent, and the rendezvous of the Hudson Bay vessels.

LAMLASH, a village—the chief one—in the isle of Arran, lies west of Brodick, and east of Whiting-Bay, where the anchorage is so safe and the shelter so good, that vessels caught by foul weather in the upper frith of Clyde, resort to the harbour, and a safe berth, not a place to load or disload at; as for the latter purpose the island of Arran has little to boast of, the shore pier at Lamlash being only accessible at high water; and when excursion steamers discharge their crowds, the labour of landing is a hard one—out of a small boat, up a slimy stair, and through a staring crowd.

The Holy Isle forms the shelter of the bay of Lamlash, as it lies southward, the waterway in length and breadth is considerable, and the entrance safe, that from the east being the better. The mail steamer from Ardrossan to Arran comes to at Lamlash, as do the passenger steamers which, in summer, ply to Arran from Wemyss-Bay, Greenock, Helensburgh, or Glasgow, by the Cowal shore and Rothesay, or that of Ayrshire by Largs and the Cumbrae isles.

There has long been a good inn at Lamlash, with a fair number of what in Scotland are termed ‘public-houses,’ where the gill-stoup is in more demand than the pot of ale. At times the influx of visitors is appalling—a thousand, it may be—for an hour or two, when shelter from a shower cannot be had by a fourth of that number. Take for example a forenoon in July 1865, when the steamers lay off the pier, the rain came down, and all fled for cover; the main room of the head inn was a large one, but had a double tier of folks in it, doing ‘something for the good of the house,’ whether in beer or better, and putting the waiter girls much about by their constant pulling of the bells.

The locality is so inviting, and house accommodation so scarce, that the rates exacted are proportionately high; but the beech trees are many, their shelter is good, and it does fall out on summer nights that jovial parties, as many in double tier as can place their backs all round the trunks, with pipe in mouth and pot in hand, see the moon set and the sun rise, waiting till their steamer be ready to take them off the island.

The Holy Isle is of small extent, the height nearly 1,000 feet, and so named as the cell of St. Molios was there; and the grotto he occupied, with the water welling from it, was a 'station' in Popish times—where the afflicted looked for miraculous cures.

LANARK—county town of the shire of Lanark, and chief place in the Upper Ward, or division, of that shire—has been, from the Roman era downwards, known in the annals of Scotland; and to the peasant it is famous as where their hero, 'the Wallace wight,' began the struggle for the liberation of his country, which resulted in bringing him to the scaffold in London, but ended in Scotland being 'set free' at Bannockburn. For the slaughter of some of his myrmidons, Hesilrig, the English governor of the castle of Lanark, seized Marion Broadfoot, the bride of Wallace, and murdered her—a foul act which was wiped out in his blood. In front of the parish church is placed a statue of Wallace; and there is not an urchin in the burgh of Lanark but can take the tourist to those places in the town associated with the name of this hero of their country.

Of the ancient castle no remains exist, but of the old church and the aisle and pillars under which Wallace first met his bride, the ruins are extensive. The kirk-yard, a large one, has many stones, with legends inscribed for 'men of their time,' who lie buried there. The most imposing building in the town of Lanark is

a Catholic church, recently erected, and chiefly at the cost of a proprietor in the parish eastward, who, being a pervert from Protestantism, is a Catholic of no ordinary zeal, and is so lavish in support of his present faith, that there may yet be a 'Saint Robert' canonised from the Scottish gentry! The prospect from the grounds near this Catholic church is fine, as the whole dale of the Clyde from Lanark to Hamilton lies under view. To be a town so old there are few remains of antiquity to be found in Lanark; but as the fairs and markets are many, and well frequented, the 'open houses' are numerous, and fairly patronised, as is the 'hotel,' where the tourist will find due accommodation if tempted to visit the 'Falls of Clyde,' and the grounds near the latter are a favourite resort for excursionist parties—consumers of milk and ginger beer.

The New Lanark mills, where Robert Owen conducted his educational experiments, are large, excellently managed, and well worth visiting. Although a small building exists in Rothesay, where cotton was first spun in Scotland, the mills erected at New Lanark, in 1783, by the late David Dale, an eminent philanthropist of his day, were those which led the way to the development of a branch of industry now of leading importance in Britain and elsewhere.

Lanark received its charter of burghal privileges from David I. It is coeval in that respect with Rutherglen, and both were places of note when Glasgow was not. Population in 1861 was 5,384; constituency 223; revenue £1,041. The parish church, more commodious than elegant, is nearly in centre of the town, with a square space on the south, whence the broad main street leads to the railway station; on the west, a narrow outlet leads off to the Falls of Clyde; on the north, by a steep descent, is the way to the bridges over the Clyde for Hamilton, or the Mouse for Carluke; and eastward,

on the roadway for Cleghorn station, is a street, with houses chiefly of recent erection, and containing the county-buildings, jail, banks, &c. To be a place so ancient, the town of Lanark has few old historic houses within its limits; as chief town in the county, it is of no great size, the street architecture unequal, and the people living in lanes and closes, many of them earning their bread by the loom. The barrack recently built for the militia of the county is in the neighbourhood, and near it the race-course, where the yeomanry are drilled. Society is good, the county courts meeting there, and bank agents, lawyers, merchants, and dealers abounding; while in the neighbourhood, the sites for villas are so good—land, water, hill and dale, all so finely disposed—that homes for the prosperous enrich the district; the more so that by the branch railway from Douglas, it is within five miles of the Caledonian line at Carstairs from Glasgow for Carlisle and the south.

The 'House of Lee,' the home of the Lockharts of that ilk, is in the neighbourhood; the grounds near it extensive, rich, and well laid out. The old abode of the Baillies of Jerviswood, another family of historic name, is at Cleghorn; and there was of old the Roman camp, of great extent, and well described by General Roy, the antiquarian. Recently a work of great size has been erected on the Lanark moor, for the manufacture of mineral oil, a growing branch of wealth in the coal districts. Coal abounds in Douglas, Lesmahagow, and Carluke parishes, to south, west, and north; but lime and stone excepted, the parish of Lanark possesses no minerals. The Falls of Clyde form the attraction of tourists to the district, and these, from Bonnington above to Stonebyres below the town, have had due notice in these topographic pages. The Mouse water, the ravines, rocks and fine cascades, are alike interesting to the tourist and instructive to the geologist.

LARGS, MILLPORT, and WEMYSS-BAY, as sea-bathing places of resort on the southern shore of the lower frith of Clyde, deserve notice; and as being the place of most ancient repute Largs may first come under review. In the annals of Scotland, Largs figures as the battle-ground on which the Danes and Scots encountered each other, when, on October 2, 1263, the northern invaders were routed, driven back to their galleys, scattered by a storm, and Haco, their King, retired to Kirkwall, to die and be buried there.

‘Out of the world and into Largs’ was half-a-century ago said of the district; and although well opened up by steamers which run direct from Glasgow, or now ply from the railway at Wemyss-Bay, still it is less on the stream of traffic than is Dunoon, further up the Clyde, and being aside from the highway from Ayrshire to Lanarkshire it was of old hard to get at. Lines of railway southward to Dalry, and eastward to Wemyss-Bay, are both in ‘course of promotion,’ and when made, the town of Largs may prosper.

The site of Largs is a fine one, well watered, on a gravelly beach, with a wide bay, well sheltered, and the town is less cramped for space than are the modern watering-places across the frith. The place is neat in appearance, but grows slowly, having been last century of more local importance than it now is, the ‘fair of Largs’ being in those days crowded to from Arran, Bute, and Cantyre.

Brisbane House and Kelburne Castle, the latter a seat of the Earl of Glasgow, give an aristocratic air to the district; while traces of the struggle with the Danes marked the plain not long since; and near the parish church is an aisle, built in 1636 by Sir Robert Montgomery of Skelmorlie, richly carved, with an arch of double compartments, resting on 18 Corinthian pillars, crowned with a globe, and inscribed with texts from Holy Writ.

The stone pier is free to passengers, but has little traffic beyond that of the passing steamer; and the population depend on the loom for subsistence, neither herring nor whittings being much fished for.

Westward of Largs is the sea-bathing hamlet of Fairlie, which, being away from the village, is more pretentious in appearance, the houses good, not many; the occupants have to walk to Largs, or board the steamer by a small boat, the shore being shallow.

Across the bay of Largs is the island of Cumbrae the larger; the lesser, on the outer frith, being known only because of the lighthouse placed there to show the 'fair way of the Clyde.' The village of Millport, on the 'muckle Cumbrae isle,' is the western place of sea-bathing resort on the southern shore of the Clyde; Ardrossan, Troon, and Ayr being more accessible by land than by water. The Cumbraes form a portion of the county of Bute. The main island is less than 4 miles in extent, from N. E. to S. W., and about 2 miles in breadth; and the lesser is a mile in length, by half-a-mile in breadth, the channel between them being so narrow that, looked at from a distance, they seem to form one island, but between them is a safe track for the steamers which ply from Greenock by Largs to Arran; for ships, there is no inducement to diverge, as although the etymology of Cumbrae is said to mean 'refuge,' yet the water is not deep, and—the shelter was indifferent for the galleys of Haco!

To the geologist, the Cumbrae isles are interesting, as being traversed by trap dykes, locally named 'rippel walls,' two of which on the east run nearly parallel, but 500 to 600 yards apart; that on N. E. is about 100 feet in length, 40 in height, 10 to 12 in thickness; and the dyke on S. is upwards of 200 feet in length, 70 to 80 high, 12 to 15 thick, and from one point of view it looks like, and is called 'the Lion.' These trap dykes

have withstood the action of the weather, while the red sandstone on either hand has yielded to the ocean wave. Small as is the larger Cumbrae, it rises in the centre to nearly 450 feet high, and has a couple of lochs.

Millport, as a sea-bathing place, has much to recommend it, the site being fair, the houses neat, the beach good, and although the small harbour has rocks enough about, with a southern exposure the place is sheltered and warm. It is within 3 miles of the Ayrshire coast, 5 S.W. of Largs, about 12 S.E. of Rothesay, and, by water, twice that distance south of Greenock. Hotel accommodation is fair; and the noble family of Glasgow, who own most of the larger island, have a marine residence called 'the Garrison;' and near it is an Episcopal establishment termed the 'College.'

Wemyss-Bay, on the southern shore of the frith of Clyde, nearly opposite to Innellan, and near, where the shires of Renfrew and Ayr meet, to the entrance to the bay of Rothesay, with Cumbrae, Arran, Bute, Argyle, the channel of the Clyde, its traffic, and Dumbartonshire in the distance, make it one of the most attractive of sea-bathing localities, and, being near the terminus of a railway direct from Glasgow, it prospers. The houses, although few, are good, the hotel is excellent, and steamers now ply across the Clyde for Largs, Arran, and Rothesay, so that the tourist will find few places better worth visiting, or more pleasant to tarry at.

LEADHILLS—in the parish of Crawford, the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, the southern highlands of Scotland, on the watershed of Clydesdale and Nithsdale, the highest inhabited land in North Britain, where gold was sought for, and lead has been found—is a locality off the track of tourists, but worth exploring, with railway access on east, west, and north, and 'A Noble' to wait upon them when there.

In aspect the highlands of the south and the north of Scotland differ; in the south, the hills range about 2,000 feet in height, rise gradually, many have broken surfaces—'scaurs' the natives call them—and are usually green all over, and not hard to climb; in the north, the 'corries,' or hollows, in the mountains are many, the height 3,000 to 4,000 feet, precipitous, bold, with ravines, glens, bleak and dark.

The ascent to Leadhills, from the banks of the river Clyde at Abington station, leads through Glengonnar, The distance is 6 miles, the burn by the road grows slowly, and its waters are so impregnated with washings from the ores near its source, that few trout are found in it, but such as can be caught are diligently sought for, it being the amusement of the miners to spend their leisure on its banks, and thrash well the small stream for fish—a pursuit healthful at least, especially to men who extract their equivalents for food from the dark levels they work under.

Traces exist of the mines at Leadhills having been wrought in the time of the Romans; but it is more than three centuries since, in the search for gold, lead was found in such abundance as to cause a village to be founded, and with various intervals of prosperity and the reverse, the work has been continued, the population of the district proper ranging from 1,200 to 800 souls; their houses, which are free to them as labouring there, are built on a comparatively level spot, north of the Lowther hills, on the border of the shires of Dumfries and Lanark, about one mile square being parcelled out among the miners, cultivated in part by spade labour, or grazed over by the cows they are entitled to keep, and which under one herd pasture together.

The earnings of the miners at Leadhills are, on the average, less than those obtained in the coal and iron districts; but they are a peculiar people, with few Irish

among them, living quietly and soberly together, having church, school, and library of their own, and although they are paid as they may prove fortunate, working on what is termed 'venture,' they live comfortably in their small, high-roofed, thatched cottages, 'delve their kail-yards,' are a contented set; and when carried to their village burying-ground, the attendance is large and creditable; that at church is good also. In this burying-ground is a stone inscribed as covering one who died at the age of 137 years! Life at Leadhills may be of the average length, but the tomb-stones attest that many of those lying there have met with sudden deaths, as might be looked for from their occupation.

The land around belongs to the noble family of Hope-toun, who have a lordship on the lead 'won' from the mines; and these, within the last few years, have been leased wholly by one mining company. There were two before, who went to law, and for half a lifetime wasted money to a fabulous amount in settling whether one or both were entitled to use of the small stream which turned their machinery! It came to a 'buy me or I buy you' settlement; and the one who acquired the sole right to labour there has expended heavily on improvement of the works above and below ground—the latter especially, making it more healthy, more safe for the miner, and much more productive for the employer.

Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet of Scotland, was a native of, and spent the first fifteen years of his life at, Leadhills. Becoming first a barber, then a man of letters in Edinburgh, he prospered, and bequeathed to Leadhills a library, extensive for the place, which has been kept up and improved, the books well selected, and looked to by a committee of the miners, who are reading men.

An inn, of fair proportion for the village, has been there time out of mind; but another, almost large enough to be called a hotel, has been recently erected by the

'lord of the manor,' and at a cost greater than would rebuild all the houses in the village—the old manse included. Water is brought into the village, and a fountain placed near it, by one who went out a poor youth to the mines of South America, but came home, in middle age, a rich man. From the station at Elvanfoot the distance is five miles by the Shortcleugh water, and there are no tolls on the road.

Wanlockhead, where lead is wrought as at Leadhills, is about one mile to the S.W., in the parish of Sanquhar, in Dumfriesshire, at the source or head of the Wanlock water, and on the estate of the noble family of Buccleuch, in whose interest the mines there are worked. There is neither inn nor public-house in the village; but there are both Established and Free churches, with schools attached; and the site is more picturesque than is that of Leadhills, the road westward by Minnock for Sanquhar being one of the most beautiful in Scotland, north or south; and the outline of the country—Wanlock and Leadhills—being pronounced by Richardson, the traveller, as singularly like that of Palestine, and he could judge, his brother having been long minister of the parish of Kirkconnel, which is just west of that of Sanquhar.

LEITH, of old the seaport of Edinburgh, is now so connected by streets, that, like Gateshead and Newcastle, Salford and Manchester, they seem as one; but the ancient town has a history, and merits notice.

The water of Leith rises on the northern slopes of the Pentland hills, and is passed by the Caledonian railway at Slateford, and by that, from Glasgow direct, near Corstorphine. It has paper mills on its upper, and grain mills on its lower course; and although, when leaving the city of Edinburgh, it appears at times to have scarce water enough in it to float a duck,

yet, at its junction with the Forth, are formed docks deep enough for a frigate to be berthed in.

In matters ecclesiastical, Leith is divided into two parishes, north and south; the former, previous to the Reformation, belonged to Holyrood and St. Cuthbert's; the latter was originally known as Restalrig, the parson of that parish having sworn fealty in 1296 to Edward I. In the stormy period preceding the Reformation in Scotland, Leith was fortified by the French auxiliaries of Mary of Lorraine; the ramparts were demolished in 1560, and replaced in 1571; but scarce a trace now remains of their existence. Under Cromwell, a citadel of considerable extent was erected, which was destroyed on the restoration of Charles II.; an archway remains, and the place is known as 'the Citadel.' The Fort of Leith, which is a short way west of the harbour, was erected as a 9-gun battery about a hundred years ago, but is now the chief artillery barrack station for North Britain.

In the old town of Leith the streets are narrow and crooked; the houses antique, quaint, unequal in structure; and the place has much to induce the antiquarian to inspect it—not a few of the buildings being of historic interest, as kings, queens, and generals have lodged in them. Leith-walk—the 'Broadway' between Leith and Edinburgh—is of considerable length, but is slowly built over, neither the burgh nor the city seeming to care to approach each other. The links (or green) of Leith are of considerable size; and the sands to the westward, when the tide is low, are extensive. Leith became a Parliamentary burgh in 1833; population 33,628; constituency 1,992; revenue £625. As a seaport, Leith is of national importance, from its Baltic and Continental trade; its extensive import of grain and wines; and the number of screw steamers connected with the port. At the harbour of Granton, a short way up the Forth, the passenger steamer

traffic between London and the north of Scotland is chiefly carried on now, the piers there being accessible at any state of the tide. Leith is prosperous, and its environs show it to be so, as the new streets are good, and the abodes of the merchants handsome.

LESMAHAGOW, a parish in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, lying between the dale of the Clyde and the moors of Ayrshire, is of considerable extent, and eminently prosperous, from the development of its mineral wealth—gas coal at present—iron in prospect.

The parish is nearly bisected by the Nethan water, a stream of no great size but picturesque in a high degree, from the village of Abbey Green, by the ruined walls of Craignethan Castle to the wooded dells above the hamlet of Crossford, where it flows into the Clyde.

Centuries ago, the Abbey of Lesmahagow was one of the most richly endowed of the ecclesiastical establishments in Scotland, giving protection to the district, and suffering in the wars with England. Of the old Abbey, few traces exist; but its 'Annals' can be read in a work recently produced by a learned proprietor in the district, or, in less detail, in the 'Upper Ward of Lanarkshire Described,' a book lately published.

In the persecution times of Charles II. and James II., Lesmahagow suffered severely, her hills and moors being watered with the blood of the martyrs; tales and monuments of whom are rife there; and of the 45 churches of the Cameronian body, 2 are in this district.

Craignethan Castle, built by Hamilton of Draphane, architect of the palace of Linlithgow, understood to be the Tillietudlem Castle of the tale of 'Old Mortality,' offers considerable attraction to the tourist, as few ruins exist in better preservation, or from site and story better deserve inspection. The Castle can be approached from Crossford in Clydesdale, a few miles below Lanark;

but there the highway terminates, the path westward being by the wooded banks of the Nethan, and the walk, about a couple of miles, is one of rare beauty. From the west, access can be had to the Castle by the upper strath of the Nethan, and from that point the Castle shows well. The ruins are extensive, the enclosure large, and the room shown where Mary, Queen of Scots, lodged in her flight from Loch-Leven Castle.

The old house of Blackwood on the north, and the renovated mansion of Stonebyres on the south, the modern mansions of Auchinheath, Auchlochan, Auchtyfardle, Birkwood, Kerse, and others attest the wealth of the district; and it does seem strange that a locality so thriving should remain without railway passenger accommodation—the natives being content to travel to and from Hamilton by a 'bus! The railway viaduct over the Nethan water is 150 feet in height. The Falls of Clyde—Bonnington, Cora, and Stonebyres—are in Lesmahagow parish, on the southern bank of the Clyde—Clydesdale proper being its eastern march.

LEWIS, STORNOWAY, and WESTER ROSS are in direct communication with Glasgow, chiefly by the steamers Clansman and Clydesdale; and the district is so attractive, to the angler in particular, that some outline of the route to it should be shown.

The deep-sea steamer, rounding the Mull of Cantyre, proceeds to Oban, thence by the Sound of Mull and Isle of Skye, to Gairloch, across the stormy Minch channel, and makes the Lewis at Stornoway. Gairloch is a short way off the sea, but well-wooded on its upper shore, with a snug inn, and in a locality where fish abound. Loch-Maree lies not far off, and there the angler has sport enough. Loch-Carron and the village of Jeantown are also in the district, and the mail-road from Dingwall on the east comes in there.

Lewis, locally called 'the Lews,' is the chief island of the outer Hebridean chain, and known as 'the long island;' Barra, Benbetula, Harris, and Uist N. and S., being of the group. Lewis, about 40 miles long, in some places 24 broad, is in Wester Ross, was originally the land of the M'Leod, and latterly possessed by the M'Kenzies. It is now the property of Mathieson of Achany, whose ancestors were from Kintail, who won wealth in the far east, and has for years past spent much of it right worthily in improving the long neglected isles of these western seas. Harris belongs to the Murrays; the Macdonalds have North Uist; the Gordons own Barra and South Uist.

Traces, stems of trees found, show that wood once abounded in these isles, now so bare of timber. Stornoway, on the east coast of Lewis, is the only town of importance in the outer Hebrides; it was founded by James IV., is a burgh of barony, has a fair harbour, with lighthouse to lead to it, the population is considerable, the town is neat, and prospering alike by the energy of its merchants and the fostering care of the lord of the manor, whose abode at Stornoway Castle shows well, the ground there being cultivated, enclosed, and planted at no small cost and with much care. In the town there are two banks, and twice that number of churches. In the season, herring fishing is eagerly prosecuted, lobsters are largely caught, and the shore of the river is useful in drying the cod and ling which abound in the seas there.

The tourist season, if clear and fair weather mean such, is a short one in these islands—July to August making the summer, and autumn closing with October. Although Lewis has no great heights, the mountains in Barra and Harris are rugged and lofty, and the island streams are many, large, and full of fish. A line of screw steamers runs from the Clyde to these islands.

LINLITHGOW, FALKIRK, and GRANGEMOUTH are on or near the line of railway, until of late known as the Edinburgh & Glasgow, and may be grouped together in this article. Linlithgow, chief town of the shire of that name, sometimes called West Lothian, is by railway 18 miles south-west of Edinburgh, 30 miles east of Glasgow, and was the second stage on the old mail-coach road from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Linlithgow owes its burghal privileges to David I., who built and endowed the church there;—population, 5,384; constituency, 130; revenue, £444. As a burgh it is grouped with Falkirk, Airdrie, Hamilton, and Lanark, showing about one-twelfth of the votes at the polling.

Tradition alleges that the town was founded by King Achaius, and antiquarians identify it with the Lindum of the Romans. The industry of the town has been long that of tanning, and in the days of David I. the trade in leather may have begun, as that prince granted to the Abbot of Holyrood the 'skins of the lambs, sheep, and rams of his lands at Linlithgow.' The bailies of the town swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296; in 1341 Edward Baliol assigned to Edward III. his interest in the town and castle; and in 1348, when Berwick and Roxburgh were held by the English, the burghs of Lanark and Linlithgow were in the parliament by David II. recognised as such in their place. In 1386, Robert II. mortgaged the customs of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and Aberdeen, to meet some pensions due—the inference being that Linlithgow then had trade, and was of national weight.

James II. in 1449, James III. in 1468, and James IV. in 1503 settled Linlithgow and its castles, customs, &c., on their queens. A Palace was built at Linlithgow, and added to by many of the kings, but its chief architectural beauties are due to the taste of Sir James Hamilton, known as 'the bastard of Arran,' and one of

the most truculent men of a savage age. The Palace was burned by Hawley's dragoons in 1746; but enough yet remains to interest the tourist, and the more so, as within these ruined halls, Mary Queen of Scots first saw the light. Her dying father, when told of a daughter born to him, said 'The crown came to the Stuarts with a lass, and it will go with a lass'—a prophecy!

When Linlithgow was 'a royal dwelling,' many of the nobility of Scotland had town houses there; and from the balcony of one belonging to Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Regent Murray (the 'good Earl,' as the people called him) was shot on January 23, 1569, by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, the assassin escaping; and that foul deed is rendered into verse by Sir Walter Scott, in the ballad of 'Cadzow Castle.' The house still exists, and the carbine Bothwellhaugh used is preserved in Hamilton Palace. Parliaments were frequently held in Linlithgow, and the ancient town appears often in the annals of Scotland; but it has not risen to commercial importance, the small harbour of Blackness, on the Forth, being that of the town; but when Dysart and St. Andrew's, in Fife, had commerce, a share may then have come to Linlithgow.

The ruins of the Palace are extensive, and guide-books descriptive of all in relation to it can be had on the spot. The small loch near the ancient Palace adds beauty to the scene, and all is well seen from the railway on the route westward. The district is fertile, and, as the county courts are held there, the town is still of local importance, and the villas about are good.

Falkirk, by railway 8 miles west of Linlithgow, is well seen from the train, as its crowded streets, steeple, and kirk-yard lie at no great distance from and between the railways; the river Forth, with the Ochil and the Saline hills in the distance. The town became a burgh of Parliament in 1833;—population, 9,030; constituency,

432; revenue, £1,155; and is the returning one of the group it gives name to. Coal abounds in this section of Stirlingshire; iron is also largely made; the Carron works are not far off; the railway runs above and below the town; the Union canal begins there, and the Forth & Clyde canal passes by it, so that the town does prosper, and is likely to continue to do so.

Being on the direct route from Edinburgh to Stirling, Falkirk has been the scene of strife; Wallace having fought his last battle there on July 22, 1298, when, overborne by numbers, the Scots were slaughtered. Sir John Graham, the 'right hand' of the patriot hero, fell there, and his grave is shown in the kirk-yard of the parish. On January 17, 1746, the royal troops, under General Hawley, were met and driven from the field by the clans under Prince Charles Edward.

Grangemouth, on the Forth, is within 3 miles of Falkirk, where the canal, the 'Forth and Clyde,' begins; it is connected by railway with the districts around, and is growing in prosperity; the dock accommodation is ample, and steamers to the Tyne, the Thames, and the Continent run from the port.

LOCH-AWE, PASS OF MELFORT, and OBAN.—The shire of Argyle is extensive, but there are few places in it which are more than ten miles from sea or loch; and numerous as the lochs are, few are fresh like Loch-Lomond and Loch-Awe. As an inland piece of water, Loch-Lomond is both greater in size, and it may be more picturesque throughout than is Loch-Awe, the cluster of its islands between Luss and Balmaha being beautiful. Islands, too, are on the broad bosom of Loch-Awe, with 'castles grey' upon them; they are fewer and less finely disposed, but the 'Cruachan-Ben,' so well seen from 'his foot to his crown,' is of unmatched beauty, and compensates for lack of islands.

Had the pen of the Novelist and Poet of the north been as freely employed in Argyle as it was in Perthshire, the locality now under review might have been ere now the resort of the tourist; and that they are now made acquainted with its attractions, able to traverse the district quickly and comfortably, is due to the enterprise of the builder, owner, and 'captain' of the *Lady of the Lake* (s. s.) placed there in 1864, and with such success that, for season 1867, a saloon steamer, with all 'Iona' comforts, is expected to take its place.

From the hamlet of Ford, at no great distance from the Crinan canal, to the western spurs of Cruachan, and near Loch-Etive, the length of Loch-Awe may be 28 miles; it is narrow at the southern end, but broad where the floods of Glenorchy pour into its bosom, sweep round the isle on which stand the ruins of Coalchurn Castle, and find an outlet, by the pass of Brandir and the rapids of the river, into the western loch on whose lower shore rises Dunstaffnage. As fairly advertised, the passenger traffic on this route is maintained by a coach leaving Oban in the morning, running by the southern bank of Loch-Etive to Taynuilt and Brandir, embarking in the steamer there, moving on by the broad waters under Cruachan, coming to under Innis-trynich, continuing the course to Ford, thence by coach, in waiting, for Ardrishaig on Loch-Fyne.

Reversing the route, as does the steamer on her return, that from Loch-Fyne will be described. In waiting upon the saloon steamers from Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, a coach will be found at Ardrishaig, by which those 'booked through' (and tourists are advised so to do) start soon after noon, take the route by Loch-Gilp, the neat village of that name being on the right, the Crinan canal on the left, and soon reaching the long level under Cairn-Ban, east of the Add, and below the green braes of Kilmichael Glassary, as the parish

traversed is named, the road—and it is broad and good—leads to Kilmartin, crosses the Add, where fish abound, and tops the gentle ascent crowned with the ruins of Carnassarie Castle, and enriched with the extensive domains of Poltalloch, Calton-more, the seat of the Malcolms, who are among the richest of the commoners of North Britain, their acres stretching nearly 50 miles in length. The district is a warm one—well enclosed, wooded, and settled; and the parochial village of Kilmartin, about 8 miles from Ardrishaig, is neat, not large, but finely placed.

A few miles onward, and the road by Melfort holds westward—that for Ford, on Loch-Awe, leading off to the right, through Glen-Urie, the hills above which are unique in outline, not mountains, but bold, craggy, high, green; and the basin, glen, or strath, between them looks as if a loch had occupied it, the boulders, water-worn like masses of granite, being scattered all round. Crops may be unsafe, late of ripening, but the meadows seem rich, the herbage verdant, and such stretches of sheltered low land must be valuable to the sheep farmer in these Alpine districts. As the southern end of Loch-Awe is approached, the road is less wide after diverging from the Calton-more policies, the lower end of Loch-Awe is reached, and seems almost pond-like in appearance, with the house of Ederline finely placed on the right, wood abundant, old, and good; and beyond the channel which appears, canal-like, to connect the lesser with the larger loch, the hamlet of Ford is found, near it a chapel of small size, and at the wayside inn fair comfort will be found.

Descending to the wooden pier, the deck of the steamer is gained. 'Move on' passed to the engineer; and smoothly the craft glides into the loch which, from first to last, has features of varied beauty. From Ford until near Port-Sonachan, the breadth is, on the average, little

more than one mile; the bays few, the hills to right and left of moderate height; the eastward being Argyle proper, beyond it lies Loch-Fyne and Inveraray; that on the west is Nether-Lorn, and further west lies the steamer track from Crinan to Oban. In the hollows of the hills, and little below their summits, are tarns, lochlets, in which trout of large size and superior flavour are found; those in the Inveraray district are called the 'black lochs'—the hills are black enough—and liberty to fish is obtained by the hotel-keeper from the factor; such is the rule in Loch-Fyne, where anglers resort. On the mountains above Loch-Awe, the stranger has more liberty and will have not less sport.

On the west is a place which the natives are pleased to call New-York. But where is the Hudson river? and where the points of resemblance? The language of the Gael must be getting exhausted, when recourse is had to such puerile naming of places. Near by is Dalavich—Dal, 'place;' Loch-Avich to the west is of considerable size, and by its banks a country road leads down by Glen-Doine to the head of Loch-Craignish for Scarba, Corryvreckan, and Jura. S. E. is the inlet of Kaims, and further on a group of islets—one of them crowned with an ivied ruin, Ard-Connel, a seat of the Macnaughtons of old; the wood below the castle walls is umbrageous, the turf soft and green, and the locality for pic-nic parties tempting as 'Ellen's Isle'—so famed in the south; and when the railway gets into operation from Callander to Cruachan, crowds may find their way to that lovely spot—at present abandoned to the artist.

Two-thirds of Loch-Awe, from Ford to Beandir, are over when Port-Sonachan is reached, the breadth contracting to little more than half a mile, the depth great, the ferry safe, and a good inn on either side of the loch, with no small temptation for those of angling propensities to abide there. Of the two houses, that on the

south may be the more commodious. In the old inn on the north, Christopher North spent many a vacation, he was a keen angler, loved the district, and has described the locality well. By crossing Loch-Awe at Port-Sonachan, the road between Oban and Inveraray is made shorter by one third; and the drive by Glen-Nant to Taynuilt is of surpassing beauty, the bosky dells being little inferior in attraction to the Trossachs or the most bepraised localities south or north.

The lands to the east and west, above Port-Sonachan, have been recently acquired by a gentleman well remembered in Leadhills, who has prospered at Leith, and whose settlement here promises well for the development of the attractions and resources of Loch-Awe side. At Innistrynich (where 'in,' 'innis,' or 'eilan,' appear in Celtic topography, an island may be looked for) the 'Lady of the Lake' blows off her steam, and those passengers booked for Inveraray by Loch-Awe are landed, a coach being in waiting to convey them; and the first few miles of the road by Cladich are beautiful indeed. At Cladich is a snug inn; near it is one of the smallest and most ancient-like of churches; and, on crowning the hill, a short way south, will be found—what Pennant declares, and he was an authority—one of the finest views in Europe: the expanse of Loch-Awe lies below, above rises the Cruachan-Ben, Coalchurn Castle, Inverawe, Glenstrae, and Glenorchy, all in view.

Under the shadow of Cruachan the isles are many, some of them most poetically named, as Innishail, 'the isle of beauty'—where was a convent of old, the chapel in use until 1736; and to the burying-ground there, the bodies of the departed were carried—few sights being more grand, or sounds more impressive, than the funeral of the chief, when carried across the waters to sleep beside his forefathers—the wail of the

bagpipe awaking the echoes of mountain and shore. The waters of Loch-Awe are deep, suddenly so, and sad accidents have arisen in consequence. Some years since the farmer of Hayfield, who had been long well known as an innkeeper in Kelso, lost his life stepping from the green sward into the deep waters; and a few years ago, a lady—a bride, from the south, a good swimmer, took to the water, became cramped, and was drowned in sight of her parent, sister, and friend, who could see their loved one in the deep clear water, but were helpless to aid until too late; the cause of the catastrophe arose from the excessive coldness of the waters, the springs in Loch-Awe being numerous.

Coalchurn Castle is one of the attractions of Loch-Awe; it shows well from road or steamer, and the isle on which it is placed is ordinarily accessible from the mainland. The ruins are extensive, roofless, and the halls grown over with nettles. Coalchurn, 'the castle of the rock,' is more descriptive than Kilchurn, there being no chapel there. It is of oblong form, with donjon tower and turrets; was five storeys in height; the floor but a little above the level of the loch; and must have owed its strength more to the gallantry of the Campbells within than to its defences without. The castle was mainly built in 1440, by Sir Colin Campbell; but long before a feudal home had been there for the Clan-Grigor chiefs of Glenstrae were driven forth by the Campbells—the latter became Lords of Breadalbane, the former robber chiefs on Loch-Katrine.

Ben, 'mountain' in Gaelic—'son of the earth' in Hebrew. The family is a large one in North Britain; but the Celt explains that Cruach, Cruachan, means 'stack,' 'stacks,' 'hummocks,' and as on the mountain above Loch-Awe are two such protuberances, hence Cruachan-Ben, and it is the only instance in Gaelic topography where the Ben is penultimate—comes last as a word.

In the 'Lord of the Isles' it is so written, and Sir Walter Scott was an authority. In height, Cruachan-Ben is 3,670 feet, and may be ascended from Dalmally on the east, or from Taynuilt on the west; the hotels there are good, landlords will find guides, and will fill the bottles also—the latter indispensable.

Of Cruachan-Ben M'Culloch wrote—'Compared to Ben-Lomond it is a giant, and its grasp is gigantic.' The view from its summit is wide as the horizon can be swept—rich and varied as the mind can conceive. The base of Cruachan is twenty miles in extent, and it shows well from all points—Loch-Awe lying on the south, Loch-Etive on the north, Glenorchy to the east, and Bun-Awe on the west. The river Awe is broad, rapid, its channel rough with rocks; and the locality has a place in the romance of Scottish story, as it was there that the 'brooch of Lorn was lost and won'—the gallant Bruce being met and nearly overpowered there by the Macdougall chief, a relative of the murdered Comyn, and the feud which began in blood on the altar steps of the monastery at Dumfries, ended in the ruin of the chiefs of Dunstaffnage; but the latter, although they lost their noble homes, as Lords of Dunolly, were ever men of mark in Nether-Lorn. The late head of the family, and the most pleasant of men, died last year as Admiral, full of years and honour.

On Fraoch-Eilan, in Loch-Awe, was a castle of the clan Macnaughton, bestowed in 1276, the servitude that when the king passed that way he should be entertained; and when Charles Edward appeared in Glenfinnan, in 1745, the board at Fraoch-Eilan was loaded, in hope of his taking that route south when seeking to recover the rights of the Stuart family.

Glenorchy, now part of the Breadalbane domains, was in the Bruce era the property of Sir Nigel Campbell, one of the most gallant of Bruce's compatriots, and

a brother-in-law. In 1457 the descendant of Sir Nigel became Earl of Argyle, Marquis in 1641, and Duke in 1701. The Marquis of 1641 is drawn to the life in the 'Legend of Montrose'—Dalgetty exchanging fetters with him in the dungeon of Inveraray.

The tale of the 'Highland Widow,' by Sir W. Scott, is localised above the pass of Brandir; and the scenery there is described by the gifted Novelist as 'where the road winds round the tremendous mountain of Cruchan-Ben; which rushes down in all its majesty of rock and wilderness on the lake, leaving only a pass (of Brandir), in which the warlike clan of Macdougall of Lorn were almost destroyed by the sagacious Robert Bruce.' The rocks and precipices which stoop down perpendicularly on the path exhibit remains of the wood which had once clothed them. The southern slopes of Cruachan are clothed with natural wood; and streams—cascades—pour down its face, through gorges furrowed there in the course of ages.

At Brandir a coach waits to convey the tourist by Taynuilt for Oban—a route to be yet noticed.

LOCH-EARN, LOCH-EARNHEAD, GLENOGLE, in Perthshire, on the tourist track from the banks of the Forth to upper Strath-Tay, has so much of attractive interest that due notice should be given it. The road from Callander by King's House inn to the braes of Balquhiddy has come under review. A short way onward from the grave of Rob Roy lies the wood of Letter, and the district of Loch-Earnhead is entered, the fine home of the Macgregor chief being on the hill-side to the west; near where the Free church stands, a road leads eastward by the southern banks of Loch-Earn, less travelled than the route on the north, but attractive, as the falls of Edinample are there, a place of such local interest that a boatman of the last generation

produced a work upon it, which is rare, and was one of the 'curiosities' of literature—Celtic notions expressed in crude Saxon words; and the chief of the district got all glory in the laboured pages of the simple serf,—M'Laren declaring that his chief had killed many officers, emperors, governors, &c.!

The late owner of the Castle of Taymouth was an indulgent master, as one of his 'chief butlers,' who was mine host of Kenmore, is now, when the Houses of Parliament are in session, an attendant there; another keeps all right at Dalmally; and here, at Loch-Earnhead, is the third—mine host—and a good one.

Loch-Earnhead hotel is 20 miles W. of Crieff, 14 from Callander, and 23 N.W. of Kenmore—coaches running to these places. At a short distance from the modern hotel are the ruins of the inn of 1745, and where the 42d Regiment were quartered, many of the men coming from the district, which was populous in those days, but the 'Breadalbane clearings' has 'altered all that.' Loch-Earn—'Eryn-earn-eagle'—is 7 miles in length, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in average breadth, and with the mountain of Ben-Voirlich on the south, and the Alpine heights which divide its loch from the waters of Loch-Tay make the track a pleasant one. M'Culloch declared that 'limited as are the dimensions of Loch-Earn, it is exceeded in beauty by few of our lakes'—'the hills that bound it are lofty, and bold, and rugged, their surface being enriched with deep hollows and ravines, green and cultivated banks, divided by gravelly beaches, washed by the bright curling waves of the lake, give it a character of rural sweetness and repose.'

The landscape shows well from Ben-Voirlich, 'the great mountain of the lake,' 'when the sun his beacon red has kindled on Ben-Voirlich's head,' reads in the 'Lady of the Lake,' and being the highest of the southern Grampian range, the view is good, and from its summit is a

prospect of the widest extent—‘Glen-Artney’s hazel shade,’ the strath of the Earn, St. Fillans, Comrie, Crieff, and eastward to the Tay below the city of Perth. The old mansion of Ardvoirlich, the Darlinvarloch of the ‘Legend of Montrose,’ is near the base of Ben-Voirlich—Ard meaning ‘place,’ as Ben does ‘mountain.’ The drive from Loch-Earnhead to St. Fillans, at the foot of the loch, is a fine one, and the road eastward for Comrie is richly settled, the beauty of the sites and the scenery making it so. The hotel at Loch-Earnhead has been added to, rebuilt almost, furnished, and offers quarters to the angler, the lovers of the picturesque, and will favourably compare with any of the many first-class houses on the strath of the Forth or the Tay.

In the tourist season—July, August, September—a well appointed coach runs from Callander to Aberfeldy. Loch-Earnhead hotel is within a short stage of Killin; and the stage should be a short one, as it has to go over the steep ascent of Glenogle, a place singularly wild and beautiful, but soon to be opened out to the tourist, as the railway between Callander and Oban traverses the glen; and as the line runs high on the hill-side to the west, the gradients will be severe, but may be got over. The road, as it now appears, is greatly better than was the old one, the track of which it crosses and recrosses frequently—road-makers of old knowing nothing of gradients, and caring little for levels. The hills on the west are precipitous, and masses of rock seem to come down from their sides, furrowed over with water-courses; but such avalanches rarely occur in the tourist season, and in the other nine months of the year traffic will be small. A stream runs south, in the deep ravine to the west; another is observed running north, the water-shed between the Earn and the Tay is reached, and the view south is of great beauty; as is that to east and west, where the stream of

the Dochart, the strath of St. Fillan, the Ben-More mountain; and the hills above Glenfalloch, Tyndrum, and Glenorchy come into view. At the Lix toll-bar, the coach round from Loch-Lomond to Killin is reached, and the excellent hotel is not far off.

LOCH-ECK, DUNOON, by STRACHUR for INVERARAY, is one of the most picturesque routes recently opened up to the public by the enterprise of a 'Bailie in Inveraray;' and as such men are surely benefactors to guide-book producers, the latter should do what in them lie to show forth their fame. The 'Rover' coach awaits at Dunoon the arrival of the 'Iona,' 7 a.m. from Glasgow; and the 'Dinmont' from Helensburgh, train 6.15 a.m. from Edinburgh, 7.35 a.m. from Dundas-street, Glasgow; and to be able to book through from the Forth to the lower Clyde should be no small advantage to tourists from that quarter. Soon as luggage is stowed, and fares seated, the coach moves on through the rising town of Dunoon, by the wooded hill of Dunloskin, leaves the Hafton policies behind, comes into view of the Holy-Loch, sweeps down upon Sandbank, rounds the head of the Loch, passes Ballochyle, and crosses the wooden bridge over the Echaig.

To the right the way leads down to Kilmun, but turning sharp to the left the road runs on by the banks of the Echaig—low enough at times, but from its frequently altered channel, heavy of flood, although short of course—the distance from the Holy-Loch to Loch-Eck being little more than three miles. On the west is Ben-More, the hill of the district; and near its base the domain, gardens, and mansion of the gentleman who has recently acquired the land, mountain, and glens around, and who, as a wealthy, liberal, and resident proprietor, is doing much to improve a district which is of itself so picturesque, and does so well show off the

sums lavished upon it. The road is not over broad; the hills on the right are high, immense masses of granite cropping out of the green mountain side, and here and there impending over the path. Rumour was that iron could be had there for the mining, but to have had blast furnaces on the Echaig would have sadly marred the district, and, it may be, more offended the house-feuars in Kilmun than the incursions of the Sunday steamer, or the boat-loads on Saturday afternoons of artisans from Port-Glasgow and Greenock.

The road is well wooded, the glen of moderate breadth, the windings of the Echaig beautiful, and pleasant is the site of the farmer's cottage, whose 'lines have fallen' where the river issues from its parent loch. Loch-Eck is little more than five miles in length, nearly equal in breadth throughout, deep, as might be looked for, where the hills are so high—those on the west coming so sheer down on the dark waters that the families living there, shepherds and farmers, must find their way to kirk or market by boating across the loch, and that such is their means of travelling is shown by the boat-houses on the loch side, large enough to shelter the boat in the water, and the cart on the land—the latter useful at times as may be the other. The rainfall in these Alpine districts is great, and the water line of the loch shows that it rises high at times; while the road is so sandy that it tries hard the horses when the load is a heavy one, as it happily often is. The residents at Dunoon and Kilmun, when the day is fine, and friends are with them, patronise the coach pretty liberally; so much so that in the height of the season a second conveyance from Strachur is put on the road.

A short way up Loch-Eck, and near where fresh horses are harnessed, a road leads over the hill to the right, and soon reaches Glen-Finnart, above Ardentiny, on Loch-Long; and the drive from Strone,

Kilmun, or Dunoon, by the banks of the Echaig, through Glen-Finnart, and by the shores of Loch-Long and the Holy-Loch, is a favourite one for pic-nic parties, the number of carriages kept for hire at Dunoon, Kilmun, and Strone, being considerable, and the route described is the one they travel most over.

At the head of Loch-Eck, and where the river Cur—'Strath-Chur'—flows into it, is a considerable breadth of meadow land; the houses near by are snug and comfortable, but the farms must be small, as their steadings are not large. From Loch-Eck to the parochial village of Strachur the ascent is considerable, the roadside well sheltered by trees, as it is throughout, and hedges are here, there are few in the glen below, the strath here giving breadth for their growth. The hills to the left are green but bare, and beyond them are the shores of Loch-Striven, the northern end of Rothesay bay, the opening into the Kyles of Bute; on the right are the heights eastward, of which lies the 'Hell's glen' path for head of Loch-Goil.

The village of Strachur is small, but the inn there will be a snug one, as the landlord, driver of the Loch-goil coach, so well knows both how to amuse his passengers and care well for his guests. At the small wooden pier is found the 'Fairy' steamer, a beauty of her class, and those tourists who desire to travel intelligently are referred to Captain Munro, than whom there are few better informed men of his class in or out of Argyleshire. The run by steamer from Strachur to Inveraray is within six miles, and the shores of Loch-Fyne, north or south, are beautiful indeed—have often been, and well deserve to be described.

LOCH-GOIL, LOCH-GOILHEAD, and the coach route for Inveraray, is a line of travel familiar to most of those tourists who penetrate by that route into the centre of

the shire of Argyle. Not the centre as to mileage, but the county Courts are held in Inveraray; the Castle of the chief of the Campbell clan is built there; the best herring in Scotland are caught there; and there, hotel accommodation for all classes is ample.

Steamers specially on that station have, for very many years left the Broomielaw, Glasgow, at 8.30 A.M., for season 1866 at 9 A.M., train to Greenock 9.45 A.M., and another of the same company runs at 3.40 P.M., train 4.50 P.M.; and a rival boat is placed (July 1866), leaving Glasgow at 8.40 A.M., train 9 A.M. Where conveyances are so frequent and competition pretty severe, fares are low, but crowds go, and the station has been held as a remunerative one. Coaches in connection with the steamers are placed on the road from Loch-Goilhead to St. Catherine's, the ferry on Loch-Fyne, and three miles from the burgh of Inveraray.

Leaving Glasgow in the morning, the steamer holds her way down the Clyde, calling at Renfrew, Bowling, off Dumbarton, and coming to at Greenock to await passengers preferring the railway to the steamer. Casting off from the Customhouse quay at Greenock, the steamer is steered across the upper Frith of Clyde for the southern section of the peninsular-like parish of Roseneath, the first place of calling being at Kilcreggan—'kil' church, 'creggan' rocks—in Popish times a chapel may have been there. At present the Free church of the district is on the hill-side across to the Gare-Loch, and little more than one mile from Loch-Long. Cove, the next place of call, lies but a short way farther up Loch-Long, and both places have come into existence within the last few years, the shore there being excellent for sea-bathing purposes, and it must better pay his Grace of Argyle having the acres of these green hill-sides feued over for villas than to have sheep or black cattle feeding upon them.

The piers on Loch-Long are all of wood, none of them free, and those who farm them pay well for the privilege of fleecing the people. There are no tolls on the roads in the shire of Argyle, property being assessed for their maintenance; and the question has been asked, now that the lords of the soil draw so much from those who cover their acres with villas and gardens, and the occupying families are such consumers of farm and dairy produce, that, as at Gourock, Innellan, Largs, Rothesay, and Lamblash, there should be free piers, and that the people might be permitted to get ashore untaxed, the more so as the steamers pay for leave to put ropes ashore, being waited upon, &c.

Kilcreggan, Cove, and Blairmore, on Loch-Long, are growing apace; the houses generally large—not overcrowded; and on the Kilmun shore the ‘creature comforts’ can be had, but ‘no licence to sell such’ could be obtained in Cove or Kilcreggan—the cellars of their salt-water homes being the only places where a drop can be drawn from—and the ‘water being salt’ folks may be excused getting thirsty at times!

Ardentinny, at the foot of Glenfinnart, is a beautiful little hamlet or village, with a chapel; but, it is only of late years that feus could be obtained there. The locality is one of the sweetest on Loch-Long, the domain near Glenfinnart House being finely wooded, and the drive westward to Whistlefield on Loch-Eck is an attractive one. Coulport, across Loch-Long and nearly opposite to Ardentinnny, appears to be the farthest up of feuable acres on the Roseneath shore; the houses are few, but handsome; and the hill-side above them bare—that of the Pharl-hill above Ardentinnny, one of the landmarks of the district, will be always barren of occupants, as the space between the loch and mountain upwards to the entrance to Loch-Goil leaves scarce room for a shepherd’s sheiling.

Loch-Goil is little more than five miles in length, narrow where it enters Loch-Long, widening a little thereafter, and beyond the ruins of Carrick Castle, there is something like space for a score or two of villas; the acres are in the feuing market; and to tempt settlers an excellent wooden pier has been recently built there, and one good villa at least has been erected near it, that of a dealer in flour in Glasgow, and one who appears to have 'baked his bread well.'

The ruined castle of Carrick is said to have been a hunting-seat of Robert the Bruce. Fingal, Wallace, and Bruce, in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, have places without number associated with their names. The castle of Carrick was of considerable extent, the walls thick, the defences strong, and the waters deep; it was a place of strength in those ages when the bow and the sling were the weapons of attack; now the hills are so near that the garrison could be shelled out in no time. In the annals of Scotland, the castle of Carrick was besieged, defended, taken, and retaken; having been sacked by the 'Highland host,' who, in those dark days when it went hard with the Scotch Presbyterians, were let loose upon the peasantry of the west, and took the opportunity of clearing off some feudal scores with the Clan Campbell, the Marquis of Argyle being a leader of the party who held religion dear as life.

His Grace of Argyle has the title of Keeper of Carrick Castle, as he has also that of Dunoon. Of the latter scarce a stone exists to show what it was; of the former the masonry of the Norsemen still stands high above the deep loch. The dimensions of Carrick Castle are—walls, 7 feet thick, 64 high, length 66, breadth 38, with a high and strong curtain or wall covering the rock—'Carrig' 'Carrick-rock'—which rises from the loch. The dark waters, the rugged mountains, and the old grey walls, form a picture which gives frequent occu-

pation to the pencil of the artist; and not as a sketch alone, but as a painting, it often appears, and that by some of the most gifted men of their day.

The shore on the south, from Ardentinny to Loch-Goil, is owned by the Douglas family of Glenfinnart; that across the loch, from Loch-Long to Loch-Fyne, is on the Ardkinglass estate, the heir of which, being a minor, is one of the main reasons why the pretty shore near Loch-Goilhead north, has not been long since built over. The lands at the head of the loch are those of Drumsynie, not long since sold by a Campbell to a gentleman who found his way to Glasgow from the lower frith of the Clyde, rolled his 'bowls' well, moved to the Mersey, dealt largely in 'delf,' and now lives as a Highland laird, for whom, if a pedigree were wanted, the genealogist might trace it from 'Ronald, Lord of the Isles;' and should a reader of these pages desire arms to be found for them, they are referred to the 'Author of the Scottish Nation'—and as is the price, so may be the length of the pedigree.

The houses on the right show well, as the steamer moves up the loch, which widens considerably between the piers on the Douglas and the Ardkinglass lands. The road eastward is a short way from the water, the space between, and it is small, being occupied by villas and gardens. The mountains, which tower high above where Loch-Goil and Loch-Long meet, are known as the 'Argyle Bowling-green,' being more rugged than can be easily found elsewhere, strewed over with boulder-like stones; and if the chiefs of Argyle could of old roll such about, they must have been of the Anak breed—of which the present Maccalum-More is not. A path, one which needs wary walking, leads from the village to the N. E. point of the loch to the ferry of Portan-stuck, across Loch-Long, for the shore opposite and within a couple of miles of Gare-Lochhead, and where

is localised Campbell's fine tale of the 'Chieftain to the Highlands bound, cries Boatman do not tarry.' The silver penny failed to insure safety—the dark waters closed over the lovers—and 'my daughter, oh! my daughter!' was the sad cry of the father.

Loch-Goilhead has a tidy inn, and well looked to by sisters, who are related to the worthy landlady, long of Brodick, now of Corrie inn, Arran, and it would be hard to find a better school to come from. The parish kirk is at the head of the loch; near it a wooden erection by the Free church—the population being small when coast visitors turn homewards. The lands of Drumsynie are well wooded, and the road for a mile westward to the bridge across the Goil water, has hedges by the wayside, trees, and is warm like.

Ten years ago it was written that 'Awaiting the arrival of the steamer from Glasgow [Helensburgh was unknown then as a tourist steamer station], will be found the coach known as 'the Hell's Glen mail,' and the driver was thirty years on the station, and hale enough to keep it for thirty years to come.' 'John is Highland in name, feature, and form; active, erect, tall, stands well on his pins, strong hands, long arms, pliant elbows, broad shoulders, full chest, bronzed features, red whiskers, a clear eye, open forehead, modest hat, and plain coat.' Such was John in 1856, but since then the Crimean war fell out, and it became the fashion to become bearded 'like the pard,' and such John Campbell now became. In 1866 he seems strong as of old, less lithe in mounting to his box, as wide-awake, keen, hale, and tongue as active as ever. To quote again:—'There is no yarn the tourist may adventure to spin which Campbell will not on the nonce produce a match for; there is not a locality around him which he has not a ready name for, usually a Gaelic one, which, if asked to spell, he will forthwith eject such a mouthful

of guttural enunciation that few subject their ears or his organs to the labour of repeating them.'

Between Loch-Goil and Loch-Fyne is little short of eight miles; one-fifth the way, on east and west, is easy enough, but the remainder is a long and steep ascent from both sides. About a couple of miles from Loch-Goil a road, little travelled, leads off by a deep glen for Loch-Restal, and 'rest and be thankful'—the summit level of Glencroe. Turning sharp to the left, the coach horses go painfully up a road—the difficulties of which have tasked the engineer of the way to surmount—the curves being as sharp as those in Glenshee, not unfairly termed 'the Devil's elbow;' and the glen near by has a name somewhat alike—though why so called is not over apparent, it being tame as compared with Glencroe across the hills to the right. The ascent is continuous, the road not broad, but firm, and the hills on the right are high, not rugged; those on the left, beyond the burn, afford a fair pasture to the sheep, whose stells, folds, or enclosures are seen in the meadows between the road and the burn. The burn runs quietly where the strath is broad, but as it narrows, the stream comes down in cascades, and adds to the attractions of a glen, which has little either of the awful or the solitary in its composition.

On topping the hill, the view of Loch-Fyne—the policies near the castle of Argyle, the hill of Duniquoich with its 'lonely watch tower,' the ruins of the castle of Dunedera, the expanse of the loch upwards for Cairndow by Ardkinglass, or downwards by the broad bay past the town, the Strachur shore, the Furnace heights, to Minard, Otter, and Knapdale—present a panoramic view of extraordinary beauty; and all the best features of which John Campbell can so well describe, his gift of language being excellent, his memory retentive, and within his long experience, many men of literary celeb-

riety, and of European world-wide reputation, have shared the box-seat with him; and John, who long kept the inn at St. Catherine's, has, with the best of them, shared many a glass before parting with those he had amused—it may be improved by the way.

John is now 'mine host' of the snug inn of Strachur, six miles down the loch, where the coach road strikes inland from Dunoon and the Clyde, by the strath of the Chur and the shores of Loch-Eck. Before moving from St. Catherine's, John Campbell successfully bestirred himself to get a new, a large, and a good school built for the district; and it was his practice to entice those passengers he might guess to be liberal to inspect the premises—and contribute to the funds. It is characteristic of the class to which this useful member of society belongs, that of the large family he has reared, and all of whom are fairly educated, one of them is meant for the pulpit; and in season 1865, when a coach was put on the Kilmun road by 'his company,' the student of divinity, to help his father, drove the coach—and drove it well. The ferry from St. Catherine's to Inveraray is of no great breadth, the passage made by Campbell's friend in the steamer 'Argyle,' which has little to be said for it either as to speed, comfort, or appearance, and is distanced in all respects by its 'Fairy' rival, a steamer placed there by the opposition coach-owners—and placed there by a 'limited liability company'—but how that may be expressed in Gaelic, the writer of these topographic pages knoweth not. The passage from Glasgow is ordinarily made within seven hours; and for those leaving at 9 a.m., dinner will be found waiting at the Argyle Arms, Inveraray.

LOCH-KATRINE—TROSSACHS—CALLANDER, may be the district of Scotland most classic in the estimation of the tourist; and few there are that cross the

Tweed who do not find time to explore the lochs, ravines, and mountains, where the tale of the 'Lady of the Lake' can be localised. Loch-Katrine may be approached from the west, by a coach running from Inversnaid on Loch-Lomond to Stronaclachar—the distance 5 miles, and the conveyance good. From the east, coaches in the season run from Callander to the Trossachs Hotel, 9 miles; and thence through the 'bristled territory,' little more than a mile, to the screw steamer, which lies ready to carry visitors, by 'Ellen's Isle,' to Stronaclachar hotel, near the north-western extremity of Loch-Katrine.

Selecting the latter route, reference may be made to the article on 'Callander' to the track from Stirling to the Highland village—by Cockneys affectedly termed 'the capital of the Trossachs;' but not without show of reason so termed, as the railway terminates near them, the Highlands come in view, the hotels are excellent, and the crowd of carriages, coaches, and travellers is great in the season. At the railway station the coaches proper for the west will be found in waiting, also the 'buses for the rival hotels; and it does often happen that passengers, double the number the coaches can accommodate, appear 'bound for the west'—the sure way to get on is to 'book through' when leaving Perth, Edinburgh, or Glasgow—the penalty to form a party and hire on—the cost for four or six but a trifle more than by the coach.

The outlying buildings west of Callander are becoming numerous, and few places in North Britain afford finer sites for villas being erected upon, on the strath of the Teith, the course of the upper Forth, and on the south Vennacher, Loch-Achray in the west, on the north the Craigs of Callander, the entrance into the glen of the Lubnaig, and above it Ben-Ledi—far west Ben-Lomond, far S. E., the Castle of Stirling. Start-

ing from Callander, the main road leads on by Lubnaig to Balquhiddel, Loch-Earn, Killin, Loch-Tay, Kenmore, and the railway at Aberfeldy, a tourist coach running that way. At Kilmahog—a hamlet strangely named, ‘kil’ or ‘cill’ meaning church, but the remainder of the name appearing to have some swinish signification—the road to the left, by the trees, is that for the banks of Loch-Vennacher, and the route direct for Loch-Katrine; and, to be one so much frequented, it might be broader and less steep, but it is got merrily over, the cattle able for their work, opposition usually on the road, the tourists ordinarily travelling in parties, and well inclined to find nothing ‘rough by the way,’ or, if so, ‘to get over such as best they can.’

It is contrary to guide-book-producing rule to attempt to describe the district without borrowing largely from the poem of the Lady of the Lake, a work which is so likely to be in the head or the hand of the tourist, that quotation will be made sparingly in these pages—and often the ‘flowing verse’ may appear ‘as rugged prose.’ The ‘purple heath’ of Bochastle, classic ground as it now is, seems but a flat moorland, but the mounds and trenches which can be traced upon it, antiquarians allege, mark where the Romans of old lay encamped. A short way onwards is Coilantogle ford — ‘Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,’ ‘where the Teith,’ daughter of three mighty lakes, ‘from Vennachar, in silver breaks,’ sweeps through the plain, and onwards to Bochastle, ‘the mouldering lines, where Rome, the empress of the world, of yore her eagle wings unfurled.’ To add to the supply of water, which is drawn by the citizens of Glasgow from Loch-Katrine, the level of Loch-Vennacher has been raised, and thus the appearance of Lanrick Mead, the gathering-place of Clan-Alpine, has been altered, much of it being submerged, as within the water line, hedges appear, which of old marked the field enclosures. Loch-Vennachar is

about one-third the size of Loch-Katrine; and westward lies Loch-Achray, which extends from near the Brig-o'-Turk to the Trossachs Hotel, and may be finely seen from the wooded heights above 'the copsewood grey, that moans and weeps on Loch-Achray.' This sheet of water is 'lovely,' for where shall we 'find in foreign land, so lone a lake, so sweet a strand?'

Achray—in Gaelic 'the level land'—is the name of the farm at the head of the loch, the breadth being greater than is usually found in such Alpine lands. The loch flows under Ben-Venue, is about two miles in length, less than one in breadth, within two miles of Vennachar at its lower end, and its upper laves the entrance into the gorge of the Trossachs. Near the western end of Achray, its waters trend off to the left, and sweep round a green knoll on which stands the church of the district, a Chapel of Ease to the parish of Callander. Above the eastern end of Achray, until of late years, stood the Brig-o'-Turk Hotel, built there to accommodate the crowds that often overflow the Trossachs; it was burned down, and is not like to be replaced, as the present 'host' of the hotel at Trossachs has experience, energy, and capital enough to provide well for all who come on to him, and multitudes pass on from railway to steamer, steamer to coach, and coach to steamer, spending little by the way, leaving the comforts of the aristocratic-like structure above Loch-Achray to those whose purses are better lined, and who visit the district with the resolve to explore all its beauties—if need be, can afford to loiter, and such tourists are legion in numbers—as few localities are more tempting to abide in for the while.

The river, which flows in by Glenfinlass, is of considerable size; and a short way above the road is an ancient burying-ground, where many of the Stuarts of the clan Moray are interred, and far inland as the ground is, and sparse as is the population, on not a few of the

grave-stones can be traced the sword, with 'Miles—knight,' inscribed near it. The strath for some miles upwards is one of much beauty, and to stroll that way is one of the pleasant paths for visitors to the district.

Ben-Ledi is well seen from Stirling upwards, being 2,381 feet high, within two miles of Callander, in the district between Loch-Lubnaig and Glenfinlass; and although less lofty than Ben-Lomond or Ben-More, it is so finely placed that in Druid times it was known as Ben, 'the hill,' Ledi, 'of God.' Tradition alleges that the rites of Baal were celebrated on its summit; and if Bible students object to Baal being known there, the driver of the coach will show them a vast boulder on the mountain side which has been, time out of mind, known as 'the putting-stane of Samson.' Ben-Ledi can be climbed to its summit, it is level near its peaks, and just between them is a mountain tarn—Loch-an-nam-Corp—'the loch of the dead,' so named from a funeral party from Glenfinlass, for the burial-yard of St. Bride's, attempting to cross the ice there, when all perished. The cairn on the summit of Ben-Ledi makes it a landmark for strath Teith. Dun-craggan, the first stage of 'the fiery cross of clan Alpine,' is near to Brig-o'-Turk, and huts there mark the spot. Across the hill to the south is a road for Aberfoyle and the Loch-Ard country, and the views on various points of that route are magnificent. The Trossachs—the 'bristled territory'—the gorge-like approach to Loch-Katrine, is but a short way from the hotel; and it is so vividly described in the 'Lady of the Lake,' that the temptation to transcribe such is irresistible:—

'The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,

Where twined the path, in shadow hid
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain,
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked with every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky;
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced;
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wond'rous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'

The road through the Trossachs is broad, good, and
the length all too short; the drivers will be found well

'posted' up in the topographic incidents of the route, and will show 'the rugged dell' where, under Fitz-James, 'the gallant horse, exhausted, fell;' when 'the good steed, his labours o'er, stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more'—the knight exclaiming 'woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, that costs thy life, my gallant grey!' It was something of a burlesque on this classic incident that one of the coaches on the road from Stirling to the Trossachs was long known as the 'gallant grey'—'stiffness of limbs' in the steeds that drew it being its apparent claim to the title. The 'mountain high, the lone lake's western boundary,' is that of Ben-An, but 1,800 feet in height; yet there, 'on the north, through middle air, Ben-An heaves high his forehead bare'—where now seen 'gleaming with the setting sun, one burnished sheet of living gold, Loch-Katrine lies beneath them rolled, in all her length, fair windings long, with promontory, creek, and bay, and islands that, empurpled bright, floated amid the lovelier light, and mountains that like giants stand, to sentinel enchanted land. High on the south, huge Ben-Venue, down in the lake its masses threw, craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled, the fragments of an earlier world; a wildering forest, feathered o'er, his ruined sides and summit hoar.'

Ben-Venue, 2,388 feet high, is near midway between Lochs Achray, Katrine, and Chon; westward rises Ben-Lomond, 3,192 feet; and between them are the well-springs of the river Forth. Sir Walter Scott describes the Trossachs 'as a wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and groups, thrown together in disorderly groups; and a well known topographer characterises them 'as a tumultuous confusion of rocks, eminences, all of fantastic forms, studded with trees and shrubs, and whose gorse wears an aspect of roughness and wildness, of tangled and inextricable baskiness totally unexampled, it is

supposed, in the world.' To the right of the road which traverses the Trossachs is a deep morass, named 'the witches' bog;' and in the gorge of the defile is the pass of 'Beal-an-Duine,' the battle-ground between the followers of 'Moray's silver star,' and the clansmen of Roderick Dhu—'chief of Alpine's clan, with tartans broad and shadowy plume, the hand of blood and brow of gloom'—they 'man the Trossachs' shaggy glen, in Loch-Katrine's gorge to fight.'

The stillness of the scenery before the fight began is finely drawn, when 'there was no breeze upon the tarn, nor ripple on the lake; when on her eyrie nods the erne, and deer had sought the brake; the small birds would not sing aloud, the springing trout lay still, so darkly gloomed the purple clouds that swathed, as with a purple shroud, Ben-Ledi's distant hill.' The struggle began when the 'light-armed archers, far and near, surveyed the tangled ground'—'the lake is passed, and now they gain a narrow and a broken plain, before the Trossachs' rugged jaws, and there the horse and spearmen pause, while to explore the dangerous glen, drive through the pass the archer men;' but, 'forth from the pass, out-driven, like chaff before the wind of heaven, the archery appear'—'onwards they drive, in dreadful race, pursuers and pursued'—'Down, down!' cried Mar; 'your lances down! bear back both friend and foe.' 'Right onward did Clan-Alpine come;' but 'the horsemen dash among the rout, as deer break through the broom'—'Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne, and reflux through the pass of fear the battle's tide is poured,' where, in the 'deep and darksome pass devoured the battle's mingled mass—none linger now upon the plain save those who ne'er shall fight again.' All the beauties of the bosky dell and the grandeur of the mountain scenery remain; but the wild strife of the landless

'Gregalich, driven from Glenorchy's proud mountain, Coalchurn and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenlyon,' is over; 'looms, beam, treddles and shuttles' have won the day; 'Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe,' is a tale of the past; and the Trossachs are now explored by thousands of tourists, and with safety.

The cove in which the steamer is moored is but a short way from 'Ellen's Isle,' the spot of all others most sought after by the lady tourists, and its beauty does well challenge their admiration. Fitz-James, 'a wanderer toss'd, mourning his friends, his courser lost,' finds 'a narrow inlet still and deep'—'and further in the hunter strayed still broader sweeps its channel made the shaggy mounds,' 'there seemed to float like castle in its girdled moat, and 'each retiring claims to be an islet in an island sea.' In the Gregalich era 'no path would meet the wanderer's ken' unless 'he climb with footing nice the projecting precipice,' and there, 'as dizzy point is won, where, gleaming with the setting sun, one burnished sheet of living gold, Loch-Katrine lies beneath him rolled.'

The screw steamer on the lake suits well the crowds of excursionists that find their way to the Trossachs, Ellen's Isle, and Loch-Katrine; but, convenient as it is comfortable, and Captain Munroe so sensible and well informed, yet the craft is all too swift for the station; and those tourists who can spare time and form a party are counselled to take a boat and boatmen, and be rowed over the waters, landing here, exploring there, and carrying home with them a thorough knowledge of the classic shores, with its legends and recollections; and at the Trossachs on the south-east, or Stronaclachar on the north-west, boatmen are to be had.

On Ellen's Isle there is still the 'narrow green, where weeping birch and willow round with their long fibres sweep the ground, and wild rose, eglantine and brown,

waste all around their rich perfume, where birch trees weep in fragrant balm, the aspen sleeps beneath the calm, the silver light, with growing glance, plays on the water's still expanse'—'the water lily to the light her chalice rears of silver bright; the grey mist leaves the mountain side, the torrent shows its glistening pride, invisible in flecked sky the lark sends down her revelry, the blackbird and the speckled thrush good morrow give from brake and bush—in answer coos the cushat dove her notes of peace and rest and love.' An early walk from the Trossachs Hotel to Ellen's isle may enable the tourist to realise all this.

The 'joyous wolf' has long been driven from the 'coverts of Ben-An,' the doe, 'begrimed with dew drops,' is seldom seen; and from the cliff of Ben-Venue is now banished 'the exulting eagle which screamed afar, and knew the voice of Alpine's war,' when 'she spread her dark sails on the wind, and high in middle heaven reclined, with her broad shadow on the lake, silenced the warblers on the brake.'

Coir-nan Uriskin, the 'goblin's cave,' where 'suspended cliffs, with hideous sway, seem nodding o'er the cavern grey,' can be seen from the deck of the steamer, where 'Ben-Venue's grey summit wild' is in full view. In the prose notes of the 'Lady of the Lake' the goblin cave is described as being 'a very steep and romantic hollow in the mountain of Ben-Venue, overhanging the southern extremity of Loch-Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil.' The cave is reached by a narrow and deep ravine, some hundred yards in length; the 'den' is a cavernous amphitheatre of considerable extent, narrowing as it descends.

The 'wild pass of Beal-nam-bo' leads above these 'silvan grottos wild,' and across the shoulder of Ben-

Venue, opening into the district northward, and seems to have been formed by a disruption of the mountain. The ravine is magnificent and beautiful.

Loch-Katrine is about ten miles in length, the area 3,000 acres, the breadth being about two miles; it is deep throughout, but here and there a rock may be seen rising to the surface. As the steamer moves on, 'Ben-An's grey scalp' rises on the right, and on the left appears, on a bold brow, a lordly tower-like rock, which the guides have named the watch-tower of Roderick Dhu; but the tourist will scan the poem in vain to find any reference to such a place. High on the south, 'huge Ben-Venue down on the loch its massive shadow throws,' and low on the right lies 'Ellen's isle.' The beauties of Loch-Katrine mainly lie near the southern end of the loch, although the road from the hotel at Stronaclachar is a fine one—from the mountain screen on the north, Glengyle on the east, the wooded copses on the hill-side, Ben-Venue on the south, the flanks of Ben-Lomond, and the mountains of Arrochar, all form a panoramic view of no ordinary attraction. On the west 'the rugged mountains' scanty cloak, is clover, fir, shrubs of birch and oak, with shingles bare, and cliffs between, and patches bright of bracken green, and heather black, that waves so high, it holds the copse in rivalry; and oft 'both path and hill are torn, where wintry torrents had heaped upon the cumbered land, its wreck of gravel, rock, and sand.'

Beyond the mountain heights on the east is Glenfinlass, and further east is the strath of Loch-Lubnaig, noticed in these pages under the article 'Callander.' The western shore of Loch-Katrine is bleak and black, the road from Stronaclachar by Loch-Chon for Aberfoyle leading that way, and the route has so much to attract the tourist, that the enterprising tenant of Inversnaid hotel put a coach on the road in 1865, and might have

continued it, but the roads are so bad, that with a 'fair load,' it was hard for the horses to move on.

From Loch-Katrine is drawn the water supply for the city of Glasgow;—it is ample, excellent, and the works are, in the estimation of the engineer, one of the triumphs of the age. From Loch-Katrine to Glasgow is about 34 miles; much of the distance is through a mountainous district, and where the loch is tapped is a tunnel, 8 feet in diameter, 2,325 yards in length—nearly a mile and a half; and the works by Loch-Chon, Loch-Ard, and the western base of Ben-Lomond, were through rocks, hard to pierce, yet the tunnels are 70 in number, and 13 miles in aggregate length, the remaining 21 miles being by canals, arched over, covered with soil, and by pipes of size sufficient to supply upwards of 50,000,000 gallons each day. Loch-Katrine is 360 feet above the level of the sea, and the water pressure rises 80 feet above the highest land in the city of Glasgow. On October 14, 1859, the loch was 'tapped' by Queen Victoria; and half the people of the west of Scotland turned out to see the ceremony; the 'volunteer fever' was then at its height; and the muster on the ground was so great that the road extemporised through the moor from Stronaclachar, gave way under the martial tread of those citizen soldiers, while marching home through the bog, gave these 'trained bands' some idea of what campaigning might prove to be.

The hotel at Stronaclachar is a snug one, and it would grieve the heart of the teetotaler to see the thousands of emptied bottles in the season stowed away in the rear. The trade done is a 'roaring one,' and right worthy is the family who thrive by attending to it. Coaches are in waiting to convey the tourist from Loch-Katrine to Loch-Lomond, the distance five miles, the road good, admirably engineered; and passing Loch-Arklet, the drive by the banks of the mountain burn

to Inversnaid is a fine one. On the hill-side to the right are the ruins of a fort, in which Wolf, the hero of Quebec, did duty as a subaltern. The hotels on Loch-Lomond are excellent; and notice will be taken of them when describing the run upwards from the Leven to the Arnan—Balloch to Glenfalloch.

LOCH-LOMOND, the largest of the fresh water lochs of North Britain—the ‘Queen of the Scottish lochs’—is reached by train leaving Edinburgh at 6.15 a.m.; Glasgow (Dundas-street) at 7.35 a.m.; by trains from Perth, Stirling, and Callander; by coach from Oban and Inveraray for Tarbet; from Glencoe and Oban; from Aberfeldy, Kenmore, and Killin, for Inverarnan; from Stronaclachar on Loch-Katrine, in the season, at various hours, for the tourist proper; while, for the people in masses, the route is by the steamer from the Clyde, by Loch-Long for Arrochar and Tarbet. The steamer service on Loch-Lomond is admirably conducted, the saloons below, and the roomy deck promenade above, enabling the tourist, in all weathers, to survey the beauties of the loch to full advantage, as the trim vessel sweeps through it, and the length, breadth of the mountain scenery, the wooded isles on the south, mighty Ben-Lomond on the east, the Luss heights on the west, and the Highlands of Arrochar on the north-west, make the route one of ever changing, yet ever sustained interest. As the steamers ply on the loch from an early to a late hour of the day, the steward’s arrangements are of a superior class, as are his charges—the first-class traffic having unmistakably a preference aboard these smart steamers, yet there is fair room and verge enough for all on board to survey the splendid panorama.

All around on Loch-Lomond, its expanse of waters—waste is an inapt term there, the inland sea being

rarely ruffled by the breeze, the course of the steamer well buoyed, the loch having been recently surveyed by the Admiralty, and the vessels well built, manned, and fitted out, have power sufficient to do their distance, from coach to train, within their time, a matter of no small importance to parties going long distances; and good also for those making the circle of travel from Glasgow or Edinburgh, by the Clyde, Loch-Long, Loch-Lomond, Loch-Katrine, the Trossachs, and Callander, to or from, within the summer day, with all pleasure, without anxiety, and without crowding, room to move about being ample, and the frequent change of mode of travel keeping up the interest in a route which has claims on the notice of the native or the stranger, the valetudinarian, the visitor, or the excursionist, and which few routes within the seas of Great Britain, or beyond it, can equal, if any there are that can surpass them—for the cost, and within the time.

Ascending the vale of the Leven by railway from Dumbarton, the strath will be found thickly settled, the purity of the river-water making it excellent for calico-printing purposes, and the Leven being navigable for barges, makes coal supply good, railway competition apart. Smollet the historian and novelist was a cadet of the Smollets of Bonhill, and a monument raised in remembrance of him is seen from the railway. A road from Dumbarton to Balloch on Loch-Lomond, five miles, runs on both sides of the river Leven—that on the west being the highway from Glasgow by Luss for Inveraray. The river Leven is crossed by suspension bridges; and the walk by its banks is beautiful, wood abundant, seats of the wealthy numerous, the sites good, and the district has been prosperous, with access to and from it frequent; time brief, and costs low.

Near Balloch, the railway from Stirling on the east comes in; it is known as the Forth and Clyde Junction,

and traverses the strath of the Forth and Endrick, but the population is sparse, manufactures dormant, minerals not found, and the line has proved unremunerating. Even to the tourist, the attractions it offers are tame to those commanded on Loch-Lomond, Loch-Katrine, and other places in Scotland. Near Killearn on Strath-Endrick, is a monument to George Buchanan, historian, and tutor to James VI. of Scotland.

At Balloch, there is a suspension bridge thrown across the Leven, within little more than half a mile of the parent loch; and at the hotel, all comfort will be found, the place being a good one to live in over the Saturday to the Monday, boats being at hand for the afternoon's diversion, churches within reach, and walks by river and loch accessible and beautiful. A short way from Balloch is the domain and mansion of Tillie-chewan, long the abode of the most philanthropic of the merchant princes of Glasgow, who, going there a youth from Aberfoyle, carved his way to fortune, was open-handed, non-sectarian, and were it the fashion now to raise a cairn to departed worth, a stone contributed by those to whom 'William Campbell' had done a generous act, or said a kind word, would form a pile high enough to be a landmark on the upper Leven.

So attractive is the locality, and so famed are the beauties of Loch-Lomond, that the houses of the wealthy rise upon its banks. Rosdhu and Camstradden on the west, and Buchanan House on the east, being the abodes of Sir James Colquhoun, whose lands (those of M'Murich, near Tarbet, excepted) stretch thence to near Glenfalloch; while on the east the acres are those of the Duke of Montrose.

Railway tickets are collected, or inspected, at Balloch station, when the train moves on for nearly a mile farther, where, at the long wooden pier on Loch-Lomond, the steamer is found in waiting, the bay on the west

giving fair room to turn in; and on the east is the outlet of the waters of the loch by the river Leven, whose course is clear, rapid, free from obstruction, but hard to stem, and little used for trade; although the steamers built for the loch are brought up the Leven; and barges, with coal, &c., for consumpt in the hotels on the loch, also find their way up the river.

Soon as luggage is stowed and passengers got aboard, the steamer moves off; and the loch, which is little short of 30 miles in length—said to be near 100 miles in circuit—and is broadest at its southern end, is also most beautiful there, as the islands—30 in number—are some of them 150 acres in extent, all finely wooded, many with ruins of castles, and tales and legends attached to them;—for all details of which see the Guide, the sale of which is pushed aboard the steamers, and got up by one long employed there.

On the low narrow isle of Inch-Murrin—'Inch' means isle—are the ruins of Lennox Castle, of old the feudal home of the Earls of Levenax (Lennox). Inch-Caillach—'Isle of women'—gave name to the parish of Buchanan on the mainland eastward, and was the burial-place of the clan Macgregor, driven forth in 1602, for the massacre of Glenfruin, and hunted 'furth' by the Colquhouns to Balquhiddel, as they had been by the Campbells from Glen-Stræ and Glen-Lyon—'children of the mist,' 'the landless Gregalich.' Inch-Tavanach is the highest of the islands, well wooded, and seems to have been the abode of a monk—hence its name. On Inch-Fruin was an asylum for the insane of the district, and there were lodged those who 'loved the wine-cup too well.' Inch-Cruin was notable for yew trees, and valuable when the bow was the weapon of war. South of Luss the depth of the loch is twenty fathoms, but below Ben-Lomond and above Tarbet it deepens to eighty and one hundred fathoms, the rule

for depth of water in Scotland being, as is the height of the land so may be the depth of water.

The pier of Balmaha, on the west, is the first place of call; and inland, on the south-east, the Endrick flows into Loch-Lomond. In the flat beyond is Buchanan House, the abode of the Duke of Montrose; farther on the village of Drymen; and on the south are some hills singularly marked in outline. The loch rises high in flood at times, as may be judged from the water line on the margin or shores of the wooded isles the steamer passes by, the rock being bare on the water level, but green and covered with copse and wood above. From Balmaha the prow of the steamer is turned westward for the village of Luss, above five miles across the loch; and on the track are found islets—rocks rising above the water level—some little more than a yard in surface, but crowned with bush or tree, the water deep, and the course well marked. Steering westward the northern slope of the islands is well seen; but between the pier of Luss and the western shore the channel is safe enough, and is the track taken for the Saturday afternoon cheap excursionist trips—Loch-Lomond and its islands being the advertised programme.

Luss is a parochial village, with a couple of good inns, both under one management; and lodgings can be had elsewhere, the locality being of the sweetest, accessible, and with walks, inland or by loch-side, most attractive. From the Stronehill above the village may be had one of the finest of the views to be obtained in the district; the river which drains Glen-Fruin is in good repute with the angler; and through that strath is the route for Helensburgh and the Clyde—one much frequented by pic-nic parties from the populous and prosperous sea-bathing localities.

Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess, visited Loch-Lomond in 1840, and called attention to 'yon emerald

isles, how calm they sleep, on the pure bosom of the deep! how bright they throw, with waking eye, their lone charms on the passer by! the willow, with its drooping stem, the thistle's hyacinthine gem, the feathery fern, the graceful deer, quick, starting as the strand we near—with admiring thought and free, Loch-Lomond! lone to gaze on thee; reluctant from thy beauties part, and bless thee with a stranger's heart!"

Casting loose from the pier of Luss, and none of the piers on Loch-Lomond are 'free,' the steamer turns eastward for Rowardennan, where a hotel has long been placed, and whence have come the landlords, once of Ard-Lui, Inversnaid, Aberfoyle, and Trossachs, whose father (when will he be a grandfather?) settled here; and there the lofty Ben-Lomond can be mounted with most ease, the ascent, nearly six miles continuous, not severe, and ponies can be had by those unequal to climb three hours on end, the task being rarely accomplished within less time. From Inversnaid the hill can be ascended, but, if shorter, the track is steeper, and from Tarbet, boating across the loch, the track from Inversnaid path is fallen into.

Ben-Lomond is in Stirlingshire, 3,192 feet above the level of the sea, and shows well from the loch, which from Inversnaid to Rowardennan laves its western base. As seen from Rowardennan it fills up the view to the north, where the vast bulk can be scaled by three breaks in the ascent, and from the summit is gained a prospect wide as the eye or telescope can scan; no height east, south, or west to impede the view, from Ben-Venue, Ben-Ledi, the rich scenes 'beneath the windings of the Forth and Teith, and all the vales between that lie, till Stirling's turrets meet in sky;' Edinburgh Castle in the far east, the strath of the Endrick; the shire of Lanark, southward to Tinto; the hills of Renfrewshire, the low shores of Ayrshire, the dale of the Clyde, its frith

westward to Ailsa; 'Bute, Arran, and Argyle,' Cantyre, and the Irish Channel, southwards to the Isle of Man—forming a panorama scarce to be paralleled.

From the summit of Ben-Nevis the range may be wider, but it is of mountain and flood, loch and glen; from Ben-Lomond the more populous of the commercial and manufacturing districts of Scotland lie under view; the loch below, long and broad as it seemed to be from the deck of the steamer, looked down on from Ben-Lomond's peak seems but a pool, and the islands which give beauty to the expanse of waters between Luss and Balmaha, mere specks on the water.

Ben-Lomond, like to Cruachan-Ben, stands apart from and above the mountains of the district, as Ben-Voirlich across the loch and the highlands of Arrochar do not distract the view. Southward the slope is gradual to the strath of the Endrick; on the north the descent is abrupt—at one point a circular precipice near 2,000 feet in sheer descent; beyond is Benmore; and under it is the Loch-Katrine district, and that of Aberfoyle and Monteith—beautiful all, and classic ground in the estimation of the well-read tourist.

From Rowardennan there is a ferry across Loch-Lomond to Inveruglass; and by the shoulder of Ben-Lomond lies a track for Aberfoyle. In the days when Waverley and his friend 'the Bailie' explored the district, these were the sole means of transit; now the railway sweeps on from Buchlyvie to Balloch, and the steamer thence carries the tourist from pier to pier, and hotel to hotel on the loch, which well merits the commendations of the lovers of the picturesque.

Approaching the pier at Tarbet, the loch is wide, the water deep, and Ben-Lomond in all its majesty of bulk is well seen. On the hill-side to the west is Stuckgown, a mansion magnificently placed, the grounds extensive, well-wooded, finely kept, and from time to time

held as summer quarters by men of mark in their day—Lord Jeffrey having lived there, Lord Benholme, and others. Stuckgown and Tarbet are not on the Colquhoun estate; but comparatively small as may be the acreage owned there by Mr. M'Murich, it will yield a handsome rental—the hotel at Tarbet being the finest on Loch-Lomond, unsurpassed in appearance without, or comfort and accommodation within, by few in North Britain; and well the family, who have long occupied it, know how to minister to the wants and anticipate the desires of those who patronise such hotels.

The grounds, lawn, bowling-green, terraces, flower-parterres, wood and water, loch and mountain, are all made the most of, and tempt the tourist to tarry there; the more so as routes of travel by Glencoe for Inveraray and Oban, by Loch-Long for Arrochar, Dunoon, and Greenock; or by steamer across for Inversnaid and Loch-Katrine; or further up for Inverarnan, thence for Dalmally and Oban, Glencoe, Killin and Aberfeldy, diverge thence—and how such may be availed of can be learned from the attentive young landlord, his careful mother, or his well-educated sisters.

From the pier at Tarbet to the hotel at Inversnaid is little more than five miles; the slopes of Ben-Lomond are green and bare; far otherwise is the shore above Tarbet, wood being abundant, some pleasant cottages nestling there, and the road for the north following close by the shore of the loch. The tourists, who find quarters at Inversnaid hotel, will have no cause to complain of attention not being paid them, the crowds who pass that way being great, but all are excellently cared for, and there, as aboard the steamer and ashore at the piers, the 'first-class tourists' find themselves handsomely waited upon.

From Inversnaid to Stronachlachar on Loch-Katrine is five miles, and a coach runs thence in connection with

the steamers. The cascade, as seen from the rustic bridge above the inn, is a point of attraction; and the path by the river side, for a mile upwards, is beautiful—excellent for pic-nics—and super-excellent for pairs ‘who think themselves all in all for each other.’

Wordsworth has some fine lines on the Highland maid he met there; and to quote is part of the stock property of the topographer. Abridged, the lines run—

‘Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower;
And these grey rocks, this household heaven,
These trees a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And thee the spirit of them all.’

The tourist crowds having necessitated increase of hotel accommodation, has marred this picture of sylvan beauty; and ‘the cabin small’ will be difficult to find. Above the hotel are the shooting quarters of merchant princes of the west; and such sites are being secured at various points south of Ben-Lomond.

A short way above Inversnaid is a cavern in the mountain side known as that of Rob Roy; and lest the curious should fail in discovering it, the author of the guide-book, before referred to, as having the preference of sale aboard the steamers, has placed at the mouth of the cave just such a figure as in town indicates where snuff is to be had! The tale of Rob Roy, by the author of *Waverley*, has done not a little to make that ‘bold outlaw’ something of a hero in the district. In the estimation of the ‘city Arabs’—the gamins of the city of Glasgow—Rob Roy was ‘a great man.’ Before Rob Roy was heard of, the cave on the mountain side gave safety and shelter to Robert the Bruce, when retreating after the struggle in Strathfillan—the Macdougall clan

routing him there, for which, at the pass of Brander, the patriot King exacted a bloody reckoning.

Above Inversnaid, Loch-Lomond contracts greatly, the breadth upward being within two miles; and on its bosom is a wooded islet, with the ruins of a feudal stronghold of one of the Macfarlane chiefs. The finest mountain in the highlands of Arrochar is that of Ben-Vorlich. Like the height of same name above Loch-Earn, it is here the 'Mountain of the great lake,' and but a little lower than Ben-Lomond. Near the base of Ben-Vorlich is a wooden door in the face of a rock, from a pulpit within which the minister of Arrochar addresses those of his parishioners who gather near him in the field below; and to attend such a Sabbath gathering on a summer day, under shade of the mountain, will be impressive. Highland parishes are often of wide extent, the population sparse, and ministrations to all hard to give. Killin parish extends to Inverarnan, and that of Loch-Goil to the head of Loch-Fyne.

At Ard-Lui pier the steamer stays her progress on Loch-Lomond. Ten years ago the house on the left was built for and occupied as an inn, but being near enough to the hotel at Inverarnan for both being prosperous, the house is now occupied as shooting quarters. The hill-side above Ard-Lui, and onwards to the Inver of the Arnan, is green and beautiful, as cascades down the mountain face are numerous, and to roam about them adds not a little to the pleasure of the economical tourist, who may bring his supply of 'creature comforts' with him; who may have a horror of appearing at 'the bar of the inn,' and it may be, a somewhat wholesome dread of the cost of going there.

Inverarnan, at the opening of Glenfalloch and the head of Loch-Lomond, has long been noted for the hotel comforts to be enjoyed there—the tap being good, the liquors pure, the rooms commodious, bed-rooms all

right. The place is in favour with many to spend from Saturday till Monday, away from the dust of the city, and the worry of trade; and if the traveller be a Maclellan, Macnab, or a Macgregor, or even pretend to have Highland blood in his veins, why—‘there he can have his foot upon his native heath.’

As for the coaches for Dalmally and Oban, Glenorchy and Glencoe, Killin and Aberfeldy, the horses are stabled at Inverarnan, although they load at Ard-Lui, yet, pulling up there, opportunity is fair to have the ‘pocket pistols’ charged of such tourists as love to enjoy themselves by the way, and whose notions of comfort range beyond the use of the pipe and the cigar. The attractions by the routes west, north, and south have been already specially noticed in their respective articles, and to them the reader of these brief topographic sketches of Scotland is referred.

LOCH-LONG is within two miles of Loch-Lomond at Tarbet pier; the road between them is good, broad, finely sheltered with trees, and is much travelled over, as the young tacksman of the toll-bar can certify—and he is well known at Tarbet hotel. What will not railway enterprise accomplish? The most recent scheme afoot of which is to cut a canal through two miles of whinstone rock at Tarbert, on Loch-Fyne? Long may it be ere such is thought of between Arrochar and Loch-Lomond. The distance is less; there are no rocks by the way; the loch on the east is said to be 32 feet above the level of that on the west—the one salt, the other fresh; and tourists by the thousand pass the bar at Ballyhenan, for the hundred that would brave the perils of a run down Loch-Tarbert.

Since steamers became frequent on the Clyde, and were put in connection on Loch-Lomond, a favourite route for the circle of travel from Glasgow, has been

from the Broomielaw, by Greenock, Gourock, Dunoon, Blairmore, and Ardentinnny, for Arrochar—thence across to Tarbet, and get aboard the steamer there for Rowardennan, Luss, and Balloch, where the train is found to convey passengers, by Dumbarton and Bowling, to Glasgow. The route can be reversed; and railway amalgamation opens up the run to those leaving Edinburgh at 6.15 a.m. for the North British Railway connection. The Clyde steamer rates are low, the sail is of varied interest, and in favour with the middle-class tourist.

Fair and full notice has been already paid to the steamer routes on the Clyde for Greenock, Dunoon, and Loch-Goil; and the remainder of this article will be to trace the route from Arrochar to the ferry on Loch-Long, where Loch-Goil flows into it. The herring shoals which visited Long-Long caused a village to spring up at Arrochar, and where kirks of old were, there was a smithy—and a public-house. It is many years since the inn at Arrochar claimed to rank as a hotel—less grand in extent than its rival on the east; but the present tenant was so long known in the steamer Chancellor as the most civil of stewards, when, becoming well to do in the world, he cast anchor awhile under the wood-enclosed inn at Inverarnan, but has drifted again near his old cruising-ground—Arrochar having been the station of the good old boat known as the Chancellor, and the skipper and steward of which steamer were ever well liked by the public.

Arrochar House, a short way from the pier, with fine woods about, and mansion-like in appearance, was for some time held as a hotel by 'the laird of Glengyle,' who is a Macgregor, but from the Macfarlane country. The scheme of having a house at the coast, for the patrons of the 'Queen's Hotel,' Glasgow, was abandoned; another opened the house, but failed to get rich there; and now it is a mansion, large, finely placed, and sure

to be well tenanted. On the hill-side above the village are villa-like erections, the situation being a warm one, the beach good, and the place of easy access.

The road from Arrochar to Garelochhead, about ten miles, is less travelled than its attractions deserve—as carriage hire is heavy, and tolls many, while travelling by steamer is so cheap and comfortable. A short way down the loch are the policies of Ardgarten House, and near it is the entrance to Glencroe, the coach road by Oban for Inveraray. The Cobler mountain stands sentinel above the glen; and below it, and north from Arrochar, is Loch-Sloy, where anglers find good sport.

On the eastern shore of Loch-Long are many fine sites for villas, and well occupied. Farther down is the mansion of Finnart, where the late Mr. John M'Gregor used to spend his summers. As engineers and shipbuilders on the Clyde, the firm of Tod & M'Gregor, of which he was a partner, have always stood high.

The 'bowling-green' of the Duke of Argyle is what the natives call the rugged mountain district, impending over Loch-Long and Loch-Goil. When the Danes invaded Scotland in 1263, a squadron of the fleet, before being dispersed at Largs, found their way up Loch-Long, drew their galleys across the neck of Loch-Lomond, launched them on that inland sea, ravaged the Levenax, and returned with spoil to join Haco at Largs.

MELFORT, the Pass of, one of the routes of travel recently opened up for the tourist, is picturesque enough to merit a special article—the more so, as the enterprising coach owner in Oban has claims on the topographer, for as the means of travel are increased, so may the number of tourists, some of whom may buy 'Scotland Described,' or 'Murray's Time-Tables.'

Tourists leaving Glasgow by the steamer Iona, or Edinburgh and Glasgow by the train for steamer from

Helensburgh and the west, are conveyed by the frith of Clyde, the Kyles of Bute, and Loch-Fyne, to Ardri-shaig, where those 'booked through' by the land route for Oban will find 'the coach' in waiting.

The drive by the shore of Loch-Gilp, the woods of Auchindarroch, Cairnbann, Kirk-Michael-Glassary, and the braes of Kilmartin, is a fine one, and increasingly so as the castle of Carnasserie comes in view, the Poltalloch domain is approached, and the road for Loch-Awe, by Glenurie, is passed. The descent thence to Loch-Craignish on the west is rapid, the mere burn by the roadside becoming river-like in size before it reaches the sea, the district being hilly, the climate moist, and the drainage large. Loch-Craignish has many islands on its bosom; seaward is Scarba, Corryvreckan, Jura, the sound of Islay, and the steamer track from the Crinan Canal for Oban. The hills of Nether Lorn are rugged, not mountains, but green, picturesque in outline, marked with trap-dykes near them, and on the hill-side above Craignish are battle stones, erected centuries ago, in the struggles the Sea Kings of the north may have had with the Gaels of the district. These monumental stones are many—without sculpture, inscription, or tale connected with them.

Coming near the sea level of Loch-Craignish, the road leads on through a district fairly enclosed; and in one of the widest of the straths is the house of Barbreck, the Campbell chief of that name having been of note among the magnates of Argyle. Culfail is the Celtic designation of the district. Few Celtic names but are topographic; and the explanation of such will be got from the guard, for on these Highland routes such men are indispensable, the strong drag being in frequent requisition to regulate the descent of the heavy coach down inclines, appallingly severe at times.

Approaching the pass of Melfort the scenery becomes

beautiful. On the green hill-side is Melfort House; and near it are powder-mills, which the abundance of copsewood and command of water have caused to be erected there—and they prosper. The river, which rushes down the deep ravine on the left is large, and, looking upwards, it appears to tumble onwards in numerous cascades; the weight of the winter torrent shown by the blocks of granite detached from the mountain sides, and swept seaward by the stream. The ascent is long and steep, the road narrow, the rocks overhead perilously near, and the gorge is equal in grandeur to that of the Trossachs, but neither Ben-An nor Ben-Venue are there.

Topping the long ascent, the road leads on by a route rich in natural wood, in frequent streams, and hills green to their summits; and in the season hazle nuts may be gathered by the bushel there. When 'we' came that way in 1865, a pair of tourists from the south declared the scenery was like to the finest to be seen in 'their native Devonshire.' The road is little travelled, at least was so until these coaches were laid on; but in the season of the year when the tourist steamer is withdrawn from the Crinan station, by the pass of Melfort is the route of travel for parties posting on to catch the steamer at Ardrishaig.

Approaching the shores of Loch-Feochan the slate isles to the west are in view, the sound of Mull, and the sea route for Iona. Near the head of Loch-Feochan the district is well wooded, and the domains there on the west show to good advantage. When descending towards Oban, a road leads off for Kilmore, the parish church of Oban being there; and by it is a pedestrian track for Port-Sonochan on Loch-Awe, to descend which at sunset gave 'us' the finest of views.

The burgh of Oban is soon reached, the 'tourist information office' of Buchanan & Dick gained, as

may be the Great Western, Craig-Ard, Caledonian, King's Arms, Queen's, or some other of the good hotels in which Oban does so abound.

MELROSE, the 'Land of Scott,' and the attractions thereof, have been already glanced at in the opening article of these series of topographic sketches, meant to guide the tourist to such places in the 'land of the mountain and flood,' as the light of genius may have given lustre to; been celebrated in the annals of Scotland, of picturesque outline, or where the intelligent traveller may find ample means of pleasantly and profitably spending his hours of travel.

Melrose, a first-class station on the 'Waverley route,' the main line of the North British system, is 38 miles S. from Edinburgh, 60 N.E. from Carlisle, nearly mid-way between Galashiels and St. Boswell's; and more direct access from the west has been recently afforded, by the railway from Biggar, by Peebles, being now opened for the passenger traffic.

Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott lived and shone and died, is by road within a few miles of Melrose; but by railway, the route is to Galashiels, thence two miles to Abbotsford ferry across the river Tweed.

Pennant, a century ago, has in the index to his 'third volume'—'Melros, fine old ruins there,' where 'lie the elegant remains of the Abbey of Melros, founded in 1136 by David I., who peopled it with Cisterians brought from Rivale Abbey in Yorkshire, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary. At the Reformation, James Douglas was appointed commendator, who took down much of the building in order to use the materials in building a large house for himself, which is still standing, and dated 1590. Nothing is left of the Abbey excepting a part of the cloisterwalls, elegantly carved; but the ruins of the church are of most un-

common beauty; part is at present used for divine service, the rest uncovered. The memory of the builder is preserved in these lines:—‘John Murdo some tym callit near I, and born in Parysse certainly, and had in keeping all mason werk, of Sanct Androys, the hie Kirk of Glasgu, Melros, and Paislay, of Nyddysdayl, and of Galway. Pray to God and Mary baith, and sweet St. John keep this haly kirk from skaith.’ The south side and the east windows are elegant past description; the windows lofty, the tracery light, yet strong. The church had been built in form of a cross, and of considerable dimensions; the pillars clustered, their capitals enriched with most beautiful foliage of vine leaves and grapes. A window at the north end of the transept is a most rich rose quatre foil. The work of the outside is done with most uncommon delicacy, and among the spires or pinnacles that grace the roof, the brackets, and niches, that till 1649, were adorned with statues, are matchless performances. But what the fury of the disciples of Knox had spared, the stupid zeal of covenanting bigots destroyed. In 1322, Edward II., beat at Bannockburn, vented his rage on the Abbays of Melros and Dryburgh. Richard II. was not more merciful to it; and in the reign of Henry VIII., in 1544, two of his captains, violating the remains of the Douglasses, felt the resentment of Archibald, Earl of Angus, in the battle of Ancrum-Moor.

‘In the west end of the church were five chapels, belonging to powerful families. Under the great altar lay buried Alexander II.; the Douglasses were interred at Melrose; the Earl slain at Otterburn lies there; and ‘the gallant Dalwolsey,’ laird of Liddesdale, assassinated by his feudal rival William I., Earl of Douglas. Ramsay, Lord of Dalhousie, was known as the ‘flower of chivalry,’ terrible and fearful in armes; meek, mild, and gentle in peace; the scourge of England, and sure

buckler and wall of Scotland, whom neither hard success could make slack, nor prosperous slothful.'

Of old Melrose, Thomas Pennant wrote, it is 'now reduced to a single house, on a lofty promontory, peninsulated by the Tweed; a most beautiful scene; the banks lofty and wooded, varied with perpendicular rocks jutting like buttresses from top to bottom.' 'At old Melrose was an abbey of the Culdees, mentioned by Bede as having stood there since 664, when the east of Scotland was under Saxon rule.'

The nave of Melrose Abbey is from east to west 228 feet in length, 79 in breadth; and the transepts are 130 feet long, 44 broad. The heart of Robert the Bruce was brought back from the Moorish battle-field in Spain, and buried near the high altar at Melrose. In the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' by Sir W. Scott, are these fine lines on the ruined Abbey of Melrose:—

'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!
 . . . entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,

With base and with capital flourish'd around,
'Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.'
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars strait the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.'

The small town of Melrose has been a burgh of barony since 1609; and, two centuries ago, was noted for the manufacture of what was then termed 'hand linen.' The busy town of Galashiels near it, is the chief manufacturing seat of the woollen cloths called 'tweeds,' by which the district has long prospered. In the town of Melrose are a couple of branch banks; and the genius of Scott has rendered the spot so classic, and its scenes of attraction are otherwise so great, that the suburbs, if such word can be applicable, are getting warmly settled—villas handsome, and many rising up in the district for the accommodation of the residents; and for the tourist, or passing visitor, there are choice hotels, where the accommodation is ample and excellent. The district around has good drives, and the view from the summit of the Eildon hills is a fine one, as it commands the course of the Tweed, the Gala water, and what was of old the Forest of Ettrick.

Dryburgh Abbey is within a short drive of Melrose; and as Sir Walter Scott was interred there on September 26, 1832, this may be a fitting place to notice the locality, now pilgrim ground for the countless admirers of the author of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the 'Lady of the Lake,' the 'Lord of the Isles,' 'Marmion,' the Waverley novel creations, and works which well earned for the gifted occupant of Abbotsford—the title 'Wizard of the North;'—and in all his writings he was wholly a Scotchman.

The Abbey of Dryburgh was built in 1150, near where the river Leader runs into the Tweed, and where there is a tree so aged that tradition alleges it was planted by David I., the founder of the Abbey of Melrose and other religious piles. In St. Mary's aisle, was the burial-ground of the Barons of Merton, from whom the Scott family were descended, and was with the place, in 1791, gifted by the Earl of Buchan to the uncles of the novelist. The ruins of the Abbey are overgrown with ivy—everywhere is seen the usurpation of nature over art. In one roofless apartment a fine spruce and holly are to be seen flourishing in the rubbish; in others the walls are completely covered with ivy; on the tops of some of the arches, trees have sprung up to a considerable growth, and which, clustering with the aspiring pinnacles, add character to the Gothic pile; and these aged trees on the summit of the walls, are the surest records of the antiquity of its destruction. St. Mary's aisle is a beautiful specimen of early Gothic architecture; and the grave of Sir Walter Scott is in a small spot formed by four pillars in one of the ruined aisles. So contracted was the place of sepulture that the body was laid in the ground north to south—east to west being the ordinary mode; and there, in words penned by him for a brother bard, 'that mighty genius, which walked among men as something superior to ordinary mortality, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task.'

MOFFAT, the most frequented of the spas in Scotland, is in Dumfriesshire—by the 'bus, in waiting on the trains, little more than one mile from the Beattock station on the Caledonian Railway—a few miles south of the summit level of that important line, Beattock being 61 miles from Edinburgh, 65 miles from Glasgow,

40 miles from Carlisle, and via Lockerbie 28 miles from Dumfries. As a parochial village in upper Annandale, Moffat, apart from its mineral waters, is of considerable district importance. It has three branch banks, some good hotels, churches of various denominations, and comfortable lodgings for the valetudinarians—the drives being many, the attractions great, and the means of healthful amusement or occupation superabundant.

A Guide, published in Paisley in 1822, by the Episcopal clergyman officiating there, has seventeen members of the bookselling trade in Glasgow at that date, of whom T. Murray and Smith & Son only now appear in the Directory, and the first alone, it may be said, continues in trade, the latter firm being but the successors of the one originally designated. Contrasting the attractions of spas in the south and in the north, the writer, himself from the south, in his preface declares that ‘In Scotland the watering-places derive entertainment from home and circumjacent scenery;—in objects of natural curiosity, in fragments of antiquity, in spots consecrated to fame by actual heroism, or rendered classic ground by the lyre of the muse, and important as well as interesting local circumstances, they offer abundant materials for intellectual enjoyment and of an elevated intellectual character.’

The guide-book referred to disposes of the Bridge of Allan as a pretty village, consisting but of a few houses; gives some attention to Dunblane, with an analysis of the waters drank there; Pitcaithley, near Bridge of Earn, and the city of Perth have a lengthened notice; Strathpeffer, near Dingwall, is unnoticed;—but to Moffat even then applied the notice quoted, the poet Burns having sung of the beauties of the district; and being so near the border, the battle-fields, notable in feudal and national strife, abound, as do the castles of the wild ages now so happily past.

Defining the southern Highlands of Scotland as lying between Hartfell on the east, Coulterfell and Tinto farther north, with the Lowther and Queensberry range on the west, the basin whence the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan, with their chief affluents rise, is indicated, and it is green in aspect, excellent for sheep pasture, accessible at all points, and well worth the labour of exploration. The rivers Annan, Clyde, and Tweed are said to spring 'from ae hill-side,' where is the water-shed of the shires of Dumfries, Lanark, and Peebles. The Evan water flows from the same ridge as the little Clyde, the infant river, and, dividing near the summit of the railway, the Clyde burn flows into Elvanfoot, and there, joined by the united floods of the Daer and Powtrail, both many times its volume, it becomes the Clyde—the river of Clydesdale. The Evan water is of rapid course, flows near the railway, gathers size fast, and below Beattock and Moffat gets merged in the Annan, the stream giving name to the north-eastern division of Dumfriesshire, where it flows into the Solway frith, below the burgh of Annan, to which it is navigable for small vessels.

As a town the situation of Moffat is excellent, and so healthy that, when Dumfries was scourged by the cholera visitation, none suffered in Moffat. The main street of the town is broad, the trade done considerable, and the villas which year by year, in increasing numbers, are rising in the neighbourhood, strengthen the estimation in which the place stands with the valedudinarian; accommodation in house or hotel being ample and excellent, the number of visitors great, society good, there being an assembly-room, reading-room, libraries, and many other modes of making the stay there a pleasant one for the stranger.

The well which is most frequented is about a mile and a half from the town; the walk is a pleasant one,

and at seasons when visitors are numerous, a 'bus is put on the road for those too feeble to walk, but the stroll there in the morning, when the use of the waters is recommended, is perhaps as conducive to health as may be the gulping down of the impregnated waters—health-giving it may be—but neither sweet nor pleasant—at least for those unused to take them.

Much of the advantage accruing from staying at Moffat may arise from the many fine walks and drives which abound in the district, and to visit which means are at hand, the posting establishments of the hotels being, as they advertise, complete. At these hotels cards are to be had of the places most visit worthy, and guides can be found to show them—not a few of the routes being best gone over by the pedestrian—that to the Hartfell and spa there for example. From the top of Hartfell the panoramic view ranges from the Solway to the Cheviots, upper Nithsdale, and the shores of lower Galloway. The spa proper of Moffat was discovered in 1639; that of Hartfell in 1748.

The places of interest in and around Moffat may be enumerated as Auchencass Castle, within three miles from Moffat, by Garple Linn. The castle is a noble ruin, finely placed, and was the abode of Randolph, Regent of Scotland, in the minority of David, son of Robert the Bruce. The walls are 16 feet in thickness, the space within about 120 feet, with round towers at each of the four corners; two of them remain, and in the thick wall a hawthorn and mountain ash have taken root; the moat outside has been wide and deep.

Beattock Hotel, near to the railway station, was a first-class inn, on the great mail road from Carlisle northward, formed in 1824 by Telford the engineer. The house has ample and fair accommodation, and is a good one for the anglers who resort there for sport in the waters of the Annan, Evan, and Moffat.

Beld-Craig—'bald craig,' one of the most attractive spots in the district, and within three miles of Moffat by the woods of Dumcrieff, where, in the glen, the burn which leaps from the craig comes down in four breaks or cascades, the cliffs around being richly wooded. The linn at the head of the glen is seen to advantage from a rustic bridge thrown across the wild ravine.

Chapel is a short way west from Moffat, and is so named from the remains of extensive buildings being there, the window of which is in fair preservation. The church was erected by the Knights of St. John.

Corehead is west of Hartfell, near 'the Devil's Beef-tub,' and notable as the birth-place of the late Dr. Welsh, one of the lights of the Free Church; the Welsh family suffered in Covenanting times, and have long been respected in upper Annandale.

Craigieburn, wood and house, about three miles east of Moffat, are beautiful and classic, as when Robert Burns rented the farm of Ellisland, on the Nith, he was a frequent visitor there—Jean Lorimer, then living, having been the 'lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and 'sae flaxen were her ringlets,' &c. The 'peck o' maut which Willie brewed' was also discussed on Moffat water—where the Bard was well known.

Dob's Lynn, under which the Covenanters found refuge, is 11 miles from Moffat, north-east of 'the Grey Mare's Tail,' and south-west of St. Mary's Loch, the height above being known as 'the Watchman's Hill,' whence the approach of the dragoons was looked out for. Hab Dob and Davie Dun, two notable Cameronians, there found refuge—their shelter a cave in a precipice 400 feet in sheer depth, down which a torrent rushes; and there, the peasant alleges, that the two saints encountered the 'Evil One,' overcame him, and pitched him down the deep linn. If Satan had wings the fall might not hurt him much!

Dumerieff is adjacent to Craigieburn wood, within three miles of Moffat, a favourite resort of the visitors of the district, and remarkable for the size and beauty of the trees, so aged, so fine, and so large, that they are believed to be a remnant of the forest which covered 'Caledonia stern and wild' when the Roman legions occupied Britain—Roman ways and camps abounding in Annandale and upper Clydesdale.

Errickstane Brae, near five miles from Moffat, on the old coach road from Edinburgh, is of steep descent, and near it is 'the Devil's Beef-tub,' referred to in 'Redgauntlet,' as where the Jacobite laird of Summertrees, slipping from the crupper, under the belly of the dragoon's horse, rolled down the steep descent and escaped his captors. 'It looks,' wrote the novelist, 'as if four hills were laying their heads together to shut out daylight from the dark hollow space between them.' 'A deep, black, gruesome-looking abyss of a hole it is,' said the laird, 'and goes as straight down from the roadside as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heather brae.' In days of old when 'the rule of might made the rule of right,' the deep den was used by the Johnstones of Annandale, who, in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' were said to be notable thieves, for stowing the flocks they swept homewards in their forays in the south.

Gallowhill is near to Moffat, and was so named as there stood the 'hanging-tree' of the district, in frequent use; 'Jeddart justice'—'first hang, afterwards try,' being the ordinary rule of the border.

Garple Linn, on the Garple burn, is within three miles of Moffat, by a pretty path N.W.; the burn descending the ravine at top of the small glen, crosses the road for Glasgow, and flows into the Evan water.

The Grey Mare's Tail and Loch-Skene form one of the sights of Moffatdale, being eleven miles from the village—the outlet from Loch-Skene and the cascade

three hundred feet in height. The lines from 'Marmion' describe the

'savage scene,
 Like that which frowns round dark Loch-Skene;
 There eagles scream from isle to shore;
 Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
 O'er the black waves incessant driven,
 Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
 Through the rude barriers of the lake,
 Away its hurrying waters break,
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,
 Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
 Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
 Thunders the viewless stream below,
 Diving, as if condemned to lave
 Some demon's subterranean cave.
 . . . deep, deep down, and far within,
 Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
 Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
 And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
 White as the snowy charger's tail,
 Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.'

Loch-Skene abounds with trout; the shores are bleak; the extent is within one mile in length, a quarter that in breadth; with a rocky isle in the centre, where the eagle of old had his eyrie, the solitude being rarely disturbed by the foot of man; and Bodsbeck is near by, where the hunted Covenanters found shelter from the troopers of Claverhouse—tales, traditions, and legends of the 'killing times' are rife there.

Hartfell, the mountain of the district, has been already noticed. Loch-house tower, on the right of the road from Beattock to Moffat, looks like one of the Peel-houses of the border, and was the feudal abode of the Johnstones of Corehead five centuries ago. Near it are three stones, said to have been raised to commemorate the defeat of Edward, Baliol, and Comyn, when surprised there, in 1333, by Sir Archibald Douglas.

Lochwood Castle, seven miles from Moffat, on the S.W., was the chief stronghold of the Johnstones of Annandale; it was of great strength, insulated, and so

situated that James VI. declared that 'he who built it, though he might have the outward appearance of an honest man, must have been a knave at heart.' It was burned by the Maxwells in 1585, the wanton act giving rise to one of the fiercest feuds of the border clans—the Armstrongs, Elliots, Grahams, Johnstones, Maxwells, and Scotts joining in the fray, which terminated in the bloody fight of Dryfesdale. The castle was rebuilt, and habitable until 1721. Raehills, the seat of the Johnstones of Annandale, is in the neighbourhood; and there, as at Craigieburn and Dumcrieff, the oak and the ash are of great size and beauty.

Moffat water, within two miles of the village, and on the road to Selkirk, is a favourite path of the pedestrian, as at the 'Three Water-foots,' the streams of the Annan, the Evan, and the Moffat unite, and thence, like the Clyde at Elvanfoot, become a river—the Annan, one of the largest which flows into the Solway.

Poldean is four miles south of Moffat; and a stone erected in a holm above the Annan marks where Charles II. stopped to breakfast in 1651, when on his route from the Torwood to the fatal battle of Worcester.

St. Mary's Loch, although 15 miles distant S. E. from Moffat, is so much visited from Annandale, such a resort for the angler, and rendered so classic by the pen of Sir Walter Scott, that any topographic sketch of Moffatdale would be incomplete unless it had due notice. Much of the scenery of the tale of 'Old Mortality' was drawn by the novelist from the lochs, glens, and linns S. E. of Moffat, Loch-Skene, Dob's Linn, St. Mary's, and the loch of the Lowes. A short way from Birkhill, the Moffat and the Yarrow waters spring from one hill-side, the latter forming the loch of the Lowes, and by a short and narrow channel expanding into St. Mary's Loch, three miles in length, a mile to half a mile in breadth, and a notable haunt of the angler.

The inn, known as that of 'Tibbie Shiel's,' and celebrated by Hogg, Scott, and Wilson, being near by. 'Lone St. Mary's silent lake' is described in 'Marmion,' as where

' . . . nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon thy level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there;
Save where, of land yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly is the solitude.'

MENTEITH, locally known as PORT, is the kirk-town, a small one, of the parish of that name, little more than two miles north of the station it gives name to, on the railway from Stirling to Loch-Lomond; is in the south-western division of Perth—the Yorkshire of North Britain; and is attractive to the tourist from the fine sheet of water which expands there, the ruined castle of the Grahams, and the abbey of Inchmahome, roofless but notable in the annals of Scotland, as where, in 1547, Mary Queen of Scotland, when but five years old, found shelter after the battle of Pinkie, and before she was carried to France to avoid the kindly attentions of her relative Edward VI. of England.

Ben-Venue, Ben-Ledi, the Craggs of Callander, eastward to the Ochil range, are in the district of Menteith; the river flowing through it, Loch-Vennachar, Drunkie, and other lochs, are in the parish proper of Monteith—though whence named ‘Port’ seems not over clear, as from the Lake of Menteith neither import nor export trade could flow, even in the days when Blackness on the Forth and St. Andrews on the east had trade. Here the water is land-locked; and fertile as is the district, there was no room for commerce, other than, it may have been, the shallops conveying the tithes of the retainers to the Abbot of Inchmahome.

The Forth, a river of volume and breadth, flows south of the parish of Port-Menteith, and the waters of the loch are discharged into the Forth by the Goodie burn. The mountain screen on the north is lofty; beyond the strath of the river Forth are the Fintry hills, and those of the Campsie fells, so unhighland like compared with Ben-Lomond and Ben-Venue. The loch of Menteith appears to have neither ‘promontory, creek, nor bay,’ being circular in appearance, seven miles in circumference, with two islands on its surface, the smaller with the castle of the Grahams on it, the larger with the remains of the abbey, the long point of the latter almost bisecting the fair sheet of water.

Inchmahome, in language of the native, means ‘Isle of rest,’ a fitting designation for the home of the monk; and a safer one it would be than the Abbeys of Jedburgh or Melrose, lying out of the path of the southern armies and the cateran chiefs, and ‘swept the fields of the south.’ The Gregalich proudly asserting that,

‘While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there stray
But one along yon brae,
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share?’

Short as is the channel between the isle and the land, it may have been enough to 'insure rest.'

As an island, Inchmahome is little more than five acres in extent; but the ruins there show the abbey or priory, to have been a large one;—the arch of Gothic structure, the length of wall, vaults, and dormitories, all prove that; and the trees around are aged, large, and beautiful. In the choir of the church are sculptured effigies of the Earl and Countess who last bore the title of Menteith, dormant since 1694; and pity it is but that some 'gallant Graham' were warranted to assume the historic name. The vaults within the enclosures were the burial-places of the ancient families.

The priory was founded by Edgar, King of Scotland; had four chapels dependent on it; and, in 1562, had a revenue of £234, besides tithings in grain. In 1310, before the battle of Bannockburn, Inchmahome was visited by Robert Bruce, then asserting his claim to the crown, and to 'set his country free.'

Inchmahome was originally connected with the abbey of Cambus-Kenneth on the Forth; by James IV. it was attached to the chapel royal of Stirling; and by James V., Lord Erskine was made commendator.

Cardross, a home of the Erskines, is one of the finest of the domains in the district, and near to the Port of Menteith. James VI. visited Inchmahome, where his mother had found safe shelter when a child; and in the palmy days of the priory, it was often the abode of men of distinction in Scotland.

Talla, 'the Earl's isle,' is almost joined to that of Inchmahome; and the fruit trees of the gardens of the castle and the priory still grow, but are barren from age. An islet near by is known as the 'Dog isle,' the kennel of the Earl having been there. Of the aged trees, a chesnut, is 18 feet in girth, which appears to have been planted there three centuries ago. Small as the isle of Inch-

mahone is, a quarto volume has been produced upon it, and from the press whence these pages come, will soon issue an octavo volume on the beauties of the district of Port-Menteith; and to these details the readers of this brief sketch are referred, believing that the task undertaken will be 'Dun' well. Anglers find sport in the loch, and the hotel there is a good one.

MONTROSE, BRECHIN, FORFAR, ARBROATH.—Montrose is by railway 42 miles S. of Aberdeen, 56 miles N.E. of Perth, and connected with the main line for Aberdeen, by a branch nearly 3 miles in length to the Dubton station. As a royal burgh it holds from David I.;—population 1,456; constituency 495; revenue £3,057; and is the returning burgh of a group of which Arbroath, Bervie, Brechin, and Forfar are members. As a town, Montrose is well built, the main street broad, long, with a handsome town-hall at its southern extremity, from which it is, for some distance to the north, an oblong square, the best shops being there, the markets held, and some of the older of the houses are built standing gable-end on to the street.

The river South-Esk flows into the German ocean at Montrose, the harbour is fair, but at times hard of access, the sands extending seaward, and the land low. Westward of the town, the flood of the South-Esk form a sheet of water locally known as 'the back loch,' and filling up, when the tide is full, part of the broad valley which extends between Montrose and Brechin. The road from Arbroath used to lead to the village of Ferryden, thence a boat to the harbour for Montrose; but in 1828-9 a suspension bridge was thrown across at a cost of £20,000, with a revolving drawbridge to give entrance for vessels into the loch or basin behind. This handsome structure is close to the town, above the harbour, and on the mail road to Arbroath. Now

the traffic of the district flows into the town by the railway branch from the north. On the flat extent of land seaward of Montrose, are flax-mills, large, finely built of stone, and where the population find work. The district inland is fertile—access by railway and road so excellent, that the export and import from the town is considerable. Schools are good, society select, and lying far from Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, the town of Montrose has long been one of considerable importance in the north-east of central Scotland.

Brechin is a burgh, made such by Charles I. in 1641; population 7,179; constituency 274; revenue £1,080, and, like Montrose, is connected by a branch line from Bridge of Dun junction, 4 m.; Aberdeen, 46; Perth, 52; Montrose, 7 miles. The South-Esk flows below Brechin, and onwards by itself-formed loch for Montrose. Flax-spinning is the industry of the district, and near it cattle trysts and markets are held, which are influential in central Scotland. Although more modern as a burgh, Brechin is more ancient-like as a town; the cathedral, founded there in 1150 by David I., having made it of importance; and it was long the county town of Forfarshire. The cathedral, now destroyed, was 166 feet in length, 61 in breadth, the roof borne up by 12 pillars; the tower, square in form and 120 feet high, remains; and tradition alleges that centuries before the cathedral rose, the Culdees had a religious establishment on the spot—a fine one, as the banks stand high above the South-Esk river, and the view by Montrose, or by the Mearns, is extensive.

The attraction to Brechin, for the antiquarian, is the round tower, partly built into the old cathedral walls, but an entire and handsome structure, of smooth ashlar work, 84 courses of stone, 80 feet in height, and surmounted by a modern spire, 23 feet high—103 in all; and at the top are 4 windows. At Abernethy, in lower

Strath-Earn, and at Brechin, north of Strathmore, are the only two round towers in Scotland: In Ireland they are numerous. As a town, Brechin appears to be prospering, old streets being made wider, new ones laid out, and hotel accommodation of a superior character is provided for the comfort of the visitors, who are more of the commercial than of the tourist class.

Forfar, chief town of the shire of that name, is on the main line of railway—33 miles from Perth, 57 from Aberdeen, and nearly equi-distant between Dundee, Arbroath, and Montrose. As a burgh, Forfar dates from David I.;—population 9,258; constituency 171; revenue £1,131; and like the other towns in the shire, flax-spinning finds work for the people; but the number of hand-loomers in Forfar is considerable, whence it may be that the place is poor in appearance, the houses low in size, the folks not over tidy in externals, and the town has little to attract the tourist to it; but the district is fertile, trade is considerable, and the county courts being held there adds to its local importance. There is one good inn in the place, known as the County Hotel, and another which finely divides the favour of the commercial travellers—who are ‘the’ customers to the inns in the place.

Glamis, about five miles by railway west of Forfar, is a place well worth visiting, as the castle there is celebrated both in the annals of Scotland and in the traditions of Scotsmen. It is the seat of the Earl of Strathmore; has a park of great extent around it, finely wooded; and the castle is ancient, large, showing one tall, massive tower, built centuries ago, and two wings connected with it—the latter from designs by Inigo Jones, the architect of the seventeenth century. There were two grand courts in front, with access by stair and gateways, but these have been removed in an unwise effort to modernise a building which, of old, was

strikingly feudal in character, and so extensive that, when the father of Charles Edward Stuart visited it in 1716, he declared 'he had not seen a finer chateau anywhere in Europe.' The great round tower, built in 1686, contains a spiral staircase of 143 steps, which rest on a hollow pillar continued to the top. As a whole the castle is in fair preservation, and is one of the best specimens of old baronial architecture. Glamis was a royal residence of Malcolm II., who died there in 1034—a room being shown as where he breathed his last; and tradition indicates the spot on Hunter's Hill where the assassin assailed him—an obelisk, strangely sculptured, being erected on the grounds, and supposed to commemorate that foul deed. Robert II., in 1372, conferred the castle and lands on Sir John Lyon, his chamberlain and son-in-law, from whom the Earls of Strathmore are descended. Macbeth declares 'I know I am thane of Glamis;' and in the ancient armour treasured up in the castle is shown a sword said to have been his, also the shirt of ringed mail worn by him when slain by Malcolm. Halberts, helmets, shields, coats of mail, bows, arrows, quivers, spears, swords, rapiers, and guns are preserved, many of them of historic interest. Many of the paintings and portraits are excellent, chiefly those of the reign of Charles II.

The view from the leads of the castle of Glamis is extensive, as it ranges over the extent of Strathmore (strath, 'broad glen,' more, large), from the river Isla on the west to near the South-Esk on the east, from the Grampian mountains on the north to the Sidlaw hills on the south. On the slope of the Grampians are the manufacturing villages of Kirriemuir, inland of Glamis, and that of Alyth on the west—the command of water power being great in the district.

Arbroath, a burgh of James VI., 1599, is a prosperous seaport;—population 17,593; constituency 692;

revenue £1,649. The railway for Dundee follows closely the shore line of the lower frith of Tay. Flax-spinning is carried on extensively; and in those flax-spinning districts the bleaching of the cloth is a large business. To the antiquarian, there will be found much to interest him in inspecting the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Aberbrothock, founded by William I., circa 1178, and one of the most richly-endowed in Scotland. The ruins are extensive. Off the coast is the Bell-Rock Lighthouse, erected 60 years ago, at a vast expense; and Southey's ballad of 'Sir Ralph the Rover'—his destroying 'the Inchcape bell,' to 'plague the priest of Aberbrothock'—'his vessel struck with a shivering shock'—'O, heavens! it is the Inchcape rock!' and 'even in his dying fear,' 'the dreadful sound assails his ear, as if below, with the Inchcape bell, the Devil rang his funeral knell!' Much of the scenery of the 'Antiquary' is localised near Redhead, on the bold coast north of Arbroath.

NITHSDALE, SANQUHAR, THORNHILL.—Corsoncone to Criffel—Dumfriesshire, in the S.W. of Scotland; traversed from New-Cumnock southward by the railway from Kilmarnock to Dumfries, has little to attract the notice of the tourist until the parish of Kirkconnell is reached, when the river which gives name to the district becomes of respectable size, the hills on the east higher, more green, and the country more populous. Corsoncone is one of the highest of the hills in the district, visible from Hartfell, and near the source of the Nith, on the border of Ayrshire.

In the village of Kirkconnell there has long been a Catholic chapel, which is rare in the south of Scotland. The crowd of navvies and miners from Carlisle to Larnark account for the recent erection of the magnificent Catholic chapel at the latter; and coal being found between

Kirkconnell and Sanquhar may have led to the settlement of the priest. In the 'killing times' the district was notable for Cameronians, and they hated the Catholics as devoutly as they did the Episcopalians—the 'Highland host' representing the one, the dragoons of Claverhouse the other—persecutors both.

The Crawick water flows into the Nith, a short way south of the village of Kirkconnell. Its course may be little more than six miles; but the latter half from the Holm is of singular beauty, a hunting-seat of his Grace of Buccleuch (acquired within the last 50 years from the relatives of the writer of these pages), to the Spoath farm. The hills on the north and south are high, green to their summits, the strath (glen it would be in the Highlands), is narrow, the river growing fast in size, and its cascades well worth the exploring—those near the Holm especially so. The Spango, which drains the southern slopes of Crawfordjohn, and the Wanlock, which has a short course from the lead mines at its head unite, and thence flow westward to the Crawick, the upper course of which is beautiful; and by its banks a line of railway has been surveyed, and may yet be constructed, as being the only pass in the southern Highlands, between the dales of the Clyde and the Nith. The water power of the Crawick was utilised for some years, by a carpet manufactory at Crawick mill, wool in the district being plenty; but being far from market, the speculation was abandoned.

Sanquhar, consisting mainly of one long street, wide as the coach road, was made a burgh in 1598 by James VI., and groups with Annan, Kirkcudbright, Lochmaben, and Dumfries;—constituency 683; revenue £354—a small sum for a corporation whose treasurer, in the days of Robert Burns, was so close-fisted, that the poet advises the devil—'Gie him your gear to keep, he'll haud it well thegither.' In the pre-reform era,

report alleges that the electors of Sanquhar were incorruptible—that the provost would not sell his vote, but—could sell his ‘nowt;’ and these cattle brought so fair a price, that at the corporation ‘spreads’ it took ‘one of rum to two of whisky’ to form their punch. Coals are wrought to profit in the Sanquhar moor, to the north and east of the burgh; and no coal is dug thence southwards until at Canonbie, near the S.W. border.

Sanquhar hose had a name of old. Some weavers there still are; but the place is not increasing, as it should, seeing that when the Forbes M’Kenzie committee were in session there, they declared there was but one public-house in the royal burgh. Before the Waterloo or Leipsic era, Sanquhar had a blink of prosperity; being far inland, many of the ‘French prisoners,’ as they were called—officers—were quartered there; and tradition is that these Gauls did more to improve the manners than the morals of the natives!

In those palmy days, the town lay on the great coach road from Glasgow, by Kilmarnock, for Dumfries; had the ‘Camperdown’ coach rattling twice a day over its causeway; and when the soldiers moved south, foot or horse, great was the occasion—the route from the west being more populous, and billets were more easily found than in Crawford Moor. To the antiquarian the ruins of the old castle of Sanquhar will be interesting; as such it is in the recollections of the peasants, some of the most notable of the exploits of Wallace having taken place there. A few years since an obelisk was raised in the burgh, in memory of Richard Cameron and James Renwick. Cameron, who was slaughtered at Aird’s Moss, near Muirkirk, gave name to the Covenanting professors; and under his leadership the Covenant had been proclaimed, and he denounced the persecuting Stuarts at the cross of Sanquhar. Renwick suffered on the scaffold at Edinburgh.

So numerous were these sufferers at Nithsdale, that a clergyman of Sanquhar has entitled his popular volume the 'Records of Martyrland.'

West of Sanquhar the river Nith flows near the old coach road, below the railway line. It is confined in course, banks wooded, and on the west is the house of Elliock, one of the handsomest mansions in upper Nithsdale, and notable as the birthplace of the 'Admirable Crichton,' of whose acquirements all the world has heard. The Crichtons were lords of Sanquhar, but do not figure in the annals of their country.

The road, by the Minnock water to Wanlockhead, Leadhills, thence of old to Biggar and Edinburgh, leads eastward from opposite Elliock, and it is one of singular beauty. No grand solitudes as in Glencroe, nor gigantic precipices as in Glencoe, yet well worth the exploring, the hills and glens upwards bearing striking resemblance to those of the Judea.

Tourists traversing the railway southwards are advised to prefer the carriage seats on the right, as below will be seen the course of the Nith, full, tortuous, rapid, and beyond it the green hills of Galloway; while on the left is but the hill-side (pasture of the sweetest), flocks abundant, patches of natural wood not much, as the sheep nip the sprouts, and to the spread of the woolly animal may be due the extinction of the forests—of old a notable feature of Caledonia.

The pass of Dalveen and the path of Enterkin come down from the east near Carronbridge station; the distance thence to Leadhills and to Elvanfoot, on the upper Clyde, is not great; and there are few finer bits of scenery in southern or northern Scotland than in the pass and path referred to, below the Lowther hills, near the Well path—the Roman way from Clydesdale to Nithsdale, and which can be well traced.

The next station on the line is that of Thornhill, a

village in the parish of Morton, and one of the neatest in North Britain, being little more than three miles south of Drumlanrig Castle, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch; and, like Inveraray on Loch-Fyne, it enjoys not a little of the patronage of its ducal neighbour; but it may be doubted if either thrives the more thereby. In situation, Thornhill is fortunate—on the ridge of a low hill, the Nith flowing on the west, the railway sweeping onwards on the east, the highway—good coaching connection with Moniaive; shops fair, two banks, a choice of churches, and hotel superior.

Between the stations of Carronbridge and Thornhill the tourist has an excellent view of the Castle domains, woods, and surroundings of Drumlanrig, which for all such beauties of site, improved to the utmost, will compare favourably with many princely abodes in Scotland. The castle is a hollow square, four storeys in height, and somewhat resembles Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, the designs of both being by Inigo Jones. It was built at the close of the reign of Charles II., by William, first Duke of Queensberry, a notable statesman, and one little loved by the Covenanters. The costs of structure were so heavy that 'the deil pike oot his een that looks herein,' was endorsed by his Grace on the tradesmen's bills; and after building for nearly ten years, the Duke scarcely occupied it. In 1810, the Queensberry line became extinct. Since then his Grace of Buccleuch holds the titles and the lands; and few that know Nithsdale but can testify that he is the most generous and most respected of landowners.

Closeburn station comes next in order, where the beauties of Nithsdale do not suffer. Closeburn, as having been the heritage of him whom the Scotch peasant believes to have been the betrayer of Wallace, their patriot hero, has since then possessed an unenviable name; but it was Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, a

knightly attendant of Robert the Bruce, who sent home the dagger into the bosom of Comyn, on the altar steps of the Monastery of Dumfries—'I mak siccar' being since the motto of that family; and the deed, foul as it was, committed Bruce to the struggle which resulted in his gaining the crown Comyn and he contended about, and in 'setting his country free.' Eugenie, who shares the throne of Napoleon III., claims to be a Kirkpatrick, whose lands, however, have passed into the hands of one of the brothers Baird, the wealthiest of the iron merchant princes of North Britain.

Durrisdeer, on the left, has much to attract the tourist—the whole dale, glen, or strath is full of castles, tradition, and historic incident, is of easy access, not much out of the direct line of travel from the Solway to the Clyde; and with so much to see, admire, and speculate upon, it seems not a little strange that so few of the genus 'tourist' take that route of travel.

Auldgirth bridge, Holywood, Ellisland, Dalswinton, Dumfries, are rapidly reached and passed. Ellisland, the farm of Robert Burns, and Dalswinton, where the problem of steam navigation was solved, surely will interest the reader of these topographic sketches, which the plan of the work makes brief. Criffel, near where the Nith flows into the Solway, is of no great height, but is one of the landmarks of Nithsdale.

OBAN, the Charing-Cross of the Western Highlands of Scotland, has many attractions for the tourist, afloat or ashore; and is accessible within the day from Glasgow or Edinburgh, by steamer from Greenock or Helensburgh, by the Kyles of Bute, and the Crinan Canal; by coach from Ardrishaig, by the pass of Melfort; by steamer through Loch-Awe for the base of Cruachan-Ben; by coach from Loch-Lomond by Inveraray; and by coach through Glenfalloch from Loch-

Lomond. From the east the steamers come frequently from Inverness through the Caledonian Canal; from the north and west those from the Lewis and Skye make their way; from Port-Rush and the Giant's Causeway; and on the west from the green shores of Islay. The fine bay is the resort of the yachtsmen; hotel comforts, society, &c., being abundant in the season. The bay, sheltered by the hills of Lorn and the islands of Seil, Kerrera, and Lismore, has 12 to 24 fathoms water, and room for a fleet to ride in.

Oban bay seemed so adapted for fishing operations that it was in 1713 selected for such by a trading firm in the ancient burgh of Renfrew. The lords of the soil were liberal in their feu arrangements, houses rose rapidly, and in 1763 it became an outport of the Greenock Customhouse. The brothers Stevenson, who settled here in 1778, were the first merchants of the place; and in 1801, when the Crinan Canal was opened for traffic, and the Caledonian Canal in 1817 gave an impulse to the place, it has year by year improved, and the more so as the publication of the 'Lord of the Isles' directed the attention of the tourist to 'Mull's dark sound;' and more recently the energy and enterprise of Messrs. Hutcheson, in starting their lines of Highland steamers, has made Oban what it is—a place of no ordinary attractions, and with advantages hard to be met with elsewhere on the shores of Scotland.

Oban became a burgh of barony in 1811, and by the Reform bill obtained voting privileges, being grouped with Ayr, Campbelton, and Irvine. The town has a couple of bailies, a dean of guild, and a treasurer; no trade corporation; and is reported to have neither public institution, property, revenue, nor debt—one of £1,800, recently incurred, for bringing water into the town excepted. The churches in Oban are now many, the Episcopalian chapel recently erected being a beau-

tiful one; the Free church is on a fine site; but the Parochial chapel is plain enough without and within, and ecclesiastically a Parliamentary charge in the parish of Kilmore—the mother church, which is some six miles inland, eastward; and such a state of things might well be abated, in a place thriving so fast, where so many of the shops have plate-glass fronts, the villas are so handsome, the hotels so many—one of them at least, as the Great-North-Western, challenging ‘comparison with any house out of Oban,’ although Craig-Ard hotel looks down upon it—and the others, the Caledonian, King’s Arms, Queen’s, &c., all having their own set of supporters; and so abundant is patronage at times, that it is hard to find beds in hotel or house.

The railway from Callander, by Glen-Ogle, Strathfillan, Tyndrum, Loch-Awe, and Loch-Etive, is in rapid progress of construction; and when completed to Oban, the aspiring burghers there dream of Oban becoming a place of call for the Cunard steamers—the Skerryvore rock westward of the sound of Mull being the land, if such it can be called, nearest to the American shore, and the tender stationed there, they allege, might bring swiftly the mail bags, and have them sent southward to London—and all this despite the competition between Cork or Galway! Approached by water, Oban shows well; but as a town, the feuable acreage is scant, the margin between the hills and the beach being small. From the north, the coach is within the burgh, when, upon it, in passing the gates of Dunolly Castle, the tourist is within a few hundred yards of the hotel he may elect to stay in; and, like most places of tourist resort, there is no lack of ‘touters’ eloquent in the praise of the houses for which they canvass.

Oban, in Gaelic, ‘the White Bay’ has some pretty drives, north and eastward, by Dunolly, Dunstaffnage, Connell, Loch-Etive, Taynuilt, and Loch-Awe; or

southward, by route to Melfort; and there will be found ample means of hiring, with the advantage that there are no tolls in the district. Of Dunolly Castle nothing can be more wildly beautiful than its situation, as the ruins crown a bold and precipitous rock rising above the northern entrance to the bay of Oban.

The castle, overgrown with ivy, appears to have been large, as was Ardtornish or Dunstaffnage, and as the stronghold of the Macdougals of Lorn it was a place of no second-rate importance, when the Lords of the Isles were almost able to hold their own against the Kings of Scotland. Tradition alleges that Dun, 'the castle,' Olly, 'of Olave,' was known as such in 700. When the Bruce was defeated at Methven wood, on 6th August, 1306, he sought shelter in the western Highlands, was met at the Strathfillan by Macdougall of Dunstaffnage, known as John of Lorn, a brother-in-law of the 'Red Comyn' slain by Bruce at Dumfries. The personal gallantry of the Bruce alone saved the small party he headed; but 'the brooch of burning gold that clasped his mantle fold, wrought and chased with rare device, studded fair with gems of price,' the 'brooch of Lorn' was reft from him, when he 'hardly' scaped with scaith and scorn, left the pledge with conquering Lorn.' The gem thus won became an heirloom of the Macdougall family, and was but of late years given to Queen Victoria by Admiral Macdougall, who died in the spring of 1865, full of years and of honour.

Dunstaffnage Castle is within three miles of Oban; and, with beauties of situation little inferior to those of Dunolly, it has claims on the antiquarian, as having been, in periods most remote, the palace home of the sovereigns of North Britain, the natives affirming that the walls of Dunstaffnage were reared by Edwin, a Pictish prince and contemporary of Julius Cæsar! When 'the mighty Somerled,' the King of the Isles, who

was slain in battle in 1164, lived and ruled, Dunstaffnage Castle was the stronghold of his family—the Macdougals; and it was taken from them by Bruce when he 'set his country free' at Bannockburn.

The 'stone' carried from Dunstaffnage to Scone, and thence by Edward I. to England, forms the base of the coronation chair of the sovereigns of Britain, there having been, from time immemorial, a legend in Latin upon it, of—'Consider, Scot, where'er you find this stone, if fates fail not, there fixed must be your throne.' At the peace of Northampton, May 4, 1328, it was stipulated that the 'sacred stone of Scone' be returned to Scotland; but the populace of London threatened to rise in rebellion if the 'black stone of Scone,' the trophy of their Scottish wars, were restored—and at Westminster the stone remains. Dunstaffnage was taken by the Bruce in 1308, and charters exist given by him there. When James, Earl of Douglas, was defeated in Annandale in 1455, he found refuge at Dunstaffnage; and when the 'unfortunate' Duke of Argyll joined the Monmouth rising in 1685, he mustered his forces at Dunstaffnage, the Campbell family residing there till they removed to Inveraray.

In the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, Dunstaffnage was garrisoned by English troops. Now all is in ruins; but at one time it was a place of strength, the rude masonry which covers the promontory above Loch-Etive having been strong, the walls high, the form nearly square; dimensions—87 feet within the walls, height 66 feet, thickness 9 feet, external measurement 270 feet; and the rock founded on is 300 feet in circumference. The main entrance appears to have been from the sea—from the galleys, it may have been, of the Norse Sea Kings. The view from the top of these crumbling walls is extensive and beautiful, as the Sound of Mull, Loch-Linnhe, Loch-Etive, Cruachan-

Ben, Ben-More, the hills of Green Appin, Morven, Ardgour, are all well seen from it. Near the castle are the ruins of an ancient chapel; walls 78 feet in length, 14 in height, and breadth within 26 feet.

A few miles up the shore of Loch-Etive is Connell ferry, above which are, in poetic phrase, 'Connell with his rocks engaging'—in prose, a reef of rocks across the loch, so interrupting navigation, as to make it practicable for vessels to pass only at certain states of the tide; at others, the 'stream flows so fast,' the body of water comes down so heavily, that the surge is audible at a distance; but for these perils of the deep, the upper reaches of the loch would form another steamer route for the tourist, and eastward by the base of Cruachan-Ben it penetrates to near Buachal Etive, near the Black Mount, one of the sentinel heights that appear to guard the entrance to Glencoe.

Across Connell ferry, on the Appin shore, and nearly opposite Dunstaffnage, is the site of Beregonium, which the Celtic antiquarians affirm to have been a city two thousand years ago,—pointing to mounds which are not over distinctly marked as where Dun-Bhuil-an-righ, 'the king's own hill,' the market-street, Muil-street, &c., when the Dalriad princes ruled at Dunstaffnage and this city of their race; which tradition alleges 'to have been destroyed by fire from heaven.'

On the northern shore of Loch-Etive, and ten miles from the ruins of Dunstaffnage, is Ardchattan Priory, founded about 1230, by Macdougall of Lorn, coeval with Beaulieu and Pluscardine—the monks 'residing within the walls leading austere lives, devoting themselves to the education of the young chiefs of the land, and to cheering the declining years of those who, tired of the battle of life, sought rest there.' The high-roofed mansion of the modern proprietor was part of the monastery, and the offices cover much of the

ground it stood upon. The priory was sacked in the wars of Montrose; but the ruins show the chapel to have been 60 feet long by 27 broad; and of the tombs preserved, two have the date of 1502 upon them. In the Ragman roll of August 28, 1296, the prior of Ardchattan appears as one of the prelates of Scotland found willing to obey the rule in Scotland of Edward of England; and when the Bruce became victor of Lorn, a council or parliament of his adherents was held at Ardchattan, and it was remarkable as having been the last in which the interests of the State were discussed in the native language of the Gael.

Celtic legends declare that Fergus I., B.C. 300, brought the 'black stone' to Dunstaffnage from 'Tara's mount!'—that it was the stone on which 'Jacob' pillowed his head at Bethel! was carried into Egypt; became possessed by Scotia, a daughter of Pharaoh; brought to Spain; thence by Heber to 'Hibernia' (Ireland), and did duty there, &c.;—but these Caledonian Dalriad traditions appear to have been all oral, as no record of their history exist—neither stone, castle, nor ruins fairly telling their tale. The drive northward, by Appin to Loch-Creran and Loch-Leven, at Ballachulish, is a pleasant one, the roads good, and the sole drawback are the ferries; but to such the tourist in the West Highlands of Argyleshire must soon get used, as there being no portion of that section of 'the land of the mountain and the flood' which is so fully penetrated by lochs, chiefly in connection with the sea. Tourists finding their way to Oban are recommended to call upon Mr. George Buchanan (Buchanan & Dick), George-street, near the Post-office, who will supply all needful information as to routes for farther travel, &c.

PAISLEY—The Abbey.—Paisley is by railway seven miles west of Glasgow, and 15 south of Greenock. It

is built on the east and west banks of the river Cart, called 'White,' to distinguish it from another river of like name, known as 'the Black Cart,' but these streams unite and flow into the Clyde at Inchinnan, west of Renfrew.

During the period of Roman occupation, the military station of lower Clydesdale was on the height, or hills, covered by High-street, Oakshaw-street, and the western division of Paisley; the road thence, running from the great encampment at Cleghorn, near Lanark, by the Roman wall from the Forth to the Clyde, and the Castle of Dunglass, near the rock of Dumbarton.

Strathgryffe was, in later ages, the name of upper Renfrewshire, the river Gryffe being near the Black Cart and flowing into it. When Renfrew was a place of shipping, and Glasgow was unknown as such, the vessels from the Highlands ascended the Cart to the Sneddon, the river harbour of Paisley, bringing fish and slates, and taking back coal and lime.

Commerce has never been the forte of the natives of Paisley, although they sunk the greater portion of the revenues of their town in an abortive effort to deepen their river, and to cut a navigable channel to the Clyde. 'The loom, the shuttle, beams, and treddles,' became the industry of the place, and for more than a century past the town of Paisley became notable for the taste of its weavers, and famous for the enterprise of its manufacturers—lawns, muslins, shawls, each in their day commanding the national markets; and although Aberdeen and Dundee have shot ahead of Paisley in population, Greenock threatening soon to do so also, and Glasgow has so grown that a learned stranger, who should have known better, mistook Paisley town for a suburb of that city; still Paisley is a large one, pleasant to live in, society being of the most social character, and nowhere would the 'In-comes-Forbes-M'Kenzie-shut-the-door-Act' be more annoying to the 'corks' floating in the social glass

—their game of the night being known by a less euphonious name than that of ‘chaffing!’

In Glasgow, Greenock, and Paisley, the natives are known as ‘people,’ ‘folk,’ and ‘bodies.’ Good-natured souls those on the Cart are, stick well by each other, gregarious in their habits at the ‘saut water,’ a bay on Dunoon shore being known as ‘Seestu’ (‘Sees’t thou how we love each other?’)—and to these qualities, it may be, such frequent interchanges of thought, that the sharpness of the fancy of ‘the bodies’ may be due. Few men born there but can spout, they are notable politicians, suspected of radicalism, famous for ‘heckling,’ and it is a rare thing for the artisan that he cannot make verses, or at least ‘write to the papers!’ Christopher North of Blackwood—the Professor Wilson of Edinburgh—Alexander Wilson, the great naturalist of America—and Tannahill, the poet, were natives of Paisley.

The section of Paisley nearer to Glasgow is known as the Newtown, the streets there having been formed last century; but the town proper covers the rising ground west of the river Cart; the High-street is long, narrow near where the steeple, the old town-house stands and the Cross, but widens westward. The houses are not over regular in architecture; here the mansion of a manufacturer is to be seen; there the cottage of his weaver, and to the latter the ground, garden or kail-yard, often extends to the rear of his homestead.

Paisley has gas, water, mills, and manufactories; shops many, but is so near the city of Glasgow that the larger purchases may be made there. The ‘braes o’ Gleniffer,’ so sweetly sung of by Tannahill, are to the west; on their slopes, at Ferguslie, Ralston, and various points, around and near to Paisley, are villas, mansions, and surroundings, attesting the enterprise and success of the manufacturers of Paisley—that of cotton thread being carried on to a vast extent.

On the antiquarian, the Abbey of Paisley has strong claims, the magnificent pile having been founded there in 1163, by Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, the progenitor of the royal Stuart family. Originally a priory, it became an Abbey within the next century, and was so munificently endowed as to be second in importance to few in the south of Scotland. Some of the Stuart kings and their consorts are buried in the Abbey—tradition pointing to a tomb as that of the daughter of Robert the Bruce, who lost her life by a fall from her horse when hunting in the neighbourhood. The Abbey of Paisley suffered frequent and seriously in the civil and foreign wars of Scotland.

The Abbey has been 265 feet in length over all; the nave 93 feet by 60; the transept 92 by 35; the choir 124 by 32 feet. The west front was magnificent. Part of the ancient building is occupied as the church of the landward portion of Paisley, and like that of St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh, or the Barony in Glasgow, the parish is extensive; and the charge is a collegiate one. With a spirit characteristic of the town, the manufacturers of Paisley are taking steps to renovate the fine old pile they are proud of; the tall roof of which can be well seen from the steamers on the Clyde, o'er-topping all around it; and the modern steeple of the High Church of the town of Paisley is likewise an object conspicuous in the distance.

PEEBLES—NEIDPATH.—Peebles, having a population of 2,045, is 'the' town of the small shire of like name, on the upper course of the river Tweed; and, with railway connection, is, from Edinburgh 27, Biggar 16 miles.

Peebles is finely situated east of the Tweed—a broad flood there, where the Eddlestone water flows into it, with hills around of no great height, but green to the summit; and the banks of the Tweed, upward by Neid-

path tower, are finely wooded, and seen to greater advantage by the pedestrian, on the old road to the west—the railway for the town of Biggar being by tunnel led under the hill across the river.

For centuries past Peebles has had a place in Scottish story; and the humours of ‘Pebillis at the play’ was the subject of a ballad by James I. of Scotland. Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, visited Peebles in 1722, and describes it as ‘a small town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Tweed, over which it hath a fair stone bridge. There is one good street, and some by-lanes, with tolerable stone buildings.’ Peebles is still only ‘a small town,’ but the ‘good’ main street is wide, well paved, and has banks, buildings, churches, and shops, which would make a fair appearance either in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Peebles became a royal burgh in 1337; but the Parliamentary constituency is—nil almost, the votes going with those of the county; and in 1865 ‘mine host’ of the Tontine Inn, Peebles, was the only one whose rent, exceeding £50, entitled him to go to the poll! How far the burghal limits may extend the writer does not know; but above the railway station from Edinburgh, across the Tweed, and beyond the line from the west, there are villas and surroundings which, near Edinburgh or Glasgow, would command large rentals.

In the annals of Scotland, under the Stuart princes, Peebles is often made mention of; and in 1296 William de Chambre, (could he be the ancestor of William Chambers, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1866?) Bailie of Peebles, signed the Ragman roll, and swore fealty to Edward of England. A charter is extant signed by Edward III. from the castle of Peebles.

Of old, Peebles was surrounded with walls; and places there are still known as Eastgate, Northgate, and Port-brae, which might be needful to guard against

feudal forays; but as a place which stood a siege the town or castle of Peebles is not heard of. James I. would know Peebles; James V. visited it in 1529; in 1545 the town was burned by the English invaders; in 1566, Queen Mary and her husband Darnley were in Peebles; and in 1587 James VI. 'rode with ane host to Peebles,' to punish some disorderly subjects, 'and returned on the tenth day.' James VI. was again in Peebles in 1594, when in pursuit of the Earl of Bothwell; and when in England in 1621 he renewed the charter to the town. Montrose passed through Peebles in 1645 on his route to Philiphaugh; and in 1650 Cromwell laid siege to Neidpath Castle.

In Bleau's Atlas of Scotland, published at Amsterdam in 1662, the town of Peebles is reported as of 'ports, streets, bridges, church, and steeples—three each;' 'three mills to serve their town in time of need, on Peebles water and the river Tweed. Their arms are proper, and point forth their meaning—Three salmon fishes nimbly counter swimming'—i.e., three go up the Tweed for one that gets down—the angler's sport is good.

In 1745, Peebles was laid under contribution by the rebel detachment marching southward under Lord George Murray. Being inland, Peebles was selected as a depot for French prisoners, who were, towards the close of the late war, removed to Sanquhar in Dumfriesshire, as the arms of the Peeblesshire militia were supposed to be in danger when stored up at Neidpath Castle!

The bridge across the Tweed at Peebles is an ancient structure, broad, long, but at one time scarce wide enough to pass a single carriage; the piers still stand, but have been added to, and the view from the bridge up the Tweed is fine. To right and left of the High-street, closes, narrow lanes of houses, run down to the Eddlestone water and to the river Tweed, and the older portions are beyond the Eddlestone.

Antiquities in the district are many; and what is interesting about them has been recently told in the 'History of Peeblesshire,' a volume produced by W. Chambers, well written, magnificently illustrated, costly, but to be seen in the library of the institution founded there by the individual referred to, and who and his brother Robert have done so much for the periodical literature of Scotland. Architects of their own fortunes the brothers have been, but like the youth of Scotland, be the position of their parents what it may, the parochial school always insures good education. The natives of Peebles are social—all 'three-tumbler men,'—those that will drink; and one of the oldest of their town clubs is quaintly named 'the gutter blood.' Time may have been when the magistrates of Tweeddale cared little for the weavers of Peebles!

Neidpath Castle is the object of most interest in the Peebles district; it is of historic name, and is still so far habitable that a gamekeeper resides in it.

PERTH.—'The fair city,' or the city of 'the fair maid,' is finely placed at the head of the navigable waters of the river Tay, and where the railways from the south and north converge. At the Central station, the lines through Fife from Edinburgh—through Strathallan from Glasgow—through Strath-Tay from Inverness—and through Strathmore from Aberdeen, come in; besides the railway by the Carse of Gowrie and the northern bank of the river from Dundee, and that recently opened by Methven for Crieff and Strath-Earn. Perth is 90 miles from Aberdeen; Dundee, 21; Edinburgh, 46; Glasgow, 63; Inverness, 135, and the sail down the Tay by Newburgh is attractive.

Perth owes its burghal privileges to David I.;—population 25,250; constituency 1,167; revenue £7,470; and sends one Member to Parliament. In the annals

of Scotland, Perth has had a place, from the era of Roman occupation downwards; as, forming the centre of a spacious plain, near to a deep, wide, and rapid river, with the mountain screen of the Grampians on the west; the lower range of Sidlaw hills across the Tay, the fertile Carse of Gowrie below them, the hill of Moncrieff, tunnelled under by the railway, and the rich strath of the lower Earn made the locality an eligible and a rich one;—the seat of the Pictish capital having been at Abernethy, 8 miles east of Perth.

The bridge across the Tay, erected in 1772, is as long as that over the Clyde at the Broomielaw, Glasgow, but narrow and steep, the advanced engineering science of the passing century being seen in the contrast. Beyond the bridge is the populous suburb of Bridgend; and a short way north-west is the Palace of Scone, where the 'black stone,' the coronation seat of the kings of Scotland was kept, and the 'Moothill,' where chiefs, a thousand years ago, mustered to wait upon their prince.

Dunsinane hill is about 8 miles north, and that of Birnam 15 miles from Perth. These localities are rendered famous by the tragedy of Macbeth; and as Shakespeare, in 1596, was in Perth, playing before the Court of James VI., he might know the district well.

The church of St. John, carefully preserved, is in the centre of the old town, and has much in it to interest the antiquarian. In the east end of the edifice is the tomb of James I., assassinated in the Blackfriars' monastery, Perth, but of that building no trace remains; and at the high altar of St. John's, the Earl of Cornwall was struck dead by his brother Edward III., the cause, the savage acts of the youth in sacking Lesmahagow in the west. Perth was fortified by the Romans; it was the capital of Scotland till the reign of James II. and III., had a Parliament house, and made a place of strength by Edwards I. and III.

Gowrie House stood near where the town jail now is; and in the church of St. John, Knox the Reformer first roused the people to the demolition of the Romish adornments of the churches, which were numerous in Perth—four monasteries, two nunneries, other religious houses, and that of St. John, the latter one of the oldest stone-built churches in North Britain.

The inches, greens, or parks of the city of Perth are extensive—that on the south is finely wooded, and that on the north was where, in the reign of Robert III., the champion fight between the Mackintoshes and the Clan Kay took place, the struggle forming the groundwork of the tale of ‘The Fair Maid of Perth.’

The prosperity of Dundee has dwarfed the commerce of the harbour of Perth, where there is water enough for vessels of considerable burden; but 20 miles of inland navigation, farther from coal, and labour not more abundant, are disadvantages. Some flax-mills there are in Perth, and many looms there used to be—the latter weaving for houses in Glasgow—the living being cheap in Perth, and the house rent very low.

The Academy of the city of Perth is extensive and prosperous, and deservedly so; and society is good in the town, as the courts of the extensive shire of Perth meet there. The Central Bank of Scotland is in Perth, and six other branch banks besides; the buildings of these establishments being, as elsewhere, highly ornamental to a town which, aged as it is, has fair breadth of street—lanes, closes, and wynds being less numerous than in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, or Glasgow.

The sites for villas in and around Perth are fine and well availed of, few places being better built over than are the margins of the Inches of Perth, and the hill-sides above the river Tay—the surroundings of the city, from the hill of Moncrieff to that of Kinnoul, being such as to well earn it the title of ‘fair.’

In a city so ancient, of such historic note, and in a section of Scotland so fertile, the business of entertaining the public has been a prominent one, houses 'for man and beast' accommodation abounding; and before the pretty hamlet at Birnam, near Dunkeld, was formed, the city of Perth was one especially favoured by the tourist—the Royal George, near the bridge, having been well patronised by the Perthshire gentry; and the Salutation Hotel, in South-street, may have been such centuries ago, as it is under the shadow of the church of St. John's; it was where Charles Edward, in 1745, found quarters, and the commercial room is still one of the best patronised in Scotland. Near the station there are many hotels; and 'at the station' there will be erected a hotel to meet the requirements of the crowds of tourists who annually visit Perth.

PITLOCHRIE is a village in the parish of Moulin, Perthshire, on the left bank of the river Tummel, on the great road from Dunkeld to Inverness, near to the Pass of Killiecrankie, in the richest scenery of the county of Perth, a first-class station on the railway, 14 miles north of Dunkeld, seven miles south of Blair-Athole, and with a first-class hotel for the tourist, and superior accommodation in the lodging-houses about.

Placed above the strath of the Tummel, the situation of Pitlochrie is healthy, and there are few districts in central Scotland where the visitor has greater choice of drives, or where he can find better means of seeing such, the posting establishment being complete at the 'Royal,' and the carriages to be met with on the road from Pitlochrie to Blair-Athole being many.

Pitlochrie has little of the Highland village in appearance; few of the houses are old; all seem to have ground enough about them; and the hill-side has villas about it like the suburbs of a city—without its

smoke, and with 'mountain and flood,' 'strath and glen,' air and exercise, and all that is most tempting to the tourist, or to the valetudinarian.

Spout-Dhu—'cascade,' 'black'—100 feet in height, is near the village; Ben-Vracky, 2,500 feet high, three miles to the north, is one of the finest in outline of Perthshire mountains; the loch and falls of the Tummel are within easy distance; but the Pass of Killiecrankie is the attraction of the district, where, on July 27, 1689, the Jacobite leader, whom the novelist terms the 'gallant Dundee,' fell in the arms of victory—but with him fell the cause of the exiled Stuarts. The battleground can be reached by the old road, not far from the highway, near Urrard; and a stone will be pointed out by the guide as the place where Claverhouse received his death-wound, while in the wooded field to the right of the road that 'warrior lies at rest.'

A district so romantic is richly and warmly settled with the mansions and domains of the magnates of Perthshire, and not a few of those who have earned wealth and position at home and abroad. From Pitlochrie the distance to the Spittal of Glenshee is 26 miles, by Glen-Briarachan, Strathardle, and Kirk-michael; and from Glenshee to Braemar is 15 miles farther, with a coach, in the season, on the road from Blairgowrie to Braemar; and the tourist who may get seated near the minister of the 'Glenshee' will find no lack of information, unobtrusively and most pleasantly given—and to meet such a companion by the way is no small privilege to the intelligent traveller.

ROTHESAY, the chief town of the isle and shire of Bute, was made a burgh by Robert III. in 1400. Like Peebles, it has no direct Parliamentary constituency; has a population of 7,122; and revenue, 1864, of £5,927. As a place of sea-bathing resort, Rothsay is a favourite

one, especially so with the artisan class, as being a town where lodgings can be had economically, shops are many, and means of living moderate; but they are not the sole patrons of the place, as the Bute Arms, Queen's, and Victoria hotels are second to none on the Clyde for the comforts they offer to the tourist; and the bay being on the track of the Highland steamers, makes it an excellent place to stop at, the attractions of the island being great—as, under the article 'Bute,' has been already noticed in this volume. On the north and south, from Ascog to Port-Bannatyne, every place of vantage has its villa, and the outlook thence across the bay of Rothesay to the shores of green Cowal, up the frith of Clyde, or north by the Kyles of Bute, make them pleasant, and not the less so, that there are few places on the frith of Clyde at which so many steamers call.

Rothesay, the islanders affect to call the 'Montpelier of Scotland,' and they exalt the beauties of their bay above that of Naples! In the annals of Scotland Rothesay has a name, the Castle there having been a place of strength, when the Danes swept the seas of the north; and within its ruined walls is shown the room in which Robert III. died; his eldest son having been destroyed in the dungeon of Falkland; while the 'Benjamin of his old age' was made a captive by his unfriendly neighbour the King of England! But the detention in England sent back James I. a prince superior to his age—companion of Chaucer—a poet like him.

The Castle of Rothesay—with the streets of the older portion of the town between it and the beach—was built on the brow of a terrace-like elevation; the walls were high and strong, the moat deep and broad, and within it were enclosed about two acres of ground, which are open to the public, with turf neatly kept, walks well laid out, and a pleasant place it is for the visitor to ramble in. The main court is about 140 feet in dia-

meter, with walls first of 17, then of 25 feet in height, and 8 in thickness; strengthened by four circular towers placed apart, at nearly equal distances. The building between two of these towers is said to have been erected by Robert II.; and the chamber in which Robert III. died is 24 feet by 6. The chapel lay to eastward of the court, and was two storeys in height, in dimensions 44 feet by 24. Local guides, descriptive of the castle, abound, and are referred to for further details.

SKYE—the Isle of Skye.—What tourist that has read the ‘Lord of the Isles’ but desires to look upon the Cuchullin isles, and explore the Coruiskin caves? Means of travel are frequent by steamer from the Clyde; the vessels of Messrs. Hutcheson run each Monday and Thursday in summer, each Thursday throughout the year; and their route by the Mull of Cantyre, the western shore, the sound of Islay, and the Slate Isles for Oban, is an attractive and a safe one; the ships are so well found, well manned, steam power so great, cabins so good, berths so snug, bar so open, table spread so excellent, that the most timid may take the risk, and the most genial will find all comforts by the way. ‘We’ have made the voyage often, and never have felt put about when rounding the Mull of Cantyre.

The steamer leaving Greenock in autumn, when the sun is sinking in the west, holds on her route by the ‘fair’ way of the Clyde, past Garroch-head, the Holy Isle, Pladda, round the Mull of Cantyre, Western Knapdale, Crinan, Easdale, Kerrera, and reaches Oban in about ten hours; when taking aboard such tourists as may have preferred the inland route by the Crinan Canal; those coming from Ballachulish may have ‘done Glencoe,’ or those from Banavie and Inverness.

The steamer shows her stern to the keep of Dunolly, passes the ‘Lady Rock’ on the left, holds on through

'Mull's dark Sound,' where the 'castles grey' crown so many headlands, comes to for awhile in the sheltered bay of Tobermory, then steams onwards by Ardnamurchan point, the most western extremity of the mainland of Scotland—bold, high, and with a lighthouse on the rocky steep, apparently scarce accessible from the land, but here and there the mountain sheep browse about, and the white walls of the lighthouse buildings, with the small warm-like enclosures about them, show that comfort even there may be found; but it must at times be a wild place to live in, the Atlantic, from the Skerryvore lighthouse rock on the west, breaking with full force on the shore of Ardnamurchan.

Away to the south-west are the 'sandy Coll,' the 'low Tiree,' and eastward of these lies the track for Staffa, onwards that for Iona, but that route has been 'described' elsewhere in this volume. To the N.W. is the island of Muck—in Gaelic—'hog isle,' of no great size; and near it rises the 'Scur of Eig,' a lofty mountain, on a small island, but one notable in the bloody annals of these western isles as where, in a feud between the Macdonalds, natives of Eig, and the clan M'Leod, 200 men, women, and children were smoked to death in the caverns they sought safety in. The cave is 255 feet in length, 3 feet in height at entrance, 18 to 20 feet within, and the bones of the dead still strew the cave—this savage deed was recently paralleled by the French at the caves of Algeria. The Scur of Eig is 1,340 feet in height above the level of the sea, columnar in formation, and the island is 8 miles from Arisaig on the mainland. The island of Rum is larger than that of Eig, and conspicuous from the mountain heights of Halival, Haiskeval, and Ben-More, the latter 2,300 feet high, usually shrouded in mist, and is the highest of any land between Mull and Skye. Rum is 5 miles N.E. of Eig, and these isles are in the shire of Argyle.

Lochs Moidart, Ailort, and Na-Nuagh indent the mainland on the east. Off Moidart is Tirhuim Castle, in ruins; and, when the Macdonalds were lords of the isles and lands there, it was a place of strength; burned by Clanranald when he went south to the rising of 1715; and so destroyed that the Campbells might not possess it. Moidart is now the possession of Baird of Cambusdoon. At Loch-na-Nuagh Prince Charles landed in 1745—Glenfinnan, where he unfurled his standard, being a few miles inland. From Arisaig a road leads inland for Fort-William. North of Arisaig is Novar; and further north is Loch-Nevis.

Lewis excepted, the island of Skye is the largest of the Hebridean group. It is in the shire of Inverness, but the districts on the mainland are partly in Wester-Ross. From Sleat on the south to Vaternish on the north is 47 miles; in breadth the island may be 20 miles on the average—at some points 26, at others within 4 miles; and the area is computed at 350,000 acres. The roads from Sleat on the east, for Broadford and Portree, and from Portree for Dunvegan, are good, and the tourist will find conveyances when desired; but from the deck of the steamer the isle may be best surveyed, and in the space this volume permits an outline of the places so seen will be given.

Sleat is the name of the extreme south of the island of Skye, and the point so named is north of Eig, at no great distance from Rum—the sea between it and the mainland being known as the sound of Sleat, and so sheltered that the steamer passengers who leave Oban about 9 a.m., ordinarily dine when steering through the sound of Sleat. The castle of Armidale, Lord Macdonald, the chief owner of the island, is well seen from the steamer, and notable for the fine woods about it—few trees are found elsewhere on the island. At isle of Oronsay, farther north, is a fair harbour, near

which a lighthouse was a few years since erected; and indenting the mainland is Loch-Hourn, the district eastward having been that of the Macdonalds of Glengarry, as that farther south was held by the Clanranald clan; while north of Loch-Hourn the Macleods came into possession. Glenelg, where the sound becomes narrow, is on the mainland, and the scenery thence onward to Balmacarra, by Loch-Duich and Loch-Alsh, is of singular beauty—the shore richly wooded, the inland hills high, the channel deep and narrow; and at Balmacarra, off which the steamer calls, is an hotel second, in appearance without and comfort within, to none in the Hebrides, while the beauties of the locality are such, and so great are the attractions for the angler, that the house is well patronised, and not the less so that the mail road from Dingwall for Skye runs by that route, and the place is a pleasant one.

At Kyle-Rhea, 'the crossing of the king,' and at Kyle-Akin, 'the crossing of Haco,' the channel is narrowed to the breadth of a ferry. The bay of Balmacarra lies between them; also at Kyle-Akin is a lighthouse erected where the breadth is so small that a Norse lady, who ruled there of old, had a chain stretched across, and exacted 'dues for leave to pass'—the penalty to recusants being captivity in the dungeons of the castle whose ruins, that of 'Moi,' 'scaith,' crown the rock on the Skye shore. In the sound of Sleat, by Glenelg, and Loch-Alsh, herrings are caught in numbers; and 'we' well remember, when passing the night at Balmacarra hotel, being led by 'mine host' into a room where the bagpipes were playing, the natives were dancing, and the occasion—a wedding. The bride, a Gael, knew nothing of English; the bridegroom, a Saxon, had not a word of Gaelic—proving, it may be, 'that love has eyes,' as the union took place by the one becoming enamoured of the other, admiring her activity at the herring-curing, of

which he was a judge, as he owned a smack trading there from the Mersey. The pair went south in the steamer with us, and both looked happy.

At Kyle-Akin is the germ of what the lord of the manor meant to be a city—street broad, hotel large, harbour fair, &c., but shops are few, trade small, population scant; and green as is the level ground between the old castle and modern lighthouse, it does not appear to be a spot where commerce or manufactures could take root. There is a small walled-in spot at the base of the rock crowned by Castle-Moil, where seamen who die far from home, are laid to rest—a stone marking the grave, but few with ought inscribed on them.

Leaving Kyle-Akin light astern, a short run carries the steamer into Broadford bay, the parochial village of the strath section of the isle of Skye, and the place where parties from the steamer land who desire to explore Loch-Scavaig and the Cuchullin hills. The inn at Broadford is a fair one, comfort enough, as there is also at Kyle-Akin, but not overmuch like a tourist's home. The shops are few, those keeping them, merchants, in the Scotch acceptance of the term, that is, they deal in 'everything vendible.' The houses are few, and the stranger may be struck with the gait, address, &c., of those strolling about; Broadford being held a safe place, where 'gents' who have lived too fast on the mainland, can be cheaply boarded, safely kept, temptation small, whisky only to be had, and little of that, from the natives—if the purse be kept empty. Assuming that the reader of these sketches lands off Broadford, thence to the hamlet of Torrin is five miles, westward for Loch-Slappin, where boatmen can be had, whose cost can be learned before leaving the steamer, or at the inn at Broadford; and in the Highlands of Scotland, island or mainland, it is wise for the tourist to know what should be paid to avoid some risk of extortion; 'we,'

for example, paid 6*d.* to get ashore from the steamer to inspect the village of Tobermory, but had to expend 2*s.* 6*d.* to be rowed back again—and the lower rate was enough. From the head of Loch-Slappin to that of Loch-Scavaig is about ten miles; and the time for four oars to row it, about two hours. On the right rises Blabheim—Blaven, high as the Cuchullins, and little less wild in appearance. Through a gorge at the head of Loch-Scavaig, that of Coruisk is reached, the distance about one mile, where, what a scene is here; we traversed many a mountain, roamed abroad, and in my native land—clomb many a crag—crossed many a moor—a scene so rude, so wild as this, yet so sublime in barrenness, ne'er did my wandering footsteps press.'

Loch-Coruisk is a deep, dark, solemn piece of water, of a peculiar leaden hue. The margins are composed of vast sloping rocks, rising ridge above ridge till they blend with the summits of the mountains, seen through the racking clouds—at times as if in the act of rolling downwards. The whole scene excels in its sterile grandeur, is—dark, dead, unmeasured! 'It is as exquisite a savage scene as Loch-Katrine is a scene of beauty—the eye rests on nothing but brown and naked crags. To abridge from the 'Lord of the Isles'—

'Rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of nature's genial glow;
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen—
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The wearying eye may ken.
Huge terraces of granite blocks,
Afford but rude and 'cumbered tracks.
Such are the scenes where savage grandeur makes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs.
. . . . They yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore
That sees grim Coolin rise and hears Corriksen roar.

Without returning to Broadford, the tourist may be led by the guide from Camasinary to Glen-Sligachan, a track about 10 miles in length, by the ridge of Drumhuim, and in full view of the Coolin hills, 3,220 feet in height. Glen-Sligachan is sterile as is Glencoe, and in the estimation of some it is grander, the mountains in Skye being higher. At Sligachan, there is a comfortable hotel, and the tourist who has come by Coruisk from Broadford may be weary enough. Sligachan is on the highway, a good road throughout, from Portree for Inverness—being 10 miles from Portree, 15 from Broadford, 100 from Inverness, as may be learned from the mile-stone near the inn, and further, that the distance to Dunvegan on the west is 25 miles. From Portree to Dingwall there are good coaches, and the drive from Sligachan to Kyle-Akin is a fair one—mountain and loch, strath and sea, coming under view.

Resuming the steamer route, from Broadford bay by Scalpa, Loch-Ainort, and Loch-Sligachan for the sound of Rasay, those aboard have the mountains of Skye in full view, until the bay or broad loch of Portree, 'the port of the king,' is reached—said to have been so named by Haco of Norway, who found shelter for his fleet there, after the rout at Largs and on his voyage to Kirkwall; or from James V. who anchored there when on his expedition to reduce the Hebridean chiefs. The harbour is a safe one; the little town on the green terrace above is the capital of the isle; and hotel accommodation at the Royal has been long known to be excellent. Banks, kirks, courts, and markets are found in Portree; and the steamer going onward for the Gairloch, Stornoway, or further north or east, leaves at Portree those who are booked for Skye only, whence by coach, car, or boat, the island northward and westward can be comfortably explored.

The cave in which Charles Edward found shelter, the

Storr Rock and Quiraing are the objects of attraction in the Portree district of the isle of Skye. The cave is 4 miles from Portree, and can be reached by boat, and apart from its historic interest it is well worth the exploring. The Storr is 7 miles from Portree, and accessible by land or water, for which pony or boat can be had. For the pedestrian the walk is a rough one, as 'we' found it; but the Storr Rock, 2,348 feet in height, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the shore, is a sight that will repay the labour of visiting it, as, for grandeur, it surpasses any other rock landscape in Britain.

Quiraing is 6 miles from Uig, 21 from Portree, and visited by all tourists who can spare the time, as in the mountains there, 1,000 feet up, is a piece of table-land, of considerable extent, green, and accessible with difficulty, as it is surrounded by rocks of vast height and most fantastic shapes. Kingsburgh, the home of Flora Macdonald, is on the route; and in the parish kirk-yard of Kilmuir that heroine lies interred.

Duntuilim Castle is a superb ruin; and that of Dunvegan, 28 miles from Portree, one of the oldest and most famous in the Hebrides, is still inhabitable. A coach is on the road in the season, and it is well patronised by the tourists in Skye—an island of which it would take a volume fairly to describe the attractions for the geologist or the lovers of scenery—more grand than can be elsewhere sought for in Scotland; but guide-books, large and less, on Skye are many.

STIRLING, one of the oldest towns in North Britain, is at the head of the navigable waters of the Forth, where a bridge, in the days of Wallace, led across, and where the most signal of his victories took place—the wooden bridge cut through, and the English army destroyed. In all Scottish story Stirling figures largely, as near it lay the only route from the westward to the

eastward districts of Scotland, from the Lothians and 'Cliddisdale' to the 'kingdom of Fife,' as the comparatively safe land between the friths of Forth and of Tay was known in the earlier annals of Scotland.

Stirling is nearly midway by rail, from Glasgow or Edinburgh, to the city of Perth; is on the route by Callander for the Trossachs; another line leads west for Loch-Lomond; in the neighbourhood are the spas of Bridge-of-Allan and of Dunblane; eastward is the strath of the 'clear winding Devon,' Castle-Campbell, the Ochil hills, and Dollar; and onward are the links of Forth, so tortuous between Stirling and Alloa that the way by water is nearly three times longer than by road or rail; still the run downwards by Bo'ness and Queensferry for Granton, Leith, and Edinburgh, is a favourite one with the economical traveller.

To a place of such historic interest, and so finely placed, the tourist stream has long made way, and comfort for all classes will be found in the hotels and inns which abound, as, scenic attractions apart, the carse of Stirling is a rich one, the grain markets good, minerals abound, population increases, trade prospers, county courts are held, schools are excellent, society select, villas numerous—and, 'take it all in all,' there are few places in central Scotland which are more pleasant to visit, or which are more agreeable to live in, than near to the Castle Rock of Stirling.

The Castle of Stirling is of unknown antiquity; like that of Edinburgh, it looked so like a fortress of 'nature's own providing,' that, when the natives ceased to be nomad—when they submitted to be, however rudely, civilised—on the rock above the Forth their chief would raise his lance, pitch his camp, and claim the allegiance of those below him. Beyond the Forth the place is known as Causewayhead; and when the legions of Rome encamped at Ardoch, the route of

Agricola would pass that way. When the sway of the Saxons extended north of the Humber, Stirling was one of their 'outward guards'—Clan-Alpine was unheard of then; and, in 978, Kenneth III. of Scotland made Stirling the rendezvous of the Scottish levies who mustered to meet and defeat the Danes at Luncarty, near Perth. In 1119, Stirling became a royal burgh; the Castle then covering its rock became the seat of royalty; and to obtain possession of the Castle of Stirling was the prize fought for at Bannockburn, when Bruce, winning the stakes, 'set his country free.'

Alexander I. died at Stirling; there his successor established trial by jury; and the Castle of Stirling was, with that of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Edinburgh pledged to Henry II. of England for the ransom of William the Lion, who died at Stirling in 1214. In the wars of Scottish independence, the Castle of Stirling was taken and retaken; and within its walls Richard II. of England found shelter, dying there in 1419. It was the abode at times of James I.; his son, James II., was born there; and there the latter prince committed the unknighly act of striking down Earl Douglas, who, on February 20, 1451, had entered the Castle under safe conduct of that King. James III. lived much at Stirling, and lost his life at Sauchie, near it; James IV., who fell at Flodden, held court at Stirling; James V. was crowned there; and James VI. was the pupil of George Buchanan at Stirling. Charles Edward, in 1746, sought to capture Stirling, but was hindered by the advance of the Duke of Cumberland on Culloden.

The Castle has much to interest the patriot and the antiquarian; and the town has yet many relics to show of the stately mansions, town houses of the nobles of Scotland, who came to Stirling to attend the court of their sovereign, or the parliaments of their country; and 'Guides' are many on the town and district—the

most recent being that by A. Miller, a bookseller there, who knows the place—and describes it well.

On the Abbey Craig, within view of Stirling, above the ‘links of Forth,’ and where the road and railway divide for Perth and the north and Alloa and the east, is a lofty monument to Sir William Wallace, raised there by national subscription. The site is magnificent, the structure grand, and the locality near where the Hero of Scotland won his brightest laurels.

To write the history of Stirling would be to recapitulate the romance of Scottish story, and to the ‘Tales of a Grandfather,’ and such works, the reader is referred; also to the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ in which ‘Stirling’s turrets grey’ are described and referred to. The Broad-street of Stirling and the approach to the Castle, are, in many respects, such as they were when ‘Snowdoun’s Knight’ and the ‘Guidman o’ Ballingeich’ trode them. Stirling gives name to the group of Culross, Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, and Queensferry-south, of which it is the returning burgh;—population, 13,707; municipal constituency, 110; revenue, £2,295.

TARBERT, on Loch-Fyne, is an important station in the herring-fishing season, and a place of call by the steamers on the Ardrishaig route—those with cargo working their way into the rocky enclosed harbour; those with passengers sending such ashore in large and safe boats, provided for the purpose, or at times diverging from their track to land them at a pier recently built on a point outside the harbour, in hopes that such traffic might be so allured, but there is little to attract the tourist, and none to induce him to sleep there. Public houses are numerous—inns—but few tourists will find ‘the comforts o’ the Sautmarket’ there.

On the hill-side, above the harbour, are the ruins of a castle, built there by Robert the Bruce. It has been

four storeys in height, raised on a rock, above the loch, below the hill, and within an embattled enclosure of about two acres. The staircases are built into the wall, the keep had no turrets, the rooms are small, and on the outer defences appear to have been large round towers; but the ruin is utter—grass overtops all.

At Tarbert the peninsula is within two miles in breadth, and where, as written in the 'Lord of the Isles,' Robert the Bruce was drawn across in his galley, thereby fulfilling a prophecy his followers had faith in, that the prince so doing would wear the crown of Scotland; and from the crossing of that isthmus to Loch-Ranza, Brodick, Turnberry Castle, and onwards to the field of Bannockburn, the career of the Bruce was unchecked; before that, from Methven wood to Rathlin's isle it had been chequered enough.

South of Tarbert the long peninsula is that of Cantyre—northward the district is called Knapdale; and a scheme was on foot, and is revived, to cut through the rock, unite Loch-Fyne with West-Tarbert, the sound of Islay, and the route for Inverness.

The sail down Loch-Tarbert on the west, about 10 miles, is a pretty one; but all the features of beauty on the route are seen to good advantage from the coach which runs from Campbeltown to Tarbert in connection with the Ardrishaig steamer. The distance is about 36 miles; and the coach, which is well appointed, leaves the capital of Cantyre in the morning, returning from Tarbert in the evening. The drive upwards by Machrethanish bay, where the roll of the Atlantic is seen in its full force, the clachan of Barr, and that of Tayinloan, by the shore of West-Tarbert, is a fine one; and as a 'new route' for the tourist it is commended to his notice;—for the commercial traveller the conveyance is a convenient one in winter, when the steamer trips are few from Campbeltown.

TAYNUILT Inn, near the post-office of Bunawe, the furnaces of Lorne, the foot of the river Awe, the shore of Loch-Etive, the base of Cruachan-Ben, the route for Glen-shant, and the coach road from Oban for Dalmally and Loch-Lomond, is a locality which merits notice, and not the less so, that additions, renovations, and re-furnishing has, for season 1866, made the hotel so comfortable. It has long been one where the traveller was well-cared for; and for the angler, when salmon are fished for, the place is one of the best.

Taynuilt is the first coach stage eastward from Oban; and the drive is so attractive for tourists from the west, that, in the season, the road is crowded with conveyances, and were a steamer, as is contemplated, put upon Loch-Etive, by the northern base of Cruachan, few routes would find more patrons. The vast quantities of wood in the district led to the erection of a furnace at Bunawe for the making of iron, which, if good, is moderate in quantity; but to hear the mountain echoes waked in the 'stilly night' by the 'hot blast' there, seems a little out of place. The drive by Glen-shant to Loch-Awe is of singular beauty. For some distance the 'bosky dell' is as 'bristling'-like as are the Trossachs, the character of the scene less wild, but the mountain stream on the right and the hill-sides above are clothed with wood of various hue. In the district are battle stones of the Danish era; and a short way from the inn there rises a pillar to Nelson. The sight thence from Ardchattan to Dunstaffnage, Cruachan to Nether-Lorn and Appin, is extensive and beautiful. The mansion of Inverawe—the Inver, i.e., where the Awe flows into Loch-Etive—is one of the finest in the western Highlands; and in the deep, broad, and rapid river which sweeps westward, there is salmon fishing second to none found elsewhere. 'Mine host' of Taynuilt, in terms of his lease, has right for certain rods to

be used there; and 'his bar' has been long noted for the purity, strength, and supply of 'long John.'

Travel in the Highlands has seldom discomfort attending it. But a few years ago 'we' essayed to explore the district between Loch-Leven and Loch-Etive; the route, by 'green Appin,' was good; but before Lorn was reached night had set in, the storm came down, no shelter by the way and little on the way, as 'we' were an unlicensed traveller holding on by the outside of a seatless mail-gig; the road through avenues of trees which an Alpine storm had lately swept through, and the riven branches brought 'our hat to grief;' the night was cold; and when the late harvest moon rose we found ourselves smuggled to the loch-side; the wind and tide would not permit passage, and six hours were worn out in an inn with so little of comfort to offer, that the drinking-room was without glass in the twelve square inches of window, and in the larger apartment the single bed was occupied by a couple of 'audible sleepers,' the sofa had no cushion, and for cold whisky and half-raw oatmeal cake the bill was half-a-crown! In the district there is a place known on some maps as 'Thieves' Island,' and our conviction was that we had been there. When the sun arose, and the sea went down, right happy were 'we' to get ferried across to Bunawe, and under the roof of Taynult Inn.

WICK, CAITHNESS, SUTHERLAND, DUNROBIN to TONGUE, in the extreme north and north-west of Scotland, is a wide extent of country, little accessible to the tourist, but soon to be opened up to travel, as the railway system already penetrates to Bonar-Bridge, at the head of Dornoch Frith, and is being laid down through Sutherland and Caithness.

Of old the route, for coach or travel, was to cross the Meikle ferry, 4 miles west from Tain; and although

less than one mile in breadth, the passage was at times a perilous one. The drive up by the southern shore of the frith to Ardgay inn was a fine one; and a route thence across the hills by Stittenham for Cromarty Frith has much to attract the tourist. At Ardgay is a snug inn, well wooded around; and from the village of Bonar-Bridge on the right, a fair road leads north by Lairg and Altnaharra for Tongue, a seat of the Duke of Sutherland; and thence eastward, by Bettyhill for Reay and Thurso, the line of travel is picturesque, the lochs many—the hills are more green than grand.

Turning east at Bonar-Bridge, the coach road, which follows the northern shore of the frith by Spinningdale and Clashmore, for the ancient burgh of Dornoch, is good. Spinningdale was so named, a proprietor in the district having built mills there; but in 1806 they were burned by the natives, who dreaded lest the influx of strangers should raise the price of their oatmeal! Dornoch, a burgh since 1626—population, 627; constituency, 24; and 1864–5, ‘value’ of ‘real property’ £629 only—is the capital of Sutherlandshire, has a good inn, is tidy in look, with a cathedral, founded circa 1250, still in use as a church, and in the transept of which lie buried seventeen Earls of Sutherland.

From Dornoch to Golspie much saving of space may be gained by crossing Loch-Fleet at Little-Ferry, a harbour whence steamers cross the Moray Frith to Burghhead, near Elgin. The coach road follows the Fleet, crossing the Mound—a Parliamentary road work at its top—and thence for the village of Golspie, which is small, fishermen’s one-storeyed houses, the street they form broad, and the shore close behind the houses. There are few shops in Golspie—no public-houses; but the inn, a short way north of the village, is one of the most comfortable in the north, as might be looked for, since it lies just outside the extensive

domains and richly timbered policies of the Castle of Dunrobin, the abode of the Duke of Sutherland. The castle, founded in 1092, is so kept, and has been added to, as to form one of the most magnificent of ducal residences north of the Tweed.

From Golspie, by Brora for Helmsdale, the road leads through a district fertile on the right—the hills inland being green and pastoral; and near Brora were quarries of considerable extent, where coal also was found, but not to much profit. Helmsdale, where the river of that name flows into the sea, is one of the most prosperous of the stations for herring-fishing; and, from the ruined castle above the harbour, to look out at sunrise upon the fleet of boats coming in, is a sight to be remembered. Helmsdale is a stirring village; and by the river, westward, a good road leads northward by Kildonan, Glenhallowdale, and Melvich for Reay and Thurso—the hills are green, the houses few.

The mail-coach road is over the Ord of Caithness, and the view thence is extensive and beautiful. Descending on the north the route is by Berriedale, 10 miles from Helmsdale, where a snug inn is found; thence upward by Latheron for Swiney, Dunbeath, and Wick, the capital of Caithness, 'which,' to quote Anderson's Guide, 'lies low, and in a dirty situation, and, but for the stream which passes through it, and the sharp breezes of the north, the smell of its fish and garbage would be intolerable.' And when the herring fleet is in full operation, and hundreds of the maidens of the district are seen cleaning the fish by the harbour-side,—nothing can be less Arcadian-like.

Wick was made a burgh in 1589; population, 7,475; constituency, 356; revenue, 149; is the returning burgh of the Cromarty, Dingwall, Kirkwall, and Tain group; has good inns, a large trade, banks, kirks, churches, chapels, a couple of newspapers, and the place of call

for steamers running between the Forth, the Dee, the Orkneys, Shetland, and Stornoway.

John o' Groat's, the Ultima Thule of travel in estimation of the peasant of Scotland, is 20 miles from Wick, and beyond it is the stormy Pentland Frith.

Thurso is, by the mail-coach road, 21 miles from Wick; the track direct of little interest. As a town, Thurso shows well; herring few, salmon many; the streets are good, trade fair, and westward lies no other mart of commerce, unless it be Stornoway on the Lewis, Oban, or Campbeltown—and that stretch of shore, loch, sea, mountain, and island is a long one!

WIGTOWN—WHITHORN.—A road coastward runs from Stranraer by Glenluce and Port-William, thence inland for the estuary of the Cree, the banks of the Bladenoch burn, and the town of Wigtown—a burgh since 1469; population 2,101; constituency 105; revenue, £546—and, with the group of New-Galloway, Stranraer, and Whithorn, is the returning one, although Stranraer, a burgh of 1617, is larger, but as the county town that of Wigtown is the chief.

As a town, the situation of Wigtown is pleasant, the main street being an elongated square of considerable size, the space between railed in, and having a bowling-green for the delectation of the worthy burghers.

At one side of the parallelogram stands the ancient market cross, and on the other rises the town hall, and the law of the district being administered there it is of local importance; moreover, the country is fertile, the shops in the town good, society select, hotels respectable, with banks and churches. In the parish kirk-yard are interred martyrs who sealed their testimony there, that of the two women who perished under the tide at the mouth of the Bladenoch water.

Whithorn, a burgh of the Bruce era, has a population

of 1,623; constituency 89; revenue £178; is 11 miles S.W. of Wigtown, nearer the Irish Channel, with a fair harbour, not much trade, on the steamer route between Kirkcudbright and Liverpool; and is notable in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, as St. Ninian raised a church there in the fifth century—known in monkish legends as ‘Candida Casa,’ being built of ‘white stone’—thence Hevit-aern, Saxon—English, Whithorn. It was the first place of Christian worship in Scotland. The cathedral of the bishopric of Galloway stood at Whithorn—some remains of it exist. The shrine of St. Ninian was a pilgrimage in favour, and not with the people only, as James IV. used to visit it once, sometimes twice, each year, and with a kingly retinue. James V. visited the shrine of St. Ninian in 1532–3. A Saxon arch of fine architecture, some Gothic arches, and several large vaults are the remains of the priory of Whithorn to which the Princes and nobles used to resort, and not those of Scotland only, James I. in 1425, and the Regent Albany in 1506, having ‘granted protection to all pilgrims visiting the shrine. The burgh commissioners reported to Parliament that ‘Whithorn had no trade or manufacture, and no prospect of increase,’ and the street architecture is ancient-like—the place far out of the line of travel of the tourist.

INVERARAY— ARGYLL ARMS HOTEL. D. MACPHERSON.

MR. MACPHERSON, in gratefully acknowledging the very liberal support he has received since commencing business, begs respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public generally that the Argyll Hotel has just been entirely re-fitted and furnished. The rooms have been all newly papered and painted, in the most tasteful manner, and numerous modern improvements effected in the arrangements of the house, so as to render it at once one of the most comfortable and commodious Hotels in the West Highlands.

Parties residing at the Hotel have the privilege of walking or driving through the Castle Grounds.

In order to prevent misapprehension, Mr. MacPherson begs expressly to direct Visitors to the following scale of the *usual* charges at the Argyll, which he trusts will be found strictly moderate:—

Breakfasts,	1/6, 2/ to 2/6
Luncheons,	1/6 to 2/
Dinners,	2/6 to 4/
Teas,	1/6 to 2/6
Parlours,	3/6 to 5/
Bed-Rooms,	2/6 to 3/6

Wines and Liquors according to Printed List of the Hotel.

Attendance, 1/6 per night.

Post Horses and Carriages of every description kept for Hire. Saddle Ponies kept for ascending Dunquoich Hill.



OBAN, INVERARAY,

AND

TARBET,

(Loch-Lomond)



**TO EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW
IN ONE DAY.**

A Coach leaves Tarbet for Inveraray at 10.30 a.m., on arrival of steamer from Balloch with Edinburgh and Glasgow passengers, arriving at Inveraray at 2 p.m., where time is allowed for dinner. Passengers by this Coach can break the journey at any stage, and proceed any succeeding day.

Coach leaves Inveraray about 3.30 p.m. for Oban, arriving about 8 p.m.

A Coach leaves Oban for Inveraray at 7 a.m., arriving at Inveraray about 12 noon, where time is allowed for passengers to dine. Coach leaves Inveraray for Tarbet about 1.30 p.m., arriving at Tarbet about 4.30 p.m.

Coach leaves Inveraray for Tarbet at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Tarbet about 12.30 p.m., leaving Tarbet for Inveraray the same day about 3.30 p.m., arriving at Inveraray about 7 p.m.

Seats secured, and all necessary information given, at the North British Railway Booking Offices—Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Helensburgh; Offices of James Walker, Cambridge Street; Andrew Menzies, Argyle Street, Glasgow; Alexander Campbell (Coach Proprietor), Ballachulish; James Miller, Fort-William; A. M'Pherson, Tarbet Hotel; D. M'Pherson, Argyll Arms Hotel, Inveraray; James Murray, Taynult Hotel; Donald Campbell, Great Western Hotel; or to **BUCHANAN & DICK, Oban.**

Argyll Arms Hotel, Inveraray, July, 31, 1866.

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

Inverness and the North, via Aberdeen.

TOURISTS and other Passengers are now Booked between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other Through Booking Stations in England and Scotland, and Inverness and the North, *via Aberdeen*, at the same Through Fares as *via Dunkeld*, with the privilege of breaking the journey at Aberdeen.

Ask for Tickets, via Aberdeen, and see Luggage labelled by that Route.

For Through Trains, &c.—see Nos. 65, 66 of Murrays' Time Tables.

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

NEW DIRECT ROUTE TO THE NORTH.

Opening of Junction with Highland Line, at Boat-of-Garten, Strathspey.

THIS Junction will be opened for Passenger and Goods Traffic on **WEDNESDAY, 1st AUGUST, 1866**, when Tourists and other Passengers may be Booked between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc., and Elgin, Keith, and other Stations on the Great North of Scotland Railway, at same Fares *via Dunkeld* and Boat-of-Garten as *via Aberdeen*, affording to Travellers a choice of Routes, and an opportunity of seeing the fine Scenery along the Highland and Strathspey Lines, Dunkeld, Killiecrankie, Blair-Athole, Rothiemurchas, Abernethy, Grantown, etc.

Through Passenger Trains, via Boat-of-Garten.

FROM ABERDEEN, &c.		TO ABERDEEN, &c.	
Aberdeen,	leaves 7- 0 a.m.	Glasgow,	leaves 9-35 a.m.
Banff,	" 7-53 a.m.	Edinbro', <i>via Fife</i> , ..	9-45 a.m.
Portsoy,	" 8- 3 a.m.	Edinbro', <i>via Stirling</i> , ..	9-15 a.m.
Elgin,	" 10-10 a.m.	Perth,	" 12-50 p.m.
Boat-of-Garten,	arrive 12- 7 p.m.	Boat-of-Garten,	" 5- 5 p.m.
Perth,	" 3-33 p.m.	Elgin,	arrive 7- 5 p.m.
Edinbro', <i>via Stirling</i> , ..	6-20 p.m.	Aberdeen,	" 10- 0 p.m.
Edinbro', <i>via Fife</i> , ..	7-30 p.m.		
Glasgow,	" 6-15 p.m.		

Ask for Tickets, via Boat-of-Garten Junction, and see Luggage labelled by that Route.



NEW HELENSBURGH ROUTE

TO

AND FROM THE



WEST HIGHLANDS, OBAN, Loch-Awe, Ardrishaig, Rothesay, Dunoon, &c.

The most direct and convenient Route from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the East Coast to the West Highlands. Passengers booked through to and from all Stations on the West Coast.

RETURN TICKETS ISSUED DAILY.

Excursionists to Ardrishaig are allowed two hours there before returning.

The following is the Service now given to and from the West Coast, &c., by the North British Steam-Packet Company's Saloon Paddle Steamers,

"MEG MIRRIELIES" AND "DANDIE DINMONT,"

in connection with the North British Railway Company's Trains:—

TO THE WEST COAST AND WEST HIGHLANDS.

	Trains leave			
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Carlisle (via Waverley Route), at	8 15	..
Hawick,	10 23	..
Kelso,	10 20	..
Melrose,	11 4	..
Peebles,	11 0	2 30
Berwick,	8 33	1 45
Edinburgh (Waverley Station), at	6 15	7 0	2 0	4 0
Linlithgow,	6 47	7 45	2 45	..
Polmont,	6 58	7 55	2 55	4 40
Falkirk,	7 5	8 5	3 5	..
Glasgow (Queen-st),	7 30	9 20	4 0	5 15
Cowairs,	7 38	9 28	4 8	5 23
Helensburgh, ..arr	8 20	10 35	4 55	6 13
Steamers leave				
Helensburgh, ..at	8 30	10 45	5 5	6 20
Kilcreggan, ar.abt.	..	11 0	5 20	6 35
Kiru,	8 55	11 15	5 35	6 50
Dunoon, ..	9 0	11 20	5 40	6 55
Innellan, ..	9 15	11 35	5 55	7 10
Rothesay, ..	9 37	12 0	6 25	7 40
Ardrishaig, ..	12 5
Coach leaves				
Ardrishaig(fr Oban via Loch-Awe),	12 30
Do. (for Oban via Melfort), ..	12 30
Oban(via L. Awe) ar	8 0
Do. (via Melfort) ar	6 30

FROM THE WEST HIGHLANDS AND WEST COAST.

	Coach leaves			
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Oban(fr Ardrishaig via Loch-Awe),	6 15	..
Oban(fr Ardrishaig via Melfort),	7 45	..
Ardrishaig (via Loch-Awe, .. ar	1 45	..
Do. (via Melfort) ar	1 45	..
Steamers leave				
Ardrishaig, ..at	2 0	..
Rothesay, ..about	7 5	2 0	4 25	6 40
Innellan, ..	7 27	2 22	4 47	7 2
Dunoon, ..	7 40	2 35	5 0	7 15
Kiru,	7 45	2 40	5 5	7 20
Kilcreggan, ..	8 0	2 55	5 20	7 35
Helensburgh, ..arr.	8 30	3 15	5 40	7 50
Trains leave				
Helensburgh, ..at	8 45	3 45	6 30	8 10
Cowairs,	9 30	4 45	7 20	9 15
Glasgow (Queen-st)	9 45	4 55	7 30	9 25
Falkirk,	11 7	5 7	8 20	..
Polmont,	11 15	5 37	8 28	..
Linlithgow,	11 25	..	8 39	..
Edinburgh (Waverley Station), ar.	12 0	6 20	9 30	..
Berwick,	4 25	11 54	11 4	..
Peebles,	5 28
Melrose,	1 50p	8 19
Kelso,	2 48	9 9
Hawick,	2 41	9 8
Carlisle (via Waverley Route) ar.	4 40

The Steamer calls at Collintraive, Tignabruach, and Tarbert, both in going to and returning from Ardrishaig.

For full particulars of Cheap Tourist Ticket Arrangements to the West Highlands, see the North British Railway Company's Programme of Tours, which may be had at the Railway Stations, or from the General Superintendent's Office, North British Railway, Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Through Railway Carriages for the accommodation of Families, Pleasure Parties, &c.

Carriages to run through to and from Helensburgh, Carlisle, Newcastle, Melrose, Berwick, etc., can be obtained on application being made in writing to James M'Laren, General Superintendent, North British Railway, Edinburgh.

WEST HIGHLAND COACHES.

OBAN, GLASGOW, & EDINBURGH.



Via PASS OF MELFORT,
ARDRISHAIG, AND
HELENSBURGH.



Oban, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, via
Ardrishaig, and Helensburgh.

**Ardrishaig, Loch-Awe, Pass of Melfort,
Oban, Inveraray, Glasgow, Edinburgh.**

Through Fares fr. Oban,
via Lochawe—
Ardrishaig 12/6, Helensburgh 14/
Glasgow, 14/6 Edinburgh, 20/6

Coach leaves	Train leaves	Via Melfort.	Single	Ret.
OBAN, via Lochawe... 6-45 am	EDINBURGH 6-15 am	Ardrishaig 10/		17/
" Melfort .. 7-45 "	Glasgow (Queen St.) .. 7-30 "	Helensburgh, .. 13/		18/
" Steamer leaves	Steamer leaves	Glasgow 12/6		18/6
Ardrishaig 2-0 pm	Helensburgh 8-30 "	Falkirk 16/2		24/
Train leaves	Coach leaves	Polmont 16/8		24/9
Helensburgh 6-30 "	Ardrishaig 1-0 pm	Linlithgow 17/6		26/
Glasgow arr 7-45 "	OBAN, via Melfort 7-0 "	Edinburgh 18/6		26/6
EDINBURGH arr 9-30 "	" Lochawe .. 8-30 "			

Drivers' Fees extra.

Oban, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, via Inveraray, and
Tarbet.

OBAN, Coach leaves... 6-45 am	EDINBURGH, Tr. lvs. 6-15 am	Through Fares from Oban.
Inveraray " 12 noon	Glasgow, (Queen St.), 7-30 "	Inveraray, 10/ & 12/
Tarbet " arr. 3-30 pm	Balloch, Stm'r leaves.. 9-0 "	Tarbet, 18/6 & 21/6
Tarbet, Stm'r leaves .. 5-5 "	Tarbet, Coach leaves 10-30 "	Balloch, "
Balloch, Train leaves .. 6-35 "	Inveraray, " .. 3-0 pm	Glasgow "
Glasgow " arr. 7-15 "	Cladich, " .. 4-30 "	Stirling "
EDINBURGH arr. 9-30 "	OBAN, " arr. 8-30 "	Edinburgh "

Oban, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, via Inveraray, and
Dunoon.

OBAN, Coach leaves... 6-45 a.m.	EDINBURGH, Tr. lvs. 6-15 a.m.	Through Fares from Oban.
Inveraray, Stm'r lvs. 12-15 p.m.	Glasgow (Qu. St.), " 7-30 a.m.	Inveraray 10/ & 12/
Dunoon, Coach arrives.. 4 p.m.	" Steamer leaves.. 7 a.m.	Dunoon 14/6 & 16/6
Steamer leaves	Dunoon, Coach leaves, 9-30 a.m.	Helensburgh ... 15/9 & 17/9
" via Greenock .. abt. 4-15 p.m.	Inveraray arrive 1-30 p.m.	Glasgow 16/6 & 18/6
" Helensburgh, .. 5-30 p.m.	Coach leaves. .. 2 p.m.	Edinburgh 22/6 & 24/6
Glasgow arrive 7 & 7-35 p.m.	Cladich... " 4-30 p.m.	Drivers' & Guards' Fees extra.
EDINBURGH at 9-30 p.m.	OBAN arrive 8-30 p.m.	

Inveraray, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, via Lochawe,
and Ardrishaig.

INVERARAY, Coa. lvs. 7-45 a.m.	EDINBURGH, Tr. lvs. 6-15 a.m.	Thro' Fares from Inveraray
Innistrynich, Stm'r lvs. 9-35 a.m.	Glasgow " 7-30 a.m.	Ardrishaig 9/6
Ford, Coach leaves. 12-15 p.m.	Ardrishaig, Coach leaves, 1 p.m.	Helensburgh 12/6
Ardrishaig, Stm'r lvs. 2-0 p.m.	Ford, Steamer leaves..... 8 p.m.	Glasgow 13/
Glasgow, Train arrives 7-35 p.m.	Innistrynich, Coa. lvs. 6-15 p.m.	Edinburgh 19/
EDINBURGH " 9-30 p.m.	INVERARAY arr. 7-15 p.m.	Drivers' & Guards' Fees ex.

Inveraray and Oban, via Loch-Awe & Pass of Melfort.

INVERARAY, Coa. lvs. 7-45 a.m.	OBAN Coach leaves, 8 a.m.
Innistrynich, Stm'r lvs. 9-35 a.m.	Kilmartin .. " 2 p.m.
Ford Coach leaves, 12-15 p.m.	Ford Steamer leaves, 8 p.m.
Kilmartin " 2-0 p.m.	Innistrynich, Coa. lvs. 6-15 p.m.
OBAN arrive 7-0 p.m.	INVERARAY arrive 7-15 p.m.

Fare.
Inveraray to Oban, 14/6
Fees extra.

DAILY PLEASURE EXCURSION TOUR.

COACHES will leave Oban *Every Lawful Day* 6.45 a.m. for Loch-Awe, via Pass of Awe, to Brander, where the Steamer "Queen of the Lake" awaits their arrival; sailing thence through some of the most varied and magnificent views in the West Highlands to Ford, where the Coach awaits their arrival; proceeding via Carnassarie and Craignish Castles, Pass of Melfort, and Loch-Feechan, to Oban.

This route can be reversed, proceeding by Coach to Ford at 6.45 a.m. thence per Steamer to Brander, and in by Pass of Awe.

FARES—For the Journey from Oban to Oban, 17/ and 19/.

TOURIST TICKETS, AVAILABLE FOR ONE CALENDAR MONTH, Embracing the new and interesting Routes connecting Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the West Coast with Oban and the North and West Highlands, are now issued as under:—

Tour No. 1.—From Oban to Glasgow and Edinburgh, via Pass of Melfort, Ardrishaig, and Helensburgh; returning via Helensburgh, Ardrishaig, Loch-Awe, and Pass of Awe.

Fares from Oban (exclusive of Coach Fees and Pier Dues): to Helensburgh, Coach and Cabin of Steamers, 26s.; to Glasgow, Coach and Cabin of Steamers and 1st Class of Railway, 27s.; to Edinburgh, do. do. 37s.

Tourists may reverse the Route, proceeding first from Ardrishaig to Oban, via Loch-Awe, and returning via Melfort.

Tour No. 2.—From Oban to Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c., via Pass of Awe, Loch-Awe, Inveraray, Strachur, Loch-Eck, Dunoon, Helensburgh; returning via Kyles of Bute, Ardrishaig, and Pass of Melfort.

Fares from Oban (exclusive of Coach Fees and Pier Dues):—To Glasgow, 1st cl. Railway, Cabin Steamer, and Coach, 28s. 6d.; to Edinburgh, do. do. do. 40s. In the option of the Tourist, the Route may be reversed.

Tour No. 3.—From Oban to Glasgow and Edinburgh, via Pass of Awe, Loch-Awe, Inveraray, Glencroe, Tarbet, Loch-Lomond, Balloch, Cowlaire; returning via Helensburgh, Ardrishaig, and Melfort.

Fares from Oban (exclusive of Coach Fees and Pier Dues):—To Edinburgh, 1st cl. Railway, Cabin Steamers, and Coach, 46s.; to Glasgow, do. do. 35s. In the option of the Tourist, the Route may be reversed.

Single Journey Tourist Fares to Oban—Edinburgh to Oban, or *vice versa*, via Melfort, 1st cl. 18s. 6d.; via Loch-Awe, 1st cl. 20s. 6d., Glasgow to Oban, or *vice versa* via Melfort, 1st cl. 12s. 6d.; via Loch-Awe, 1st cl. 14s. 6d.

For Descriptive Notes and General Information, see Time Bills.
Tourist Tickets, embracing the Routes shown above, are also issued at the N.B. Railway Stations, Helensburgh; by the Clerks on board the North British Steam Packet Company's Steamers "Meg Mirrillies" and "Dandie Dinmont;" and by Buchanan & Dick, Oban.

For Descriptive Notes and General Information, see Time Bills.
Detailed and descriptive particulars of all the routes given in the Time Bills of the West Highland Coaches (with engraved map, 22 by 17) price 1d. To be had (wholesale from Mr. James Reid, 144 Argyle Street, Glasgow), at the North British Railway Stations, and Hotels in the principal Cities in the Kingdom, and from the various Booking Offices.

Seats secured, and all necessary information given, at the North British Railway Booking Offices—Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Helensburgh; Offices of James Walker, Cambridge Street; Andrew Menzies, Argyle Street, Glasgow; A. M'Pherson, Tarbet Hotel; Walter Malcolm, Inveraray; D. M'Pherson, Argyle Arms Hotel, Inveraray; James Murray, Taynult Hotel; Donald Campbell, Great Western Hotel; and BUCHANAN & DICK, Oban.

For Transmission of Game Boxes carefully attended to.

BUCHANAN & DICK beg respectfully to intimate, that in addition to their Coaching arrangements, they are now prepared to supply CARRIAGES, WAGGONETTES, DOG-CARTS, etc., on the shortest notice.

Orders to be left at the Great Western Hotel, the King's Arms Hotel, the Craigmard Hotel, the Queen's Hotel, or

GENERAL COACH OFFICE,
George Street.

DAILY DIRECT AND RAPID COACH AND STEAM CONVEYANCE
THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS,



**GLENCOE AND GLENORCHY,
 LOCH-LOMOND AND OBAN COACHES,
 IN CONNECTION WITH THE COACHES "EARL OF BREADALBANE," TO
 LOCH-TAY, TAYMOUTH, AND ABERFELDY,
 FORT-WILLIAM, AND KINGUSSIE.**

THESE well-appointed Coaches, in connection with Forth & Clyde and Edinburgh & Glasgow Railways, and First-Class Steamers on Loch Lomond and Caledonian Canal, and for Staffa and Iona, are now Running for the Season, *via* Dumbarton Castle and Town; the Vale of Leven; Tillichewan Castle; Balloch suspension Bridge and Castle; Loch-Lomond, the Queen of Scottish Lakes; Ben-Lomond; Inversnaid (the Port where Passengers from Stirling, Callander, the Trossachs, and Loch-Katrine, join this line of Conveyance); Rob Roy's Cave; Glenfalloch; Benmore; Crianlarach—(branch off here to Luib, Killin, Loch-Tay, Taymouth, and Aberfeldy,—Strathfillan; the Holy Pool; the King's Field; the Earl of Breadalbane's Lead Mines; Kilchurn Castle; Tyndrum; Glenorchy, Loch-Awe; Ben-Cruachan; Pass of Awe; Taynuilt, Loch-Etive; Falls of Ffars; Dunstaffnage; and Dunolly Castle to Oban—arrive at 7 p.m.

At 8 a.m. for Loch-Lomond, Killin, and Aberfeldy, *via* Falls of Connel, Pass of Awe, Glenorchy, Tyndrum, and Glenfalloch, to Loch-Lomond—arrive at 4 p.m., in time for Steamer on Loch-Lomond.

From Glasgow to Ballachulish, Fort-William, Banavie, Inverness, or Aberfeldy, from Queen-street Station every lawful day at 7.35 o'clock, a.m., by Railway to Loch-Lomond, thence by Coach *via* Tyndrum.

From Inverness to Glasgow, by Steamer *via* Falls of Foyers, Fort-Augustus, Banavie, Ballachulish, and Glencoe, Oban, Tyndrum, Loch-Lomond, to Glasgow or Aberfeldy.

From Oban, *via* Loch-Awe, Dalnally, Tyndrum, and Inverarnan (Loch-Lomond) to Glasgow every lawful day, at 8 a.m.

From Aberfeldy to Glasgow, every lawful day, at 7.30 a.m.

Passengers *going North* from Stirling, Callander, and Loch-Katrine, join at Inversnaid (Loch-Lomond) for Oban, Fort-William, Banavie, and Inverness.

Passengers *going from* Aberfeldy, Killin, and from Crieff, join at Crianlarach for Oban, Fort-William, and Inverness.

Passengers *going South* from Bannavie, Fort-William, or from Oban, arrive at Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh; may also branch off at Crianlarach, and proceed by the Coaches for Killin and Aberfeldy; or may land at Inversnaid (on Loch-Lomond) for the Trossachs, Callander, and Stirling.

FARES—Glasgow to Oban, 20/ (Driver's Fee 1/; Guard's Fee, 1/);
 Front Inside Seats, 3/ extra.

These Coaches embrace all recent improvements, being built expressly for these lines—the Horses strong, and the whole working arrangements perfected, so as to secure the comfort and safety of Tourists.

GLENCOE AND GLENORCHY COACHES—Continued.

Seats secured, and all necessary information given, at the Offices of J. WALKER, Cambridge St.; and BRANCH OFFICE, Edin. & Glas. Rail. Station, Glasgow; A. MENZIES, 124 Argyle St., and WEST-END BAZAAR, 52 North St., Glasgow; George Cranston, Crown Hotel, 54 George Sq., Glasgow; A. BLAIR, Inverarnald, and A. M'GREGOR, Inverarnald Hotels, Loch-Lomond; A. WILSON, Post Office and Telegraph Station.

Also at the Coach and Steam Companies' Offices in FORT-WILLIAM and BALLACHULISH.

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

THE ROYAL ROUTE,



Via LOCHLAGAN,

"PER ROYAL MAIL,"



FROM FORT-WILLIAM TO KINGUSSIE,

BLAIR-ATHOLE, PERTH, STIRLING, EDINBURGH, AND GLASGOW, Leaving FORT-WILLIAM, at 5 a.m., and KINGUSSIE, about 1 p.m., in connection with the North and South Railways to and from Inverness.

Passengers are Booked from the Railway Offices at Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.—FARES—12/6; 15/. Driver's Fee, 1/.

Seats secured and all necessary information given, at the Offices of J. WALKER, Cambridge St.; and BRANCH OFFICE, Edin. & Glas. Rail. Station, Glasgow; A. MENZIES, 124 Argyle St., and WEST-END BAZAAR, 52 North Street, Glasgow; A. BLAIR, Inverarnald, and A. M'GREGOR, Inverarnald Hotels, Loch-Lomond; A. WILSON, Post Office and Telegraph Station.

Also at the Coach and Steam Companies' Offices in FORT-WILLIAM, BALLACHULISH, and OBAN.

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

PORT-SONACHAN INN.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the banks of Loch-Awe; unsurpassed for Fishing and for the grandeur of its scenery. Parties staying at the Inn supplied with Boats and experienced Boatmen. A Daily Post to and from Glasgow.

MRS. M'GREGOR, *Proprietor.*

NEW ROUTE FOR THE TOURIST.

GLASGOW TO OBAN, via LOCH-AWE, &c.



NOW

RUNNING.



PASSENGERS by Steamer from Glasgow, Greenock, or Helensburgh, will find, each lawful day, about noon, a well-appointed Coach waiting them at Ardrishaig, for FORD, on Loch-Awe, via Kilmartin; thence by the New Steamer, "QUEEN OF THE LAKE," through LOCH-AWE, by Port-na-Charith, Port-Sonachan, Cladich, Innistray, Dalmally, Kilchurn Castle, by Cruachan-Ben for the Pass of Awe, where a Coach awaits them for Conveyance to OBAN, via Pass of Brander, Taynuilt, Loch-Rive, Connel Ferry, and Dunstaffnage Castle—the scenery is of unequalled attractions. Returning by same route on following morning, from OBAN, or parties leaving Oban per Coach to Brander, can sail to Ford and return (by Pass of Brander) to Oban same evening.

Parties per Coach from Inveraray to Cladich can sail down the Loch to Ford, and return to Inveraray same evening.—*Fares Moderate.*

For information, etc. apply to BUCHANAN & DICK, Oban.

ANDREW MENZIES, Argyle St., Glasgow; JOHN FINLAY, Hotel, Ardrishaig; or JOHN MENZIES, Argyle Hotel, Lochgilphead.



GLASGOW, INVERARAY,

AND

OBAN.



QUICKEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via Dunoon, Loch-Eck, and Strachur, Inveraray and Loch-Awe, to OBAN.

ON arrival of the Steamer "Iona," leaving Glasgow at 7 A.M., Train 7.40, and North British Steam-Packet Co.'s Steamers "Meg Merrilees" and "Dandie Dinmont," or other Steamer from Helensburgh in connection with Train from Edinburgh at 6.15 A.M., and Glasgow (Queen Street Station) at 7.35 A.M., a COACH leaves Dunoon for Strachur; thence per Steamer "Fairy" to Inveraray, arriving about 1.30 P.M.; Coach leaves Inveraray at 3.30 for Innistryniech (Loch-Awe), thence per Steamer to Brander, and Coach to Oban, arriving about 8 P.M.

A COACH leaves OBAN at 6.30 A.M. for Brander, thence per Steamer to Innistryniech, and Coach to Inveraray. The Steamer "Fairy" leaves Inveraray at 12.15 noon for Strachur, thence per Coach to Dunoon in time for "Iona" to Glasgow, and North British Steam-Packet Co.'s Steamers "Meg Merrilees" and "Dandie Dinmont," or other Steamer to Helensburgh, and Train to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Seats secured, and information given, at the Offices of James Walker, 29 Cambridge Street, and Andrew Menzies, City Omnibus Office, 124 Argyle Street, Glasgow; E. Bremner, 12 Leith Street, Edinburgh; Charles Robertson, King's Arms Hotel, Oban; the Coachman, Dunoon; and the Captain on board the "Fairy." W. MALCOLM, Manager, Inveraray.



INVERARAY



LOCHGOILHEAD—GLASGOW.

ON and after 2d July, the Steamer "FAIRY" will leave Inveraray at 11.15 a.m. to St. Catherine's, where a Coach is in waiting to convey Passengers to Lochgoil, in time for Steamer to Glasgow. Returning from Lochgoilhead to St. Catherine's on arrival of Steamer leaving Glasgow at 8.40 p.m.; Train 4.50 p.m., thence per Steamer "Fairy" to Inveraray.

* Seats secured on application to the Captain of the "Fairy," and W. MALCOLM, Manager, Inveraray.

Any alterations that may occur, due notice will be given in Glasgow Herald.

GEORGE HOTEL, INVERARAY.

J. M'LAREN begs most respectfully to return his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage he has received since entering on the above premises, and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a continuation of the same.

A Porter from the Hotel is always in attendance at the Quay on the arrival of Steamers, to take charge of Passengers' Luggage.

P.S.—The Loch-Lomond and Oban Coaches arrive and depart from the Hotel daily, during the Season, while the Posting Department, with careful Drivers, will be found complete in all its branches.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, OBAN.

WILLIAM FORBES, PROPRIETOR.

TO Tourists, etc., this Hotel will be found both comfortable and convenient not being two minutes' walk from the Steamboat Pier, and commands one of the best views of the bay and surrounding country.



LOCH-LOMOND.
TARBET HOTEL, LOCH-LOMOND,
 (OPPOSITE BEN-LOMOND.)

A. M'PHERSON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS is the only landing-place on the Lake where seats are secured for the three West Highland Coach Routes, through Glencoe, Inveraray Loch-Awe, Inverarnan, Tyndrum, Glenorchy, Dalmally, Pass of Awe, Falls of Lora, Dunstaffnage Castle, to Oban; Marquis of Breadalbane's Deer Forest, Glencoe, Ballachulish, Fort-William, Banavie, Caledonian Canal, to Inverness.

The "Tarbet, Inveraray, and Oban" Coaches leave daily, in July, August, and September, the Tarbet Hotel at 8.30 A.M.; Inverarnan and Tyndrum, Glencoe, and Glenorchy, at 10.30 A.M.; and the Caledonian Hotel, Oban, about 8.30 A.M.

N.B.—Tourists by these Coaches, or by the early Steamers on Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrine, to the Trossachs, would do well, for their own convenience, to be on the previous night at the Tarbet Hotel.

NOW RUNNING FOR THE SEASON.



**TARBET (LOCH-LOMOND),
 INVERARAY,
 AND
 OBAN COACHES.**

THESE well-appointed Coaches are now running every lawful day from **TARBET (Loch-Lomond)**, via Glencroe, Rest-and-be-Thankful, Inveraray, Duke of Argyll's Policies, Cladich, Loch-Awe, Pass of Awe, Ben-Cruachan, Taynuilt, Connel, Berigonium, Dunstaffnage, Dunolly, &c. to Oban.

Passengers leave Edinburgh at 6.15 A.M., Glasgow 7.35 A.M., for Coach at Tarbet (Loch-Lomond), at 10.30 A.M., arriving in Oban about 8 P.M.; and from Oban at 6.30 A.M. for Inveraray and Tarbet (Loch-Lomond) in time for Steamer to Balloch, thence to Edinburgh or Glasgow per Railway.—Seats secured, and all necessary information given at the offices of James Walker, Cambridge Street, and Andrew Menzies, 124 Argyll Street, Glasgow; M'Pherson's Hotel, Tarbet (Loch-Lomond); M'Pherson's Argyll Arms Hotel, Inveraray; Murray's Taynuilt Hotel; Great Western Hotel, Oban; and **BUCHANAN & DICK**, Oban.

PERTHSHIRE.—BALQUHIDDER. LOCH-EARN HEAD HOTEL.

(HER MAJESTY'S ROUTE ON HER FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.)

THIS HOTEL—situated at the foot of the "wild Glen Ogle," and in the far-famed parish of Balquhiddier—having been considerably enlarged, nearly re-built, and re-furnished, offers first-class accommodation to Private Families, Tourists, and Travellers.

The views from the oriel windows of the Sitting-Rooms and large new Coffee-Rooms command the magnificent scenery of Loch-Earn and the surrounding country, including the upper part of Strathearn.

The Proprietor takes this opportunity to thank those of his friends who have hitherto patronised his Hotel, and begs to assure them, and the Public generally, that no pains will be spared to increase their comfort and accommodation during their stay at his house.

The Hotel, from its beautiful situation, and quiet character of the place, with its many objects of interest in the locality and along the various routes above mentioned, is particularly adapted for Families or Parties who wish to stay any length of time. The Hotel is entirely supplied by the produce of the Farm connected with it.

Boats are kept for the use of parties for fishing on the Loch; and Carriages of all kinds are ready at a few minutes' notice for Posting or Driving.

There is a daily Mail, and a Four-horse Coach runs daily during the Summer Months to and from Callander and Aberfeldy Railway Stations.

ROBERT P. DAYTON, Proprietor.

KING'S HOUSE HOTEL, Braes of Balquhiddier.

THE House has been re-furnished in first-class style by the Subscriber, and Tourists visiting the romantic district where Rob Roy lived and lies buried, will find all comfort and proper attendance. To Anglers, the fishing on Loch-Lubnaig and Loch-Earn is excellent, and boats, with careful boatmen, provided.

KING'S HOUSE INN is on the Coach Route from Callander to Killin, being about ten miles from either place, and the Coaches stop in passing east or west, to or from Aberfeldy.

HENRY HILL, Proprietor.

FORRES. FRASER'S HOTEL.

A 'BUS TO EVERY TRAIN.

Inverness & Perth Railway. GRANT ARMS HOTEL, (PATRONISED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.)

GRANTOWN, STRATHSPEY.

ABOUT two hours from Blair-Athole, and the same from Inverness, by the Highland Railway. First Class accommodation at this Hotel. There are beautiful drives in the neighbourhood, with river and mountain scenery.

Families and Tourists travelling by the above Railway will find this a most convenient and comfortable resting-place on their way going north or south. All sorts of Carriages and good Horses for hiring.

TO Tourists are posted on to Braemar and Ballater. See Tourist's route by Caledonian Canal to Inverness, Rail to Grantown, Post Horses to Braemar and Ballater, Balmoral, &c.

The Hotel 'Bus attends the Trains.

PERTHSHIRE HIGHLANDS.



ABERFELDY
AND
CALLANDER,
VIA



Kenmore, Loch-Tay, Ban-Lawers, Killin, and Lochearnhead.

THE "QUEEN OF BEAUTY" fast Four-horse Coach has commenced running for the Season in connection with the Railways at Aberfeldy and Callander, leaving Callander at 10 a.m., and Aberfeldy a few minutes after the arrival of the Train from the South.

FARES—15/6, 13/6, 13/, and 12/.

N.B.—The Coach starts at the hours advertised in the Newspapers and Railway Time Tables, and not the Hand bills. Parties from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Dundee, Perth, and elsewhere, may make this grand tour in one day, and reach home same night. (See *Railway Time Tables* and *Tourist Arrangements* during the Season.)

ABERFELDY, LOCH-LOMOND,

GLASGOW, FORT-WILLIAM, OBAN, BANAVIE, & INVERNESS.

THE "EARL OF BREADALBANE" Three-horse Coach, *via* Kenmore, Lawers, Killin, Luib, and Crianlarich, commences running for the Season Monday, 9th July current, leaving Aberfeldy at 6.30 a.m., arriving at Inverarnan (head of Loch-Lomond) in time for the 1.15 p.m. Steamer to Balloch, and leaving Inverarnan (Loch-Lomond) at 2.15 p.m.

Passengers by the Glencoe and Glenorchy Coaches, to and from Inverness, Banavie, Fort-William, and Oban, change at Crianlarich.

Seats secured at the Office of Mr. Andrew Menzies, 124 Argyle Street, Glasgow, and at the Hotels on the route.

FARES, { Aberfeldy to Inverarnan, ... 15/, 14/, 13/, and 12/
Do. to Crianlarich, .. 12/6, 11/6, 11/, and 10/

30th June, 1866

KENMORE HOTEL—PERTHSHIRE.

WILLIAM MUNRO, Innkeeper, Aberfeldy, begs respectfully to announce that he has become lessee of this well-known, first-class Hotel, which has been handsomely re-furnished, and will be found by Families and Tourists to be replete with every accommodation and comfort, combined with moderate Charges.

Parties residing at the Hotel are allowed the privilege of Fishing for Salmon and Trout on Loch-Tay and the river Lyon; and Boats, with experienced boatmen, are always in readiness.

Kenmore—situated at the east end of Loch-Tay, and six miles from the Aberfeldy Station of the Highland Railway—is in the immediate vicinity of Taymouth Castle, with its princely demesne. It is within a convenient distance of the far-famed Pass of Killiecrankie, Blair-Athole, Rannoch, Tummel Bridge, Crieff, and the wild and romantic Glen-Lyon; and the district teems with objects of interest and every variety of Highland Scenery.

Parties are allowed to visit the beautiful grounds of Taymouth at stated hours. Coaches pass daily during the summer months to and from Callander, Loch-Lomond, Fort-William, Oban, and Glasgow; and an Omnibus runs to and from Aberfeldy in connection with the principal Trains.

The Posting Department is conducted with every regard to comfort, safety, and expedition.

Letters for Apartments, Conveyances, etc., punctually attended to.

Kenmore Hotel, 26th May, 1866.

BLAIRGOWRIE.—THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

JOB AND POST
HORSES,
AND CARRIAGES,



GIGS, DOG CARTS,
AND
SADDLE HORSES.

D. M'DONALD, PROPRIETOR.

FAMILIES, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, etc., will find in this Hotel every comfort and attention. Blairgowrie is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Etrecth, and is a centre well adapted for making Tours to Craig Hall, Loch of Marlee, Loch of Clunie, with its ancient Castle, etc. It is on the shortest and most direct route to Balmoral Castle, and scenery of the Dee. Coaches will run as usual to Dunkeld and Braemar, and seats secured at the Hotel.

An Omnibus awaits the arrival and departure of the Trains.

BLAIRGOWRIE—M'LAREN'S

ROYAL



HOTEL.

PARTIES frequenting BLAIRGOWRIE will find this Hotel replete with every comfort. The TOURIST COACHES to DUNKELD and BRAEMAR will start, as formerly, from the Hotel, so that parties desirous of visiting Balmoral, "Her Majesty's Highland Home," will find this their most direct route.

Seats by Coach secured, and every information given at the Hotel.

A 'Bus, as usual, waits the arrival of the Trains.

BRAEMAR.

FISHER'S INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL.

H. FISHER begs to thank the Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists for their past liberal patronage. The additions to the Hotel are now completed, comprising a large Ladies' Coffee Room, Eight Private Parlours, and upwards of Fifty Bed-Rooms, elegantly furnished, so that Families and Tourists visiting Deeside will find every comfort and accommodation.

Guides and Ponies to the different hills, and to Glen-Tilt.

Posting in all its branches. A fixed Charge for Servants.

COACHES FROM THE HOTEL TO BALLATER, ABOYNE, & ABERDEEN.

The ROYAL MAIL, daily, at 8 a.m., arriving in Aberdeen in time for the North and South Trains; leaving Aboyne Station on arrival of 7.45 a.m. Train from Aberdeen, arriving in Braemar about 3 p.m.

BRAEMAR—FIVE ARMS HOTEL,

POSTING AND COACHING ESTABLISHMENT.

J. HUNTER respectfully thanks the Nobility, Gentry, Tourists, and the Public generally, for the very liberal share of past patronage. Having now fully completed and furnished large additions to the Hotel, Families and others visiting Deeside will find every comfort and accommodation at this Establishment, whilst the Charges are strictly Moderate.

Carriages, Dog-Carts, and Brakes, etc., of every description always in readiness, with a first-class stud of Horses, so that parties posting to Grantown, Ballater, Blairgowrie, Dunkeld, or Blair-Athole, will experience no delay on the road.

Coaches to Aboyne and Blairgowrie Railway Stations daily.

Guides and Ponies for the hills, and Glen Tilt, Aviemore, Grantown, etc.

PRINCE OF WALES COACH,



DUNKELD, BLAIRGOWRIE,
SPITTAL OF GLENSHEE,
BRAEMAR, & BALMORAL.

THE above Coach will commence Running for the Season on MONDAY, 30th JULY, leaving the Invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 a.m., for Dunkeld, arriving in time for the Trains North and South; and from Dunkeld to Blairgowrie and Braemar, leaving Fisher's Royal Hotel every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9 a.m.

Passengers and Parcels Booked only at Fisher's Invercauld Arms, Braemar; Grant's, Spittal of Glenshee; the Royal and Queen's Hotel, Blairgowrie; and at Fisher's Royal Hotel, Dunkeld.

Dunkeld, 20th July, 1866.

DUNKELD—FISHER'S

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS Hotel—one of the largest in the Highlands of Scotland—has been established for nearly half-a-century, during which time it has been patronised by various of the Royal Families of the Continent, and by the greater number of the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom. It is well known as a First-Class House, in which every attention is paid to the comfort, convenience, and amusement of the Tourist. The apartments, both public and private, are large, elegantly furnished, scrupulously clean, and well aired. This Hotel is not only conveniently situated for visiting the Duke of Athole's Pleasure Grounds, the ancient Cathedral, the Hermitage, the Rumbling Bridge, and the splendid lake and mountain scenery of the more immediate neighbourhood of Dunkeld, but also for making excursions to the Pass of Killiecrankie, the Loch and Falls of the Tummel, the Falls of the Bruar, Blair Castle, the Birks of Aberfeldy, Loch-Tay, Taymouth Castle.

The Coach to Braemar and Balmoral is now running.

Job and Post Horses by Day, Week, or Month.

Carriages of every description. Omnibuses to meet each Train.

Dunkeld, 1st June, 1866.

SPITTAL OF GLENSHEE.

INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL.

W. GRANT, in returning thanks to Tourists for their liberal share of patronage for the last twenty-five years, begs leave to intimate that he has now got his House much improved, which affords additional comfort to his numerous Customers. Parties will find his Posting Department (which is extensive) second to none. The Prince of Wales Coach runs for the season from Braemar to Dunkeld, *via* Spittal and Blairgowrie, dining at Spittal.



THE
BRIDGE
HOTEL,



BONAR BRIDGE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

(The Northern Terminus of the Railway System.)

Royal Mail and General Coach Office and Posting House.

Coaches to all parts of Sutherland and Caithness.

Time Tables forwarded, and every information promptly given, as to Routes, Distances, and Stage Accommodation, on application to

A. ELLISON, Proprietor.

Exclusive Angling on Loch Migdale.

413

**A NEW ROUTE FOR TOURISTS,
THE PENINSULA OF KINTYRE.**

CAMPBELTOWN AND TARBERT

COACH.



ON and after the 1st of JUNE this COACH will leave CAMPBELTOWN daily (except Sunday) at 6 a.m., returning from Tarbert at 2 p.m. Travellers and Tourists arriving at Campbeltown by the "Celt," "Druid," or "Herald" Steamers, which sail daily from Glasgow, Greenock, &c., can, after seeing the Mull of Cantyre, Kell Coves, St. Kearn's Cove, Machrehanish Bay, &c., at Campbeltown, have a most picturesque and interesting drive by the Coach along the west coast of Kintyre and shores of West Loch Tarbert, arriving at Tarbert in time either to go with the "Iona," and other Steamers going to Ardrishaig, Inveraray, &c., or return with these steamers to Rothesay, Dunoon, Greenock, and Glasgow.

The Scenery of Kintyre will be quite new to most Tourists, including, as it does, the bold, rugged, and isolated grandeur of the Mull or Mull, the heavy surge of the Atlantic at Machrehanish, the wild rocky shores above Campbeltown, and the lovely wooded scenery on West Loch Tarbert, which require only to be seen in order to be highly appreciated.

Fares between Campbeltown and Tarbert—Inside, 10s.; Outside, 8s.

CAMPBELTON.

ARGYLL ARMS HOTEL.

D. M'KENZIE, in returning thanks to his friends and the Public generally for their kind support during the last six years, begs to solicit a continuance of their patronage, which he has all the more confidence in doing now that he can offer superior accommodation—the house having been, during the last year, almost entirely re-built and greatly enlarged.

Suites of Apartments for Families. Airy and Commodious Bed-Rooms. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

The Posting Department will receive, as hitherto, Mr M'K.'s special attention; while the Stabling accommodation will be found second to none in Argyre—Mar. 1866.

DOUGLAS'S HOTEL, DUNOON.

THIS commodious Hotel is centrally situated within two minutes' walk of the pier, where Tourists, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen will find excellent accommodation and attention combined with Moderate Charges.

J. H. DOUGLAS, PROPRIETOR.

BRIDGEND HOTEL.—ISLAND OF ISLAY.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

THIS Hotel is beautifully situated at the Head of Lochindaal, 11 miles from Port-Ellen, and 8 miles from Port-Askaig. The Steamer "Islay" calls at Port-Ellen three times a-week, and once at Port-Askaig. An Omnibus runs, during Summer, to and from Port-Ellen every Monday, Tuesday, and Friday; and to Port-Askaig every Tuesday. Tourists leaving Glasgow by the "Islay" on Monday, landing at Port-Ellen, and taking the Omnibus to Bridgend, can stop at the Hotel that night, and get the Omnibus on Tuesday morning, which runs to suit the departure of the "Islay" from Port-Askaig for Tarbert, and there join the "Iona," arriving in Glasgow on Tuesday afternoon. By this route a good view will be got of the most of the Island of Islay, and the far-famed Paps of Jura. Conveyances kept for Hire, to accommodate Parties going to the surrounding Country.

Fishing can be got in some of the Streams and Lochs.

DAILY SAILINGS.

QUICKEST ROUTE

AND

SHORTEST

SEA PASSAGE.



GLASGOW TO BELFAST AND DUBLIN

(Via ARDROSSAN),

The First-class New Steamers (built expressly for this Station),

"EARL OF BELFAST," "COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,"

Sail every Evening (Sundays excepted) from ARDROSSAN at 9.15 p.m., on arrival of 7.50 p.m. Train from Glasgow; arriving in Belfast about 5.30 a.m.

From BELFAST every Evening (Sundays excepted) at 7.15 p.m.

On arrival of Steamer at Ardrossan, Passengers proceed to Glasgow by Special Train at 5.30 a.m. (Sundays excepted), arriving in Glasgow at 6.55.

Fares (including Steward's Fee)—Return Tickets available for One Month.

From Glasgow, Paisley, or Johnstone, to Belfast—1st Class and Cab. Single, 10/-; Return, 16/-; 3d Class and Steerage, Single, 3/-; Glasgow to Dublin—1st Class and Cab, Single, 22/-; Return, 33/-; 3d Class and Steerage, Single, 10/-; Ardrossan to Belfast—1st Class and Cabin, Single, 8/-; Return, 12/-; 3d Class and Steerage, Single, 2/6.

Passengers booked through to all the principal Towns in Ireland.

Goods received at Goods Station, 130 Eglinton Street, till 4 p.m. Please be particular in forwarding Goods to care of Agents for this route.

For further particulars, apply to R. Henderson & Son, Belfast, G. & S.W. Railway Co.'s Goods Manager; or to their Shipping Agent, Allan Findlay, Ardrossan.

July, 1866.

JOHN YOUNGER,
130 Eglinton Street, Glasgow.

ARDROSSAN.

M'KENZIE'S EGLINTON ARMS HOTEL.

VISITORS will find first-class accommodation at the above, with strictly moderate charges. The Parlours and Bed-Rooms are of a superior description, and at all times well aired. First-class Livery Stables and Coach Houses; Posting establishment complete. Every description of Salt Water Baths in connection. Omnibuses to and from Largs twice every day (Sunday excepted) on arrival of the Express in the morning, and 4.15 Express Evening Train from Glasgow.



GLASGOW TO ARRAN,

Via ARDROSSAN,

BY EXPRESS TRAINS,

AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMER EARL OF ARRAN,

In about Two Hours.

Daily by Express from Bridge Street Station, at 8.25 a.m. and 4.15* p.m., and by Steamer EARL OF ARRAN, from ARDROSSAN to BRODICK and LAMLAGH at 9.30 a.m. and 5.20* p.m.

The Steamer will return from LAMLAGH and BRODICK to ARDROSSAN, in time for the 8.40 a.m. and 5.10* p.m. Express Trains to Glasgow.

* On Wednesday Evenings the Steamer will connect with the 5.30 p.m. Express from Glasgow and 7.5 p.m. Trains from Ardrossan.

Trains go alongside Steamer.

Kilmarnock, Troon, and Ayr Passengers travel by Ordinary Trains.

NOTE—No Second-Class Tickets for Glasgow issued on Wednesday Evenings. Passengers using Second Returns will be conveyed in Third-Class Carriages from Ardrossan.—August, 1866.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.



FROM PORTREE TO INVERNESS IN ONE DAY, By STEAMER, COACH, & RAIL.

MURDO M'IVER, Achnasheen Inn, begs to acquaint the Public in general that he runs a Special Conveyance in connection with the Pioneer Swift Steamer to Grantown, leaving Gairloch every Saturday morning on the arrival of the Steamer from Oban and Portree. Passes alongside Lochmearree, Kinlochran, Achnasheen, and arrives at Dingwall in time for the Trains going North and South same evening. The Coach also leaves the National Hotel, Dingwall, every Saturday morning at 6 A.M., to overtake the Steamer same evening for Portree—Fares 15s. 6d.—thus giving the quickest, cheapest, finest, and most direct Route ever offered to the Public from Portree, Skye, to Dingwall and Inverness in one day. Further information received on board the Steamer.

Achnasheen Inn, 24th July, 1866.

PORTREE AND ROYAL HOTELS, PORTREE—ISLE OF SKYE.

JOHN CUMMING (late Head Waiter in the Edinburgh and Regent Hotels, Edinburgh) begs respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry visiting Skye, that he has leased both these first-class Hotels.

The **PORTREE HOTEL** is a new and commodious House, pleasantly situated at the entrance to Portree from the west, and commanding a fine view of the Cuchullin Hills. The accommodation is ample, and on the newest and most improved principles. The Rooms are spacious and lofty, and furnished in the newest style. Hot and Cold Bath, First-class Wines, &c.

The **ROYAL HOTEL** (occupied for the last twenty years by Mr. John Ross) is well known, and Tourists and Families visiting Skye will meet at this establishment with every accommodation and attention, combined with moderate charges.

Superior Post Horses and Carriages kept, and careful Drivers.

These Hotels form a good starting-point for visiting the romantic and grand scenery of Loch Coruig, Quiraing, Storr Rock, and the other places of interest in Skye.—Portree, 30th June, 1866.



TO TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS.

THE SKYE MAIL.

PARTIES travelling in the Isle of Skye will find this a most excellent Conveyance, as it runs Daily between Dunvegan and Kyleakin, in connection with the Mail to and from Dingwall. The Skye Mail departs from the Dunvegan Hotel at 5 a.m., reaches Portree 9 a.m.; leaves there at 9.30 a.m., and arrives at Kyleakin at 3.20 p.m., returning to Portree and Dunvegan on the arrival of the Mail from Dingwall, and calling, going and returning, at Sligachan and Broadford.

By the Skye Mail, Tourists are provided with an excellent means of surveying scenery grand, varied, and much admired, as the Route leads through the most romantic scenery in the Island.

Portree, June 21, 1866.

JOHN M'KAY.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DINGWALL.

THE above large and commodious Hotel is beautifully situated near to the Railway Station, and within five miles of the far-famed Strathpeffer Wells. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with a moderate scale of Charges.

Parties boarded by Week or Month—terms (including Attendance), Two Guineas per Week.

Job and Post Horses kept for Hire, with careful Drivers.

Letters punctually attended to.

JOHN SINCLAIR, PROPRIETOR.

(Late of New Trossachs Hotel).



DINGWALL TO SKYE,
LOCHMAREE,
GAIRLOCH, AULTBEA, & ULLAPOOL.

JULY ARRANGEMENTS.

ON and after 7th July, the splendid Tourist Coach DEFIANCE will commence running Daily for Skye, Lochmारे, Aultbea, and Gairloch, leaving the National Hotel, Dingwall, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 6 a.m., and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10.20 a.m., leaving Balmacarra and Gairloch for Dingwall every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 a.m., and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7.30 a.m. Passengers for Ullapool leave Dingwall by the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Coaches, at 6 a.m.

The scenery on this route is well known to be the finest in Scotland. Seats secured, and all information given, at the National Hotel, Dingwall; M'iver's Hotel, Auchnasheen; Mr. M'Donald, Merchant, Jeantown; and at the Balmacarra Hotel. Every attention paid to Game Boxes, Parcels, &c.

Letters punctually attended to.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, DINGWALL.

VISITORS are respectfully informed that every accommodation will be found at the above old-established House, combined with moderate Charges.

Job and Post Horses, and Vehicles of every description.

The SKYE MAIL COACH or OMNIBUS (see advertisement below), leaves the CALEDONIAN HOTEL Daily.

The SKYE MAIL is the only direct and through Public Conveyance.

Dingwall, June 30, 1868.

W. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

THE SKYE MAIL.



CALEDONIAN HOTEL,
DINGWALL.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

THE Skye COACH or OMNIBUS, carrying the Mails and Passengers for all parts of Skye, and for Stornoway, leaves the CALEDONIAN HOTEL, DINGWALL, Daily (Sunday excepted) at 11 a.m. via Garve, Auchnasheen, Jeantown, Balmacarra, &c. Job and Post Horses, and Carriages of every description.

Letters for Apartments, Coach Seats, Conveyances, &c., punctually attended to.—Caledonian Hotel, Dingwall, May 1, 1868.

BLAIR-ATHOLE, PERTHSHIRE.
THE ATHOLE ARMS HOTEL,
 AT THE RAILWAY STATION; AND
BRIDGE OF TILT PRIVATE HOTEL.
 MALCOLM M'FARLANE.

PERTH—SALUTATION HOTEL.
 (CARMICHAEL'S).

TOURISTS and Visitors to the "Fair City" will find every comfort and attention at this old-established Hotel. The liberal encouragement received has induced the Proprietor further to improve the Hotel, and to add a superior Billiard Room, with a first-class Table. While grateful for past favours, it will be his earnest endeavour to keep up the good name of the SALUTATION, and to make it a first-class House in every particular. For Ladies a large and well-appointed Coffee-Room is provided, and special advantages in accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen.

Posting and Hiring in all its Departments.

An Omnibus awaits the arrival of all the trains.

PETER CARMICHAEL, PROPRIETOR.

PERTH—ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL.

MR. KENNEDY, Lessee of this old and first-class Hotel, begs to offer his sincere thanks to the Nobility, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen, for the very liberal support he has received since entering the Royal George Hotel.

The Public-Rooms and Bed-Rooms are large and airy, overlook the River Tay, and command the beautiful prospect of Kinnoall Hill.

Every attention is given to secure the comfort and to command the approbation of all parties who may visit the Royal George.

Omnibuses wait the arrival and departure of all the Trains. Posting in all its departments.

P. S.—All Servants' Fees charged in the Bill. Parties having any cause for complaint will much oblige Mr. K. by their informing himself.

DUNKELD.

THE
 DUKE
 OF
 ATHOLE'S



ARMS
 HOTEL,
 (GRANT'S.)

THIS Hotel, from its situation close to the beautiful Bridge of Dunkeld, commands an unrivalled view of the magnificent scenery on either side of the river Tay. The apartments, both public and private, are elegantly furnished and well-aired. Every attention is paid to the comfort of Tourists. *Job and Post Horses, with careful Drivers.*

An Omnibus waits all the Trains.



ROYAL HOTEL, ABERDEEN, PATRONISED BY HER MAJESTY.

D. ROBERTSON, Postmaster to Her Majesty and the Royal Family. The only Hotel in Aberdeen ever honoured with a visit from any of the Royal Family. D. R. would call attention to the fact that, while everything furnished for the Table is of the very best description, his scale of Charges is as moderate as those of minor establishments.

The "Royal" is only a few hundred yards from the Railway Station, is in the best street in the City, and sufficiently removed from the nuisance so much complained of in the immediate neighbourhood of the Railway Station. The Commercial Room is strictly kept for the use of Commercial Gentlemen, and there is an abundant supply of Stock-Room accommodation. All Servants' Fees charged in the Bill. Any cause for complaint will be instantly attended to, if represented to Mr. Robertson.

Mr. R.'s success in catering for parties wanting Shooting and Fishing quarters has induced him to devote great attention to this department of his business, and from the facilities he has, he is enabled to give genuine information about every Shooting or Fishing in the County.

An elegant Coffee-Room, for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to avoid the expense of a private Room. *Table d'Hôte* during the season. A first-rate Man Cook; French, German, and English Waiters.

Visitors employing Cabs should inquire for those belonging to this establishment. No Posting attached to any other Hotel in Aberdeen.

ABERDEEN—9 ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

"BONNER'S ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL."

THIS Hotel has been entirely refitted in every department, and in first-class style. Commercial Gentlemen, Tourists, &c. who may favour it with their patronage, will find every comfort and convenience.

Suites of apartments for Private Families have been laid out, and the Charges strictly moderate.

This Hotel is situated within three minutes' walk of the Railway Stations, and one minute's walk of the Post-Office.

JOHN BONNER, *Proprietor.*

KINCARDINE-O'NEIL.

THE GORDON ARMS HOTEL.

Is one of the most comfortable on Deeside. The Charges are uniform and moderate. Post Horses, &c., &c.

(419)

WILLIAM BARCLAY &c

BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL, ABERFELDY.

One minute's walk from the Railway Station, beautifully situated in the county of Perth, close to the splendid Falls and celebrated Spa of Moness—the surrounding country teeming with objects of attraction.

W. P. MACKENZIE, LESSEE (formerly of the Aviemore Hotel).

THE BREADALBANE ARMS AND CALEDONIAN HOTELS having been connected by a range of buildings, embracing large and airy Bed-Rooms, which are handsomely decorated and furnished, will be found to contain first-class accommodation for the Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists generally. The united Hotels are now included in the designation of the

“BREADALBANE ARMS HOTEL.”

From its central position, Aberfeldy will be found a desirable point at which to remain and make excursions to the adjoining districts, which for beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of Scenery, are unsurpassed in the Highlands.

To Invalids and parties requiring change of air, Aberfeldy will be found particularly inviting; as, from the mildness and dryness of the climate, it has been styled “the Devonshire of Scotland.”

The Drives from Aberfeldy to Taymouth Castle, Loch-Tay, Loch-Rannoch, Glenquaich (celebrated by Sir Walter Scott as the residence of “Vich Ian Vohr”), the Pass of Killhecrankie, Blair-Athole, Dunkeld, Birnam, the Sma Glen, Crieff, the Falls of Acharn, Loch-Tummel, Killin, Miggerney Castle, and Glen-Lyon, are remarkably fine. The scenery of Glen-Lyon is admitted to be the most magnificent in Scotland, and only requires to be known to become a great attraction to all Tourists.

Amongst the objects of interest in the more immediate vicinity are the Falls of Moness (all Tourists visiting Perthshire should make a point of seeing these romantic Falls, the Birks, Grandtully Castle (the original of the Waverley “Tully Veolan”), the picturesque ruins of Garth Castle (one of the hunting resorts of the ancient Scottish Kings), and Castle Menzies. The view from the Hill of Farrachil is unequalled in Scotland.

Parties leaving Edinburgh or Glasgow in the morning, and arriving at Aberfeldy by first train, can enjoy a Five Hours' Drive through the most gorgeous scenery in the Highlands (including the magnificent view of Taymouth Castle and Grounds from “The Fort,” the Pass of Glenlyon), and return south by the last afternoon train.

Sportsmen and Families forwarded to all parts of Breadalbane and Rannoch, with relays of horses, thus effecting a saving in time, trouble, and expense.

Mr. M'Kenzie will be happy to arrange with the Promoters of Excursion Parties for Breakfasts, Dinners, and Conveyances to take them to the many places of interest in the district.

Coaches to and from Killin, Callander, and Loch-Lomond daily during the season. Parties desirous of proceeding by these Coaches ought to pass the previous night in this Hotel.

The Posting Department will be found complete, and Orders for Horses and Conveyances punctually attended to.

There is a Bowling Green for the use of Visitors.

Good Salmon and Trout Fishing—Boats and Boatmen in attendance.

Aberfeldy, 1866.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN.



THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

FAMILIES, Tourists, and others visiting the Queen of Scottish Watering-Places, will find at this favourite Hotel every accommodation, combined with economy. Parties Boarded by the Week at Moderate Terms. Board per Week, beds included, £2 : 9/.

AN EXCELLENT BILLIARD ROOM.

*Superior Carriages, Good Horses, and careful Drivers.
Charges Moderate.*

W. B. GRUNDY, PROPRIETOR.

CALLANDER.

MACGREGOR HOTEL.

ALEXANDER FORBES, PROPRIETOR,

RESPECTFULLY informs Tourists and Families visiting Callander that he has taken a lease of the above long-established and well-known Hotel, which has been all re-furnished in the newest style; and in consequence of the Large addition made to the Hotel this season, Boarders will be taken in the months of May and June at Moderate Terms. Coaches to and from Loch-Katrine daily.

First-class Conveyances of every description kept for Hire, with careful Drivers. Terms Moderate.

An Omnibus, free of Charge, to and from the Hotel, to suit the arrival and departure of all the Trains.

N.B. - Parties will please observe that Macgregor's Hotel has now no connection, as it formerly had, with any other Hotel in the village.

A. FORBES, Callander.

DUNDEE—7 CRICHTON STREET.

DUNDEE ARMS HOTEL.

Large and well-furnished Commercial Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Comfortable and well-aired Bed-Rooms. *Charges strictly Moderate.*

ANGUS B. MATTHEWS, Proprietor.

To Tourists, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen visiting Edinburgh.

**ENLARGEMENT OF
THE SAINT ANDREW HOTEL,
14 SAINT ANDREW STREET,
EDINBURGH.**

DUNCAN M'LAREN,

IN returning thanks for the very large share of patronage which he has received since he became Proprietor of "THE SAINT ANDREW HOTEL," takes this opportunity of informing his patrons and friends that, with a view to their increased comfort and convenience, he has doubled the size of his Hotel, re-decorated, re-furnished, and fitted it up with every requirement for the efficiently conducting of a **FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.**

"THE SAINT ANDREW" is situated in the finest part of the City. Its proximity to the Railway Termini, Banks, Post-Office, and objects of Interest, makes it the most central and convenient residence for Visitors, whether for business or pleasure.

For Commercial Gentlemen there is a Splendid Room, specially set apart, with every arrangement which experience could suggest.

A Spacious Coffee-Room, the finest in Edinburgh, for Ladies and Gentlemen who may not be disposed to take a private parlour.

The Bed-Rooms are of the most superior description, being large, lofty, well ventilated, and thoroughly appointed.

The Parlour Accommodation will be found ample and elegant.

Large & Well-Lighted Show-Rooms for Gentlemen carrying Stock.

A SUPERIOR SMOKING-ROOM. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Breakfasts, Dinners, Teas, &c., served with despatch.

Plain Breakfast or Tea, 1/. Bed, 1/6. Servants, /9.

MR. M'LAREN has much pleasure in giving the following Testimonials, selected from hundreds, in favour of his Hotel:—

"The Saint Andrew Hotel, Edinburgh, is one of the best which I have visited."—*Rev. Dr. M'Kerrow, Manchester*

"The Saint Andrew Hotel has increased in size, comfort, and elegance, until it can now rank as one of the best Temperance Hotels in the Kingdom."—*Alliance News.*

"I have great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the excellence of the accommodation in all respects."—*Sir Wilfred Lawson, Bart., Brayton.*

"The character and comforts of the Saint Andrew Hotel are of the highest order."—*Hugh Barclay, Esq., LL.D., Sheriff Substitute, Perthshire.*

"I can speak from experience of the home character of the Saint Andrew Hotel."—*Rev. Dr. A. Wallace, Glasgow.*

"I have no hesitation in describing the Saint Andrew Hotel as one of the most comfortable establishments in the kingdom."—*J. H. Raper, Esq., Parliamentary Agent, U. K. Alliance.*

"The Saint Andrew I can recommend with confidence. For comfort and general good management it is equal to any hotel I visit."—*William Hilson, Esq., Manufacturer, Jedburgh.*

"The Saint Andrew Hotel affords first-class accommodation without paying first-class charges."—*Rev. William Blair, M.A., Dunblane.*

"The Hotel over which Mr. M'Laren presides, for combined cheapness and comfort, is certainly not surpassed by any in Scotland."—*Editor of the "Kelso Chronicle."*

"When we return to our native land, we will recommend the Saint Andrew Hotel as a home to American friends visiting Edinburgh."—*Rev. Dr. Kerr, Pittsburgh, U.S., and the Rev. R. D. Harper, Xenia, Ohio.*

EDINBURGH



THE DOUGLAS HOTEL.

THOMAS SLANEY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel, patronised by the first families in Europe, and now enlarged to twice its original size. The Great Saloon is the finest room in any Hotel in the kingdom, and is capable of dining upwards of three hundred persons. Families and Tourists will find first-class accommodation, and Charges strictly moderate.

PUBLIC ROOM FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Table d'Hôte. Dinners à la Carte.

EDINBURGH—8 PRINCE'S STREET, KENNEDY'S HOTEL,

(In the immediate Vicinity of the New General Post-Office.)

THIS commodious, old-established, and centrally-situated Hotel is admirably adapted for Families, Tourists, and others visiting Edinburgh. Charges Moderate. Attendance charged in the Bill.

EDINBURGH—No. 7 EAST REGISTER STREET.

THE SHIP HOTEL,

(Within Five Minutes' walk of the Railway Termini.)

Public and Private Rooms. Comfortable and well-ventilated Bed-rooms. Breakfast from 8 till 11 a.m. Ordinary from 4 till 5 p.m. Attendance charged in Bill.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Proprietor.

Established for Fifty Years.

NEW CAFE ROYAL HOTEL,

WEST REGISTER STREET, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

THIS Magnificent House, built for the purpose of an HOTEL and DINING ESTABLISHMENT, may be said to be the only one of its kind in Great Britain, inasmuch as it is the only one which can combine on a large scale Dining and Hotel-Keeping. Those honouring Mr. GRIEVE with their patronage will find their Hotel Bills about One-Half the sum usually charged in many inferior houses.

The KITCHENS, COFFEE-ROOMS, DINING-ROOM, and SMOKING-ROOM, are nowhere equalled in Scotland.

The PARLOURS and BED-ROOMS are numerous, lofty, and airy, and fitted in the best modern Style.

N.B.—A LADIES' COFFEE-ROOM.

DINNERS *à la carte*.

Dinner off the Joint,1s.9d.

Bed,.....1s.6d.

Attendance charged in the Bill.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

N.B.—MEN COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS KEPT.

JOHN GRIEVE, Proprietor.

THE ROYAL BRITISH HOTEL, AND NEW ROYAL HOTEL, 22 PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH.

THE above Hotels having been reconstructed and converted into one large and commodious Hotel, with all the appliances essential to the requirements of the age, Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen are respectfully informed that they can, within its ample bounds, enjoy all the seclusion of a Private Hotel, or, if preferred, the free use of the largest, and admitted to be the most elegant Saloons in Scotland.

The Dining-Saloon is capable of accommodating 150 Ladies and Gentlemen, adjoining to which, and running parallel with, has been built a magnificent Public Drawing-Room, specially designed and arranged for the comfort and Convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, or Families, who may be desirous of avoiding the expense of Sitting-Rooms.

The view from the immense Oriel Windows of these apartments, as well as that from all the Drawing-Rooms and Parlours, is, without exception, the finest and most extensive in Edinburgh.

TABLE D'HÔTE DAILY. HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS.

Charges strictly moderate, and Attendance charged in the Bill.

For the greater convenience and better accommodation of the Public, J. G. begs to state that he has taken a lease of that large and elegant Shop, 21 PRINCE'S STREET, which he is now fitting up as

A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT,

in connection with the Hotel, where Dinners may be had at all hours.

THE BRITISH PRIVATE HOTEL,

M'ALLAN'S (Late BARRY'S), 70 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH.

THIS Hotel having been Re-modelled, Decorated, and Furnished with every regard to comfort, is now conducted as a Private Hotel. Suites of Apartments and Board at Moderate Fixed Rates.

Mr. and Mrs. M'ALLAN will do all in their power to promote the comfort of those who may honour them with their patronage.



RAMPLING'S WATERLOO HOTEL, EDINBURGH (*Opposite the General Post-Office*), WATERLOO PLACE.

STRANGERS and others visiting Edinburgh will find that, for Situation, Comfort, and Accommodation, combined with Moderate Charges, this elegant and extensive Establishment (which was built expressly for an Hotel, at an expense of upwards of £30,000) is unequalled in the City. The Wines and Cuisine are of the first quality.

Commodious and Elegant Coffee Room. Large and well-ventilated Smoking Room. Suits of Apartments, &c.

A Moderate Fixed Charge for Servants.

A splendid Saloon specially kept for Parties with Ladies, who wish to avoid the expense of a Private Sitting Room.

FRENCH SPOKEN.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL,

104 & 105 PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH.

MR. & MRS. MACADAM return their sincere thanks to the Nobility and Gentry for the kind support given them since they opened this first-class Family Hotel, which for the last twelve years has been successful, and still continues second to none for situation, home comfort, and moderate charges.

EDINBURGH.

THE ALBERT HOTEL,

25 HANOVER STREET AND 27 ROSE STREET.

Family and Commercial. Charges Moderate.

D. ROBERTSON, Proprietor.

EDINBURGH,

3 BROUGHTON STREET, LEITH WALK.

VICTORIA COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

OPPOSITE THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

TOURISTS, Commercial Gentlemen, and others visiting Edinburgh, will find comfortable accommodation in this Hotel, at the lowest possible charges.

Comfortable Airy Bed-Rooms,.....1/ to 1/6

Plain Breakfast or Tea, 1/6

Do. do., with Chops or Steak, &c., &c..... 1/6

Wines, &c., &c., of Superior Quality.

J. GREY, Proprietor.

AYR—HIGH STREET.

TAM O'SHANTER INN,



HIGH STREET, AYR.

ANDREW GLASS.

TAM O'SHANTER INN.

Travellers and Tourists accommodated. Good Stabling, &c.
The original Tam O'Shanter Chairs and Coup are in the House.

RITCHIE'S ALBION HOTEL,

74 ARGYLE STREET,

Is the most centrally situated for Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and others visiting the City.

TO ANGLERS, TOURISTS, &c.

Salmon: Rod-Fishings on the River Awe, Argyleshire.

JAMES MURRAY,

TAYNUILT HOTEL, BUNAW, ARGYLESHIRE,

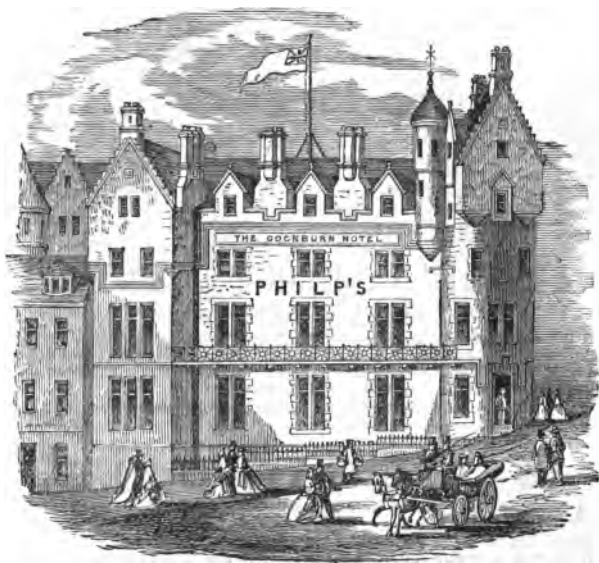
BEGS to intimate that parties staying at his Hotel, which has lately been enlarged and improved; can have Salmon Fishing on the celebrated River Awe, by the Week or Month, according to agreement.

Fishings Open from February 10 till November 1.

GLASGOW—29 MAXWELL STREET.

LONDON HOTEL.

AALEXANDER GRAHAM, Proprietor, has the pleasure to announce the enlargement and re-decoration of his House, giving a greater convenience for his business in Parlour and Bed-Room accommodation; rendering it now one of the first Hotels in the Kingdom, and conducted upon strictly Temperate principles.



PHILP'S **COCKBURN HOTEL,** **EDINBURGH.**

(Immediately adjoining the Terminus of the Edinburgh and Glasgow and North British Railway Stations.)

This commodious and well-appointed Hotel is beautifully situated, overlooking Princes' Street Gardens, and commanding some of the finest views of the city.

A large, elegantly-furnished Saloon, 45 by 30 feet, for Parties with Ladies, free of charge; Private Suits of Apartments, Bath Rooms, Coffee and Smoking Rooms, and every accommodation for Gentlemen.—*Charges, including attendance, strictly Moderate.*

Mr. PHILP (*Late of the Albion*), Proprietor.

P.S.—Mr. Cook (of Leicester) makes this House his head-quarters when in Scotland, where every information may be obtained of his Tourist Arrangements.

ROWARDENNAN HOTEL, FOOT OF BEN-LOMOND.

ANDREW BLAIR,

IN returning thanks to Tourists and others for their kind support for thirty-six years, begs leave to intimate, that he has built a large addition to the above Hotel, which will afford greater comfort to his numerous Customers. Rowardennan is the best and shortest road to Ben-Lomond, and the only place where Ponies may be had by which parties can ride with ease and safety to the top; the distance being only 4 miles to the very summit.

The Loch-Lomond Steamers call at the Rowardennan Wharf four times a day on their route up and down the Loch.

THE TROSSACHS.

ARDCHEANACHROCHAN HOTEL,

A. BLAIR, PROPRIETOR.

THE well-known Stages Coaches, "Rob Roy" and "Lady of the Lake," in connection with this Hotel and M'Gowan's Dreadnought Hotel, Callander, run several times each day to suit the arrival and departure of Steamer on Loch-Katrine and Trains at Callander.

Posting in all its Branches. Letters carefully attended to.

LOCH-LOMOND.

INVERNAID HOTEL.

ANDREW BLAIR begs to inform Tourists travelling by way of Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrine that he has lately got the above-mentioned House completely re-built on a large scale, sparing no expense in fitting it up, so as to insure the comfort of all those that may honour him with their patronage.

It is one of the finest Fishing Stations on the whole Loch, and there is a number of Boats, with experienced Boatmen, kept for that purpose, so that parties inclined could pass a very pleasant day. Parties going to Loch-Katrine should always make it a point to get to Inversnaid the night before, as the Steamer on Loch-Katrine leaves this end for the Trossachs early in the forenoon, so that parties staying overnight at Inversnaid would be sure of catching the first Steamer, and so have all the day before them in examining the beautiful scenery of the Trossachs. The distance from Inversnaid across to Stronachlachar, where passengers go on board the Steamer, is five miles, and to the Trossachs fifteen.

The Loch-Lomond Steamers call at Inversnaid on their way to Glasgow and the North.

LOCH-KATRINE.—STRONACHLACHAR HOTEL.

ALEXANDER FERGUSON begs leave to inform Tourists, and the Public in general that he has elegantly fitted up the above Establishment, in order to give facilities for exploring the places of interest around Loch-Katrine. It is conveniently situated for excursions to Ben-Lomond, Loch-Lomond, Clachan of Aberfoyle, Trossachs, Helen's Isle, &c., &c. The Loch-Katrine Steamer, when plying, leaves the wharf in front of the Hotel. Boats for pleasure or fishing parties are kept on the Lake. A fine new road has been made between Loch-Katrine and Loch-Lomond by the proprietor, His Grace the Duke of Montrose.

Vehicles for Hire between Stronachlachar and Inversnaid.



CALLANDER. DREADNOUGHT HOTEL,

D. M'GOWAN, PROPRIETOR.

PARTIES frequenting this large and old-established Hotel, so long conducted by the late Mr. M'Gregor, and which has recently undergone many and extensive improvements, will find every comfort and attention, and Charges strictly moderate.

The Callander and Trossachs Stage Coaches, in connection with this Hotel, and Mr. Blair's Hotel at the Trossachs, are now running for the Season, leaving Callander at 9.30, 11.45 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.; returning from the Trossachs at 8.0, 10.0 a.m., 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. Also, on and after 2d July, the "Queen of Beauty" Stage Coach will start from the Hotel daily at 10 a.m. for Loch-Earnhead, Killin, Kenmore, and Aberfeldy. Passengers booked through for these Coaches from Stations on Edinburgh and Glasgow and Scottish Central Railway, direct. See Railway Time Tables.—Table d'Hôte Daily at 3.5 p.m.

Posting in all its Branches. Letters for Carriages, Coach Seats, or Hotel accommodation carefully attended to.

KILLIN HOTEL, LOCH-TAY, PERTHSHIRE.

JOHN M'PHERSON

MOST respectfully intimates that he has become lessee of the above ~~all~~ Hotel, the whole of which has been comfortably and elegantly furnished. Nobility, Gentry, Tourists, and others patronising him may depend on every attention conducive to Comfort, combined with moderate Charges. The Hotel is situated amongst the finest scenery. Anglers residing at the Hotel will have every facility afforded for Trout and Salmon Fishing now open on Loch-Tay.

~~The~~ The above is the Central Hotel on the Coach Route between Callander and Aberfeldy, also by Inverarnan and Fort-William.

~~Letters~~ Letters by Post will be carefully attended to.

*. The Posting and Hiring Establishment is Complete.

KILLIN—BRIDGE OF LOCHAY INN.

JOHN CAMERON begs respectfully to inform Gentlemen Tourists that the above Inn is half-a-mile north of the village of Killin, beautifully situated on the banks of the river Lochay, and within an easy distance of the Falls of Loch Tay and Finlaraig Castle. Gentlemen patronising the Inn can have a Boat for fishing on Loch-Tay, also, a Horse and Machine on Hire, if required. Charges Moderate.

HEAD OF LOCH-LOMOND.

M'GREGOR'S INVERARNAN HOTEL.

THE nearest starting point on the Lake (by 10 miles) for Oban, Glencoe, Fort-William, Killin, Kenmore, and Aberfeldy. Coaches during the season for above, start daily from the Hotel, where seats are secured. The Hotel is newly and handsomely furnished; and to Tourists, Families, &c., travelling, the Lessee can guarantee comfort, quiet, and attention equal to what can be enjoyed in any Lake or other Hotel in the Highlands. The Hotel is situated in midst of hill and mountain scenery which, for grandeur and variety, cannot be surpassed. And adjacent, and within easy access, are the famous Falls of Falloch, Cascades of Inish and Arnan, Rob Roy's Birth-place and Cave, all of which are so much admired by Tourists.

From the very beautiful and secluded situation of this Hotel, it is peculiarly adapted for those who desire to sojourn for a few weeks in the Highlands. Posting in all its branches. A 'Bus waits the arrival of the Steamers during the season. Fishing in the Falloch. Boats for the Lake.

June 30, 1866.

LOCH-LOMOND.—LUSS HOTEL.

JOHN MILLER.

CONVEYANCES.—AT THE WHARF, the Loch-Lomond Steamers.

AT THE INN, Carriages and Post Horses—Pleasure Boats.

INCHTAVANACH and the STONE BRAE command the most extensive, magnificent, and picturesque prospects of this the much-famed

"QUEEN OF THE SCOTTISH LAKES."

CRIANLARICH INN, NEAR LOCH-LOMOND.

JOSEPH STEWART begs to inform the Public that he has lately entered on a lease of this Inn, which has been improved, comfortably fitted up, and Furnished anew. The River Millan and Loch-Dochart, in the immediate vicinity, abounding in fine trout—offer excellent sport for parties residing at the Inn, for whose accommodation a Boat is kept. It is seven miles from the head of Loch-Lomond, on the road to Oban, Fort-William, Killin, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and Coaches daily, during the season, to, and from the above places, in connection with the Loch-Lomond Steamers, stop at Crianlarich.

Charges strictly moderate; and every attention paid to the comfort of Tourists, Fishers, Families, and other Visitors wishing a quiet and delightful retreat in the Highlands for a short time.—A Dog-Cart kept for Hire.

TYNDRUM HOTEL.—A. FLETCHER.

THE above Hotel is 12 miles from the Head of Loch-Lomond, on the Road to Glencoe, Fort-William, Dalmally, Oban, Inveraray, Callander, Killin, and Kenmore. The accommodation has lately been enlarged. *Posting in all its Departments.* Horses also to be had at Inverornan and at King's House Inn, on the "Black Mount" Road to Glencoe.

GLENORCHY—DALMALLY INN AND HOTEL.

JJARRAT respectfully calls the attention of the Tourist to the attractions of the locality in which his House is situated, being where the Orchy flows into Loch-Awe, within a short walk of the romantic Ruins of Kilchurn Castle, and is the direct road from Inveraray to Oban, which, for scenery and historical associations, cannot be surpassed in the West Highlands of Scotland. The place whence the Cruachan-Ben can be ascended. Conveyances in the season are frequent; and to the Angler staying at the House, liberty is given of Fishing for Salmon in the Orchy and Loch-Awe, Boats and attendants being provided for him.

Posting in all its Departments.



BALLOCH HOTEL, FOOT OF LOCH-LOMOND.

Patronised by the Empress of the French.

THE above first-class Hotel is beautifully situated at the foot of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and at an easy distance from the Railway Station. Visitors will have every comfort, combined with moderate Charges. Parties purposing to proceed by first Steamer up Loch-Lomond would do well to arrive at the Hotel the previous evening.

Posting in all its Branches.

Boats, with steady Boatmen, for the Lake.

JOHN MENZIES, Proprietor.

PORT-OF-MENTEITH INN.

3½ MILES FROM THE STATION, FORTH & CLYDE RAILWAY.

G. RENNIE begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has now Opened that Large and Commodious Inn at Port-of-Menteith, Perthshire, and from the extensive accommodation he has, and the strict attention to the comforts of those who may patronise him, he hopes to merit a share of public favour.

He may also state that there is a large and beautiful Loch close at hand, where his customers may enjoy themselves by fishing and boating; with the island of Inchmahome, finely wooded, and containing considerable ruins, famous in olden times as an ancient priory, and the family residence of the Earls' of Menteith. The beauty of the surrounding scenery cannot be surpassed, and as the Railway is now opened to that place, there is every opportunity afforded to Visitors.

Parties writing the day before to Mr. Rennie, will have a conveyance waiting them at the Station.

LOCHGILPHEAD-ARGYLE HOTEL,

JOHN MENZIES, PROPRIETOR.

POSTING in all its Departments, with careful Drivers, well acquainted with the Roads. An Omnibus from and to Lochgilphead attends the arrival and departure of the Steamers at Ardrishaig.

OBAN—GREAT WESTERN HOTEL.

MR. CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has relinquished his tenancy of the CALEDONIAN HOTEL, Oban, and that his business is now confined to the—

GREAT WESTERN NEW HOTEL,

which has been recently enlarged. From the long and extensive patronage he has received, he assures his friends that no effort will be spared on his part to render the Hotel worthy of public support.

Coaches arrive and depart daily from the Hotel during the summer months (Sunday excepted). Private conveyances can be had on the shortest notice.

July, 1866.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, OBAN.

MISS SMITH, late of the Arrochar Hotel, respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, and general Public, that she has now become Lessee of the above HOTEL, which is one of the Largest in the West of Scotland, and trusts to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon her so many years at Arrochar.

The Caledonian Hotel, by Painting, Papering, and Refitting and Newly and Fashionably Furnishing, will be second to none. It will be the unceasing endeavour of Miss S. to provide a comfortable home in the Highlands to all visiting the Caledonian.

Her Establishment at Arrochar was favourably known to English and Foreign Tourists, and the travelling Public, and Miss S. relies with much confidence that, in point of cleanliness, and the tidy arrangements to form a comfortable Hotel in the best sense, combined with justly moderate Charges, will distinguish her Establishment.

Horses and Carriages kept at the Hotel.

FORT-WILLIAM.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, PROPRIETOR.

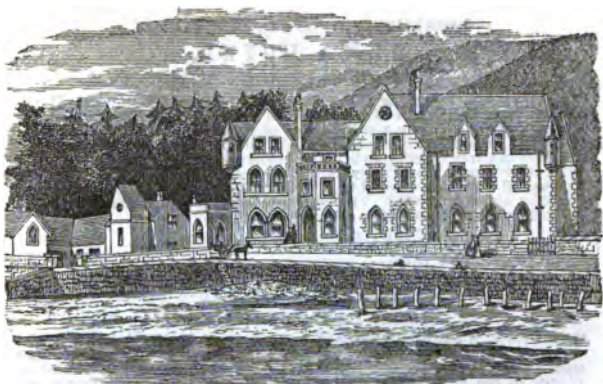
THE Hotel is three minutes' walk from the Quay; is commodious, furnished in the finest style, and Charges strictly moderate. The great experience and matured arrangements of the Proprietor, and the unshaken confidence of the Public and Visitors, have placed this Hotel unsurpassed. The Hotel is little more than a mile from the foot of the far-famed Ben-Nevis. Guides and Ponies kept for ascending the mountain. First-class accommodation for Families. Posting in all its branches. Livery Stables and Lock-up Coach Houses. The Glencoe and Black Mount, and Royal Mail Coaches to Kingussie, arrive and depart daily from the Hotel. An Omnibus from the Hotel to and from the Inverness Steamers on Caledonian Canal.

PORT-APPIN INN, ON LOCH-LINNHE,

OPPOSITE LISMORE AND MORVEN.

DUNCAN FORBES begs to intimate to the public that this Inn has recently been thoroughly repaired, and will be found to possess every comfort and convenience, combined with very moderate Charges.

Tourists and Gentlemen desirous of Seal Shooting can have a boat for the purpose, the Seals being very plentiful just opposite the House. The Steamers which go to Glencoe call three times a week. Conveyance kept for hire.



BALLACHULISH HOTEL, GLENCOE, ARGYLSHIRE.

MRS. CHRISTIE begs to intimate to Tourists and the Public, that the new and elegant Hotel is now complete and comfortably furnished. The Hotel is within a few minutes' walk to the Landing Pier of Messrs. D. Hutcheson & Co.'s Swift Sailing Steamers from Glasgow to Inverness, via Oban, Banavie, and Fort-William. As also the Starting-Point of the Coaches to Glencoe, Loch-Lomond, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, Trossachs, Killin, Kenmore, Taymouth Castle, Aberfeldy, &c.

Passengers by Steamer from Oban to Glencoe can remain to view the unrivalled scenery of Glencoe and Loch Leven, and proceed to Fort-William, Banavie, or return to Oban in the afternoon of each day.

Table d'Hote daily, on return of the Passengers from Glencoe. Charges Moderate. *Boats and Posting in all its branches.*

GLENCOE—LOCH-LEVEN HOTEL, NORTH BALLACHULISH FERRY.

THIS Hotel is delightfully situated on the banks of Loch-Leven, and commands the best view of the finest mountain scenery in Scotland. Tourists may rely on finding superior accommodation at moderate Charges. A new road has been opened up to the Head of Loch-Leven, which is one of the finest drives in this part of the Highlands, affording an excellent view of the Serpent river, and the beautiful cascade at the head of the loch. A Coach will leave this Hotel at 6 a.m. every lawful day to Fort-William and Banavie, in connection with the Black Mount and Glencoe Coach, conveying Passengers to the Steamers leaving Banavie at 8 o'clock, a.m., for Inverness; returning from Banavie on the arrival of the Steamers from Inverness, for Fort-William, Ballachulish, Glencoe, and Black Mount daily.

KING'S HOUSE HOTEL. THOMAS M'DIARMID.

ROMANTICALLY situated at the upper end of Glencoe, commands a magnificent prospect of this wonderful glen, and is on all sides surrounded by scenery wild, grand, and desolate. King's House has been lately considerably enlarged and improved. Posting complete in every department, the Drivers careful and intelligent. Coaches between Glasgow and Fort-William pass daily. Excellent Trout Fishing.

EDINBURGH—OPPOSITE THE CASTLE.

ALMA HOTEL,

112, 113, AND 114 PRINCE'S STREET.

A. ADDISON, Proprietor of the above well-known and comfortable Hotel, in returning thanks to his numerous friends for past favours, and, at the same time, soliciting a continuance of their patronage, begs to inform them that he has just opened a new addition to this Hotel, which he has fitted up in a very superior style. The accommodation consists of large and small apartments, handsomely furnished, single Bed-Rooms and Sitting-Rooms, all of which are light and airy. Large handsome Dining-Room, Smoking, and Bath Rooms. The Establishment is arranged so as to combine quiet, comfort, and convenience throughout the whole.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

STIRLING—MURRAY PLACE.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

JAMES HARDIE, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel is beautifully situated, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding scenery, and admirably adapted for the convenience and comfort of Commercial Gentlemen and Tourists, being in the immediate vicinity of the Railway Station, and on the direct road to the Castle and other places of interest.

The Parlours and Bed-Rooms are large and airy, and every attention is paid to Visitors.

Posting in all its branches.

SUTHERLAND ARMS HOTEL—BOWLING.

MRS. MONCOUR, Relict of the late Mr. **JAMES MONCOUR**, Hotel-Keeper, Bowling, in returning thanks to the numerous Customers of her late husband for the liberal Patronage so long bestowed on him, begs most respectfully to intimate that she is to continue the business on her own account, and she hopes, by strict attention, and moderate Charges, to merit a continuance of public support.—21st June, 1866.

KELBURNE ARMS HOTEL, MILLPORT.

DAVID HOWAT, PROPRIETOR.

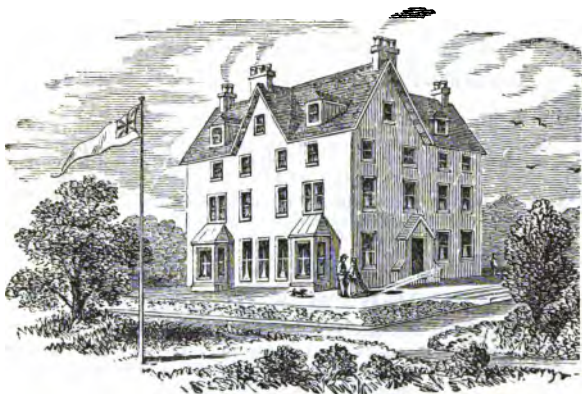
THIS New and Elegant Hotel comprises every comfort for Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Private Families. Splendid Commercial Room, with Smoking Room attached. Comfortable Parlours, and the Bed-Rooms large, airy, and finely fitted up. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

*The Wines, Spirits, Ales, &c., are of the most choice description.
Soups, Steaks, &c. on the shortest notice.*

ISLE OF SKYE—SLIGACHAN HOTEL.

CUCHULLIN HILLS, LOCH-CORUISG, AND SPAR CAVE.

S. MACKENZIE, in tendering his grateful thanks to the Public for their liberal support and patronage since he became Lessee of the above establishment, begs to state that the House has lately been completely refitted and improved for the accommodation of all parties who may honour him with a visit. The Inn is situated at the foot of the far-famed Cuchullin Hills, near to Loch-Coruisg and the Spar Cave. Parties can depend upon being accommodated with Horses and Guides, to take them to either of the above places when required. The Scenery is unsurpassed for grandeur in any part of the Highlands. Steamers ply twice a week from Glasgow to Skye. Parties wishing to visit Sligachan, can be supplied with conveyances from Portree and Broadford, and there is a Mail Gig, carrying Passengers, passing and repassing the Inn three days in the week.



OBAN—CRAIG-ARD HOTEL.

THE accommodation of this new and spacious Hotel is ample, the Rooms lofty and well-aired—near the Steamboat Pier, and commanding one of the most picturesque and extensive views in Argyleshire. Mrs. McLAURIN, in returning thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists, for the liberal support she has for many years received at the WOODSIDE HOTEL (which she still maintains), hopes, by sparing no exertion to secure comfort, to be honoured with the amount of patronage as on former occasions.

BELLE VIEU HOUSE, OBAN.

PARTIES can be accommodated with suits of apartments by the week or month, by applying as above.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL, OBAN.

Within Two Minutes' walk from the Pier.

CHARLES ROBERTSON, Proprietor.

TOURISTS and Families visiting this famed watering place will find at this well known Hotel every comfort combined with moderate Charges. This Hotel commands an admirable view of the bay and the surrounding scenery, and within easy walking distance to all the local places of interest.

C. R. also wishes to inform the public that he has, at great expense, greatly enlarged the Hotel, re-decorated, painted, papered, and furnished, equal to any Hotel in the West Highlands of Scotland. Fine airy Bed-Rooms facing the bay, and the Parlours all that can be desired, likewise facing the bay. As it is the constant study of the Proprietor to please and add to the comfort of the many Visitors visiting his house, he hopes by this announcement to secure and increase the patronage of the public.

Suits of Apartments. Table d'Hôte daily at 5 p.m., on the arrival of the swift steamer from Glasgow. Boots in attendance on Steamers and Coaches. All orders by letter punctually attended to. Posting in all its departments, with careful Drivers.

Single Bed-Rooms, 2/; Double-Bedded Rooms from 3/6 to 4/; Large Single Bed-Rooms for two, 3/; Breakfast, 2/; Dinner at Table d'Hôte, 3/; Plain Tea, 1/6; Tea, with Meat, 2/.

"REGENT HOTEL,"

No. 16 WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.
COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,
(Next the General Post-Office.)

ROBERT SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

DARLING'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

20 WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH,

BEING situated in the principal street in Edinburgh, in the immediate vicinity of the Calton Hill, nearly opposite the General Post-Office, and only a few minutes' walk from the General Railway Termini, combined with internal arrangements render this one of the best Hotels in Scotland.
**Large Saloon for Parties with Ladies—Free of Charge.*

SIEVWRIGHT'S ENGLISH HOTEL,

10 SOUTH ST. ANDREW'S STREET, EDINBURGH.

SITUATED in the most Central part of the City, and within One Minute's Walk of the General Railway Termini and New Post Office.
Wines, Spirits, Soups, Steaks, &c.

WICK NEW HOTEL.

TOURISTS, Commercial Gentlemen, and the Public generally, are respectfully informed that the WICK NEW HOTEL is now OPENED, and will be found, in accommodation and other requirements, equal to any provincial Hotel in Scotland.

Mail and Stage Coaches arrive at and start from the Hotel, which has also the Post-Office in the same range of Buildings.

Ask for Wick New Hotel.

ROBERT L. GUNN, Proprietor.



MONIAIVE

AND



THORNHILL STATION.

AN OMNIBUS runs Twice Daily, leaving CRAIGDARROCH ARMS INN, MONIAIVE, at 8.10 a.m. and 4 p.m.; Returning from THORNHILL STATION at 10.33 a.m. and 5.59 p.m.

Observe—On WEDNESDAYS leaving MONIAIVE at 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.; Returning from THORNHILL STATION at 10.33 a.m. and 5.22 p.m.

Fares as formerly.

July, 1866.



CONVEYANCE

TO

PITLOCHRY AND RANNOCH.

THE MAIL BUS between PITLOCHRY and RANNOCH runs Daily (Sundays excepted), from Rannoch to Pitlochry and from Pitlochry to Rannoch, carrying Passengers and Parcels. Leaves Rannoch at 6-20 a.m. and arrives at Pitlochry at 9-50 a.m.; leaves Pitlochry for Rannoch on arrival of South Mail, or at 11 a.m.; arrives at Rannoch at 3.20 p.m. Fare 5s.

(436)

D. CAMERON, Proprietor.



DUNOON—ARGYLL HOTEL.

JAMES THOMSON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel is beautifully situated, and commands a magnificent view of the Frith of Clyde, and visitors will find this House unequalled for situation. First-Class accommodation for Private Families and Tourists. Charges moderate. HOT, OLD, FRESH, AND SEA WATER BATHS.

ARROCHAR HOTEL, LOCH-LOMOND.

JOHN M'NAB, late of INVERARNAN.

THE Hotel is situated at the head of Loch-Long, in one of the most beautiful situations of the far-famed "Arrochar," being immediately under the high and one of the most figurative hills in the Highlands, named the "Cobbler." An Omnibus awaits the arrival of all the Steamboats at Tarbet Pier, Loch-Lomond, to convey passengers to Arrochar and the Hotel.

Parties travelling by the Inveraray and Oban Coaches can be landed at Arrochar, as they pass the Hotel daily, which is conveniently situated at the top of the pier.

GARELOCHHEAD HOTEL.

ANGUS CAMERON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel, beautifully situated at the head of the Gareloch, within two miles of Loch-Long for Arrochar, and eight miles from Helensburgh, having been newly furnished and undergone a thorough renovation, offers to Tourists, and the Public in general, ample and excellent accommodation, on the most moderate terms *Families Boarded. Posting in all its departments.*

Boats to and from Helensburgh several times daily, in connection with the Railway for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the North.

KILMUN—STAG HOTEL.

JOHN BOOTH, late of the Garrick Hotel, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, begs to intimate to Tourists and the Public, that all the comforts of home, combined with moderate Charges, will be found by those patronising his Hotel.

Tickets for Fishing in the well-known river Echaig are issued to parties residing in the Hotel.

Posting in all its branches. Horses kept at Livery.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, AYR.

A. CARMICHAEL.

EXCELLENT accommodation for Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and others.—Dinners, Soups, Chops, Steaks, &c., on the Shortest Notice. Wines, Spirits, &c., of the finest quality. *Charges Moderate.*

AYR—LAND OF BURNS.

KING'S ARMS.



And POSTING

HOTEL,

ESTABLISHMENT.

ALEXANDER G. M. DOUGLAS,

(Late House Steward of the Sackville Street Club, Dublin, and New Club, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.)

BEGS most respectfully to announce that he has become Lessee of the above First-Class Hotel.

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, &c.

WINES, ALES, AND SPIRITS OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Horses at Livery and for Hire, Gigs, Travellers' Dog-Carts, Carriages, Sociables, Hearses, &c., at fixed moderate Charges.

KILMARNOCK.

BLACK BULL INN & HOTEL.

ALEXANDER G. M. DOUGLAS.

(Late House Steward of the Sackville Street Club, Dublin, and New Club, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.)

THE General and Commercial Public will find this Hotel comfortable, and in the centre of Town, convenient for Business.

SOUPS, ENTREES, HOT JOINTS, GOLD MEATS.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

Horses at Livery and for Hire, Gigs, Travellers' Dog-Carts, Carriages, Sociables, Hearses, &c., at fixed moderate Charges.

BRIDGE OF DOON—BURNS' ARMS HOTEL.

THREE MILES DISTANT FROM AYR.

J. GILDARD,

(For twenty-three years of the Hotel, Luss, Loch-Lomond.

** * "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk,"—the scene of the "dance o' witches" in Tam o'Shanter—and Burns' Monument, are each within five minutes' walk of the Hotel.*

GIRVAN.

DANIEL



GIRVAN.

BANKS.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL.

SUPERIOR accommodation for Families, Commercial Gentlemen Tourists, and others at the above Hotel.

Large and well-aired Bed-Rooms. Moderate Charges.

Posting in all its departments, and a Coach to Stranraer daily.

INNELLAN—THE ROYAL HOTEL.



THE ROYAL HOTEL commands the most extensive and picturesque view of any House on the Frith of Clyde, being opposite to Wemyss-Bay, and nearly equi-distant between Dunoon and Toward Point. The Hotel is of recent erection, replete with every convenience, and, while the Tourist will be well attended to, the comfort of Families patronising the House will meet special attention.

The Drives are beautiful, and Conveyances may be had.

ROYAL HOTEL, TIGH-NA-BRUAICH.

JAMES DOBIE, Proprietor.

THE HOTEL 'BUS AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMERS.

TIGH-NA-BRUAICH HOTEL, Kyles of Bute.

JOHN PARKER (*Late of Glasgow*),

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his Friends, Tourists, and the Public generally, that he has become Lessee of this well-known Hotel, where parties visiting the Coast can have comfortable and airy Parlours and Bed-Rooms, with every attendance, combined with moderate Charges.

Pleasure Boats for Hire.

JOHN PARKER, Proprietor.

Tigh-Na-Bruaich, 23th May 1866.

ARDRISHAIG HOTEL, on Loch-Fyne & Crinan Canal.

J. FINLAY (*Late of the Commercial*),

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his Friends, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and the general Public, that the Comfort and Accommodation at this Hotel is not to be surpassed, while the Charges will be found moderate.

Families Boarded.—Posting in every department, by experienced Drivers.

AT Coach for Kilmartin leaves the Hotel on arrival of the Steamer.

ROTHESAY ON THE PIER. COMRIE'S BUTE ARMS HOTEL.

TOURISTS AND VISITORS WILL FIND EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATION.

MRS. COMRIE, *Proprietor.*

CAIRNDOW INN.

MR. M'KENZIE, Lessee of the above well-known Inn, begs to intimate that the house has recently undergone a thorough repair, and will be found to possess every comfort and convenience to be met with in a first-class Inn. The drive from Tarbet and Arrochar through Glencroe (a distance of fourteen miles) is one of the most wild and romantic to be seen in any part of the Highlands. The Inn is situated near the head of Loch-Fyne, in a locality equally beautiful, sheltered, and salubrious. Tourists may have the privilege of Trout and other fishing, and every other accommodation, at moderate Charges. Gentlemen desirous of recreation and retirement, will find Cairndow a quiet and comfortable residence, either in summer or winter. There is always a supply of good Horses and Carriages on hand for Hiring.

GREENOCK—CATHCART SQUARE.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL,

THIS HOTEL has lately changed hands, and the new Proprietress trusts, by strict attention to business, combined with moderate Charges, to merit a share of Public patronage

MRS. BUCHANAN, *Proprietress.*

BOTHWELL—CLYDE HOTEL,

ALEXANDER PROVAN, PROPRIETOR,

(*For Fifteen Years Foreman to Mr. A. Menzies, Glasgow.*)

THIS House is large and commodious, with comfortable Dining and well-aired Bed-Rooms, is newly replenished, and has been specially furnished to secure the comfort and convenience of Families and Tourists.

The situation is very retired and convenient for Invalids, and within easy distance from Glasgow by Rail or 'Bus. Parties Boarded by the Week at moderate Terms.

Superior Open and Close Carriages for Hire, Spring Vans for Luggage, Stabling, &c. Charges Moderate.

DUMFRIES—KING'S ARMS HOTEL.

Parties visiting Dumfries will find in the King's Arms Hotel every comfort and attention

Commercial Room. Coffee-room. Private Parlours. Well-aired Bed-Rooms. *The Posting Establishment is Complete.*

An Omnibus awaits the Arrival and Departure of the Trains.

WM. MATHER, *Proprietor.*

LIVERPOOL—COOPER'S

TEMPERANCE AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

1 & 3 MANCHESTER STREET (*Second door off Dale Street.*)

THE House is not more than three minutes' walk from either of the Railway Stations, and convenient to the Docks.

N.B.—*A Night Porter in attendance.*

GREENOCK—FRONTING STEAMBOAT QUAY.



THE ROYAL HOTEL,

Which commands a magnificent view of the Clyde, has every accommodation for Tourists and Travellers.

Hot Dinners from One till Four P.M. Tea, Coffee, Steaks, Chops, Soups, &c., &c., always ready. Good and Comfortable Beds.

N.B.—The above House is centrally situate between Steamboat Quay and Railway Station.

MRS. M. MUIR, Proprietress.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL, GREENOCK.

THOMAS BAIN begs to inform Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and the Travelling Public, that he has leased this well-known House, and has fitted it out in a most comfortable manner. The situation is the best in Town, being DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE RAILWAY STATION, and within two minutes' walk of the Steamers—both Deep Sea and River.

Hot Dinners from 12 till 4.—Charges strictly moderate.

WEMYSS BAY HOTEL, D. COOK,

On the Frith of Clyde, and near the Railway Station.

THE House affords beautiful views of the Islands of Bute and Arran, the Frith of Clyde, &c., and is admirably situated for Sea-Bathing Quarters.

Excellent accommodation for Families and other Visitors.

Good Stabling and Lock-up Coach-Houses. Attendance charged in the Bill.

CROWN HOTEL, GLASGOW.

GEORGE CRANSTON begs to intimate to his numerous supporters that, as the greater portion of the CROW HOTEL has been pulled down, he has leased these very excellent premises, 54 George Square (opposite the General Post-Office, and one minute's walk from the Exchange and Queen Street Station), which is being conducted as a Family and Commercial Hotel.

The accommodation is very superior, and the locality central, quiet, and airy. The same moderate scale of Charges continued. Strict attention will be paid to Commercial Gentlemen, a commodious Room being kept specially for their use.

N.B.—One Wing of the CROW still open. 12 Good Rooms recently added.

THE MOST CONVENIENT DINING AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS
To the Principal Part of the City are

FERGUSON & FORRESTER'S,

Cooks and Confectioners,

PRINCE OF WALES' RESTAURANT,

36 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

N.B.—A Private Room, with every convenience, for Ladies.

EXCHANGE DINING ROOMS,

3 AND 5 ROYAL BANK PLACE, GLASGOW.

THOMAS GRAHAM, Proprietor.

Also, of the

BANK DINING ROOMS,

(With Ladies' Private Parlour.)

39 AND 41 QUEEN STREET.

*First-Class Smoking Room, in connection with the Bank Dining Rooms,
35 Queen Street.*

GLASGOW—63 WILSON STREET (OPPOSITE THE COUNTY BUILDINGS).

ROYAL ALBERT HOTEL.

JOHN COULTHARD begs to inform Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and others visiting Glasgow, that they will find every comfort and attention in his Hotel. The House is situated in the most central part of the city. The Parlours and Bed-Rooms are furnished in the best style, and the Charges strictly moderate. Attendance charged in the Bill. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. Danish and German spoken. A Night Porter in attendance. Bed, Breakfast, and attendance, 3s. 6d.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—8 AND 10 WEST CLAYTON STREET.

BELL'S CROWN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

AND

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE.

Passengers by walking up the Steps facing the Central Station
will reach the Hotel in One Minute.

LIVERPOOL.

RUSSELL'S HOTEL,
(FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL,)

19 HOUGHTON STREET, OFF CLAYTON SQUARE.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION—CHARGES MODERATE.

OPEN FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE SCOTCH TRAINS. (443)



**COMMERCIAL PRIVATE HOTEL,
18 PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON.**

Private Sitting Rooms, Hot and Shower Baths.

**WILLIAMSON'S
COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,
BOW LANE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.**

THE PROPRIETOR begs to thank his Friends and the Public for the very kind patronage he has received for so many years, and now wishes to intimate that he has made many improvements in his Hotel, and hopes, by strict attention to the comforts of Visitors, to secure a continuance of their patronage.

*Night Porter in attendance. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths always ready.
Private Apartments and Ladies' Room.*

**MOFFAT SPA (Dumfriesshire, N.B.)
MRS. CRANSTOUN'S
BUCCLEUCH ARMS HOTEL,**

(Established in Moffat Thirty-Four Years.)

VISITORS to this famous Watering-Place, Commercial Gentlemen, and Pleasure-Seekers generally, will find at this HOTEL every convenience and comfort combining as it does the accommodation of a *First-Class House* with the Privacy of a Family Residence.

OMNIBUSES from Beattock Station (Caledonian Railway) to all the Trains.
EXCURSION OMNIBUS during the Season.

Conveyances of all kinds on Hire.

**CARDIFF—SOUTH WALES.
MOUNT STEWART HOTEL,
RICHARD TRAVELL, Proprietor.**

PARTIES having business to transact at the Docks will find this Hotel the most suitable, being in close proximity to the Docks, which are about a mile from town. The situation is open, and has a fine view.

Omnibuses run to and from Town every Half-hour.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.
AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS SUPERIORITY.

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STEPHENS' BLUE-BLACK WRITING FLUID,

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This article is MUCH MORE FLUID, and DOES NOT THICKEN LIKE THE ORDINARY BLACK COPY INKS. It writes of a clear, full blue colour at first; but both the original and the copies change to a strong black in a short time.

Copies may be obtained from it after a MUCH LONGER INTERVAL than with black copying Inks, and the copies are STRONGER and MORE PERMANENT.

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HENRY STEPHENS, Chemist,
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(Late 54 Stamford Street),
AND BY ALL STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

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Under the immediate Patronage of the Homœopathic Faculty.

POTTAGE'S HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY,

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(Opposite the Castle), AND

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HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS of every description—namely, TINCTURES, TRITURATIONS, GLOBULES, and PILULES, supplied, of the Purest Quality. Also.

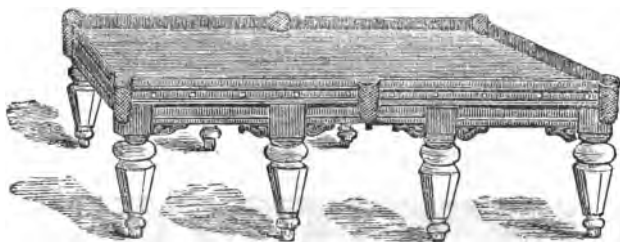
THE STANDARD WORKS on HOMŒOPATHY, and MEDICINE CHESTS and CASES, with Globules, Pilules, or Tinctures, corresponding to the different domestic books.

Observe—POTTAGE'S DIETETIC CHOCOLATE POWDER, or HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA, is the preparation so highly recommended by the Faculty.

Directions for Use.—Mix one teaspoonful with as much hot water as will form a paste, then add boiling water to fill a cup. Cream and sugar may be added to please taste.

Sold in Canisters at 1s.6d., 3s., 4s.6d., 6s., and 10s.6d. each.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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MORISON & CO. are now able to furnish BILLIARD TABLES of the best quality, in every respect equal to the best London-made Tables, and at very moderate Prices. *Inspection Invited.*

Bagatelle and Curling Tables. New Tops, Cloths, and Cushions supplied.
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WAVERLEY
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IMPORTANT to Writers, Clergymen, Business Men. Writers for the Press, Teachers, &c. The manufacturers of the WAVERLEY PEN beg to draw the attention of the public to the superiority of the Waverley Pen for all purposes of quick writing. The use of the Waverley Pen does not fatigue the hand, though used for many hours at a time. It is the only steel pen that can be used with freedom on rough paper. This pen has had the largest sale of any pen ever made. Though made only a few months, many millions of them have been sold, and hundreds of satisfactory notices have appeared in the public press. This pen is patent, and parties are cautioned against buying any without trade mark, the Sword and the Pen. Traders are cautioned against buying any infringement of this patent, as they are liable in so doing. To be had, wholesale and for export, from MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 97 Newgate Street, London, and 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh. Established 1770. Waverley Pen, 1s. per box; by post, 1s. 2d.



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INVERNESS.

'8, UNION STREET, INVERNESS,

(Fourth Door from the Railway Station)

Highland Ornaments, Cairngorm and Scotch Pebble Jewellery in great
Variety, and at moderate Prices.
Field and Opera Glasses. Telescopes, &c.

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VISITORS to the Capital of the Highlands will find the above Hotel
everything they could wish. It is quiet, comfortable, and most centrally
situated, being only one minute's walk from the Railway Station,
and opposite the Post-Office. It contains Private Parlours, spacious Coffee
Room, and comfortable Commercial Room. Charges moderate. Was
specially built for a Hotel

P.S.—The Boots waits the arrival of each Train and Steamer.

UNION—INVERNESS—HOTEL.

MARINE HOTEL, NAIRN.

THIS newly-built and first-class Family Boarding House, which is close
to the Sea and the Nairn Baths, will be re-opened in June.

The situation, and the extensive sea and land views, are unequalled.
The town and neighbourhood, from the underlying freestone and porous
subsoil, combined with the open exposure, are remarkably healthy, and
the carriage drives in the district are varied and interesting. An Omnibus
awaits the arrival of Trains. Charges moderate

For Particulars, apply to Mrs. Sunter.



CLUNY HILL. HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, FORRES.

Resident Physician—ALEX. MUNRO, M.D.

CLUNY HILL HOUSE, which stands on the southern slope of one of the beautiful eminences in the immediate vicinity of the town of Forres, has been built expressly for a Hydropathic Establishment. The Rooms are spacious and airy, furnished with comfort and elegance, affording accommodation for upwards of seventy visitors. Its situation is peculiarly favourable for invalids, for, although built on a considerable eminence, it is completely sheltered from the north and east winds. It is also surrounded by extensive and richly-wooded pleasure grounds, laid out in numerous walks which are both sheltered and retired as well as open and elevated, commanding views of the most varied and beautiful scenery.

The locality combines every essential to health; pure water, a soft dry and porous, freedom from fogs and damp, a winter singularly mild; which has earned for it the appellation of the Montpelier of Scotland.

The Resident Physician is widely known, and highly esteemed for his extensive and eminent success in the practice of Hydropathy, which has now taken an important place among curative agents, and is the best known preventive of disease.

The Baths are numerous and varied, including two **TURKISH BATHS**, and all can be entered from the House without going out of doors. There are also a **Green-House**, with entrance from the Drawing-Room, a **Reading-Room**, entering from the Dining-Room, a **Bowling-Green**, **Lawns for Croquet**, and other amusements.

Several Trains from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of the south reach Forres daily, *via* Perth and Dunkeld, a route described by the *Times* as "in itself a pictorial education."

Terms: Two Guineas per week; a few superior rooms, Three Guineas. For prospectus or further information, apply to the Steward, Cluny Hill, Forres.
—Hydropathic Establishment (Limited), Forres.



KEMPS' CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE.

DAVID KEMP & SON respectfully invite the attention of Strangers visiting Glasgow to this **UNIQUE ESTABLISHMENT**, where will be found the most extensive variety of

TARTANS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The largest and finest Stock of Saxony Wool Plaids and Shawls in the Clans, and newest Fancy Patterns. A choice variety of Spun Silks, Poplins, Linsey Winceys, Ladies' Waterproof Tweed Travelling Cloaks and Jackets, Gentlemen's Highland Cloaks, Plaids, and Railway Wrappers, Shetland Shawls.

KEMPS' CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE.

37 BUCHANAN STREET—*nearly opposite the Argyll Arcade*, GLASGOW.

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CHEAP SCOTTISH SOUVENIRS. IN CLAN TARTAN WOOD-WORK,

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